

THE
LADIES'
LITERARY CABINET,

BEING
A MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY

LITERARY PRODUCTIONS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

EDITED BY S. WOODWORTH.

VOLUME I.

From grave to gay—from lively to severe.—Pope.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY WOODWORTH & HEUSTIS,

CORNER OF DUANE AND CHATHAM STREETS.

C. S. Van Winkle, Printer.

1819.



**INDIANA
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY**

THE
LADIES'
LITERARY CABINET,

BEING
A MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY

LITERARY PRODUCTIONS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

EDITED BY S. WOODWORTH.

VOLUME I.

From grave to gay—from lively to severe.—*Fora.*

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY WOODWORTH & HEUSTIS,

CORNER OF DUANE AND CHATHAM STREETS.

C. S. Van Winkle, Printer.

1819.

ms. A. 11. 1. 147

AP 2
L 143
v. 1

INDIANA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

GENERAL INDEX.

TALES AND ESSAYS—ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Abd., dramatic mania of its inhabitants,	64	Enmi, cure for,	29. 45	Mathematical Toast,	20
Abby, a colloquial term,	14	Enthusiasm, religious,	196	Matrimony,	129
Advantages of Fortitude to Man, a Dream,	202	Essay on the Cruelty of Mankind to each other,	91	Mistake, a very curious one,	142
Almanac All Cawn's petition,	30	— on the advantages of Periodical Works,	203	Modern Vampyre,	107
Almanac, the Caliph,	56. 65. 74	Evening Amusements,	155. 164. 194	Morvians,	196
Alexandrian Library, burning of,	76	Evils of Life, how to remedy,	122	Music, powerful effect of,	44
Allston's Picture,	117	Exhilarating Gas,	174	— power of,	69
Anticipated Misfortunes,	51	Extraordinary Instance of Sympathy,	161	Natural Dress,	85
Antidote for the Times,	174	Fair Sex, character of the,	85	Natural History,	13
Amazon,	14	—, defence of the,	69	Noble Act,	108
American Antiquities,	29	Fashion,	37	Novelty,	147
Aurora Borealis,	184	Fatherism,	182	Oranges with golden seeds,	160
A. the letter,	68	Female Bankers,	158	Palmer, death of,	20
Balloon, Guille's Ascension,	104. 184. 200	— Biography,	4. 11. 63	Peckeno, the artist,	40
Bakers, Female,	156	— Character,	189	Philanthropist, an Essay on,	18. 27. 36
Beauty, how to preserve it,	29	— Economy,	100	Philip's Dream,	171
—, Female,	67	— Education,	76. 92. 93. 117	Pilkington, Mrs. Biography of,	11
Beacon, the	124	— Heroism,	16	Play-goers, an Essay on,	138
Benevolent Tar,	45	— Industry,	16	Plurality of Worlds,	13
Benevolence, singular instance of,	154	— Patrimony,	182	Poetry and Bank Notes,	110
—, anecdote of a Quaker,	98	Females, treatment of,	4	Portrait, native of South America,	38
— in Manuscript,	44	Fine Arts,	20. 117	Portrait of Pleasure,	126
Blindness,	14	Flowers, method of preserving,	22	Power of Music,	69
Black Ewe, the,	196	Fragment by Gustavus,	140. 148	Pride and Illnature,	36
Blank Verse and Rhyme,	15	Fanerals,	77	Presence of Mind, wonderful,	142
Blind restored to sight,	44	Genlis, Madame De,	140. 148	Quaker, Anecdote of,	28
Bonaparte, curious general order of,	160	German Moralist,	63	—, Heroism of,	63
Boss, Sieur, slight of hand,	62	Hands, language of the,	116. 139. 147	Raffling for Wives,	104
Brooke, memoir of Mrs. Frances,	37	Happiness,	193. 201	Rainbows, the,	59
Brief Remarker,	56. 65. 74	Happy Pair, the,	72	Reflections, by Paul Allen,	173
Cabbage vs. Wine,	93	Hard Times, cure for,	12	Remarkable Occurrence,	118
Caliph Almanac,	30	Hare, natural history of the,	157	Resignation, (Lockman),	134
Carlelessness,	118	Heat and clothing,	60	Retelie, a Lady's,	44
Churchill, the Poet,	12. 20. 30	Henry IV. first amour of,	85	Review of Swiss Book, No. 2,	101
Christianity, establishment of,	14	Hints for young Ladies,	76	Rhyme and Blank Verse,	185
Chronology,	94	History, use of,	80	Robbers, remarks on the tragedy,	172
Chinese Poem,	130	Hobby Horses,	142	Rose Damascena,	80
— Shop-bill,	160	Hobson's Choice,	121	Rules to be observed by Wives,	204
Charity,	19	Hospital, Lunatic,	61	Sabbies and Epomis,	6
Character of a young lady,	116	Howard, the Philanthropist,	22. 45. 93. 197. 205	Saints carrying their heads in their hands,	108
Civilian Prejudices,	167	Howsewile's Manual,	62	Science and Virtue,	110
Clothing and Heat,	12	Husband, the Jealous,	162	Scotch Literature,	108
Condor, natural history of,	14	Hydraulic Orrery,	148	Sea Serpent, Soliloquy on,	38
Comets and Eclipses,	30	Idleness, an Essay on,	148	Servants, Society for the regulation of,	38
Compliment, the world's,	53	Independence, National,	164	Singular Instance of Benevolence,	164
Conjugal Fidelity,	68. 72	Indian Gallantry,	154	Snake, large one,	80
— Felicity,	122. 130	Industry, brief remark on,	165	Sound, its progress on a level,	118
— Love,	150	— an Indian's plea for,	46	Spelling Book, North American,	189
Common Sense,	160	Infanticide, (Virginia),	128	Suicide, Magnanimous,	5
Coffee, Rye,	172	Ingersoll's Lectures,	93. 179	Sympathy, extraordinary instance of,	52
Contagion, how to repel,	126	Inhumanity, an Essay on,	61	Tar, the Benevolent,	45
Corset, a lover beaten with one,	142	Inks for secret writing, &c.	92	Taste in Female Dress,	156
Curious Incident,	142	Innane, Hospital for the,	61	Tea-cup, its Manufacture,	142
— Mistake,	64	Intelligence Office, substitute for,	54. 59	Tea Plant in the United States,	84
Cure for Hard Times,	84	Jacob's Dream,	107	Temper, an Essay on,	115
Demolition Selections, 5. 13. 19. 27. 37. 44. 61. 77.	150	Jealous Husband,	112	Thompson, the Poet,	15
Deer and Swan,	150	Josephine, a tale of truth,	93. 179	Tollet, Receipt for a Lady's,	29
Deception,	77	Judgment, an Essay on,	137	Toys—why Imported?	36
De Genlis, Madame,	189	Kedar and Amelia,	180. 167	Treatment of Females,	4
Dictionary of the English Language, new,	170	Kind, curious definition of,	166	Union, the, a Sketch,	187
Disipation,	72	Kutchen Assassinated,	84	Vampyres, Real,	46
Distressing occurrence,	141	— on the death of his wife,	16	Vampyre, Byron's	56
Dog Days,	36	Lady Lanners,	16	—, the Modern,	133
Domestic Manufactures,	6. 13. 22. 38	Language of the Hands,	19	Vanity and Pride,	195
Drama,	84	Leslie, the Painter,	34. 41	Venice, present state of,	21
Dramatic Mania,	141	Literature, an Essay on,	190	Ventriloquism, Anecdote of,	32
Dress, Modesty in,	156	Lottery Tickets,	70	Vernet and Voltaire,	70
— Female, taste in,	149	Love and Generosity,	102	Virginus, story of,	37
Drowned persons, how to find the body of one,	160	— Honour,	185	Washing, Soda for,	72
Drowning, preservation against,	37	— Murder,	165	Waste Paper,	110
Drunkness,	45	Lowness of Spirits, remedy for,	165	Wedding Rings,	108
— prevented by Cabbage,	4	Machiavita, story of,	145	Webaw's, a trip to,	70
Hubbo and Thea,	12	Magnanimity, 1. 9. 17. 25. 33. 49. 57. 65. 81. 89.	94	Wife, the,	82. 106
Eagle, golden, natural history of,	145	Magnetic Needle, variation of,	45	Wight, Isle of,	54. 99
Early Death, the,	97. 112. 121. 129. 137. 153. 161. 169. 175.	Mahomet II. Anecdote of,	37	Wonderful Presence of Mind,	142
Eclipses and Comets,	94			Worlds, Plurality of,	13
Economy, Society for promoting,	106			World's Compliment,	30
Education,				Wretched Inks,	62
				Yellow Tree new	62

ANECDOTES, &c.

Air, an intolerable one,
 Apothecary's Duel,
 Appearances Deceptive,
 Ains ! A Lays,
 Attorneys, Foote's mode of disposing of
 dead ones,
 Benevolent Tar,
 Bilderdyck, the Poet,
 Band in Call, not Lettered,
 Chancellor Thurlow,
 Country Wit,
 Credit, a long one,
 Crillon, the Brave,
 Crowns, the two,
 Curran's Church Steeple,
 Double Pun,
 Dying of Old Age,
 Economical Irishman,
 Export and Transport,
 Fan a Flirt,
 Female Loquacity,
 First Discoverer,
 Fish Story,
 Flying from the Church,
 Fontenelle and his Nephew,
 Geoffrin, Madame,
 George III.
 Great Bite,
 Half Joe's,
 Hysterics, a remedy for,
 Irrigation asins Irritation,
 Imprisonment for Debt,
 Industrious Indian,
 Jack and Gill,
 Juvenile Wit,
 Mark Me !
 Matches,
 Matthew Mattocks,
 Meat, Drink, Washings, &c.
 Miller and Judge,
 Miniature Painter,
 Mother, the Affection of a,
 Opera Box, Capture of an,
 — Singer, the,
 Oranges with Golden Seeds,
 O'Sheridan,
 Papyrus and his Mother,
 Parliamentary Language,
 Pay my Brother-in-law,
 Peter and Joseph,
 Power of Orthography,
 Proclamation, a curious one,
 Promises no Payment,
 Prove you are Alive,
 Quaker and the Bible,
 Rapier, Heroism of,
 Repartee,
 Resting, not Playing,
 Retaliation,
 Roses and Tulips,
 Sampson and Pharaoh,
 Scarlet Fever,
 Scribbles of Conscience,
 Silver among Cents,
 Skinning and Tanning,
 Sleeping in Tears,
 Stars in Ireland,
 Tar, the Benevolent,
 Teeth, set than on Edge.
 Thurlow, Chancellor,
 Tinder to catch Sparks,
 Tulips and Two Lids,
 Undone not Ruined,
 Upper Story Unfinished,
 Wandering Jew,
 Where the Shoe Finches,
 What a Man may do in a Passion,
 Watch and Pray,

RECIPES, &c.

Cooking, Alameda Beef,	18
——, Baked Rump of Beef,	20
——, Haricot Mutton,	19
——, Cakes, Boston,	19

Cooking, Chesecoanok, Delicate Rice,	206	Religion, by Theodore,	136
—, Coffee, Rye,	150	—, Resignation, by Harriet,	143
—, Puddings,	127, 206	Sailor's Return, by Anson,	144
—, Pancakes, Rice,	128	Seasons, by Edmund,	137
Brewing, Beer, different kinds,	83	Season of Rest, by Maria,	165
Drying, Blue, deep,	22	Shepherd Boy, by G. of New-Jersey,	48
—, Nankin colour,	id.	Sigh, the, by Anson,	39
—, New Yellow,	45	Sleep Invoked, by Harriet,	2
Bed-bugs, how to destroy,	36	Smile, the, by Adelaide,	10
Fleas, do,	21	Sonnet, by Joceline,	69
Flies, do,	21	Song, by Amalgam,	108
Skippers in meat, do,	102	—, by Henry,	143, 37
Butter, to purify rancid,	43	Speech of an Indian King,	57
Blackening for Shoes,	110	Supplement to Collin's Ode, by G. of New-Jersey,	83
Flowers, how to preserve them,	22	Susquehanna, Address to,	159
Grease Spots, to remove,	102, 130	Synopsis, by Jacques,	162
Stains of Frost or Wine, to remove,	id.	There is a Story, by Rolia,	13
ink, different colour,	62	Tear, the, by Rolia,	23
Contagion, to repel,	150	Tears and Smiles,	47
Gout, cure for the,	150, 160		

POETRY.

Adieu to Love, by Harriet,	65	— A Lady Sewing,	167
— Salem, by G.	72	— A Friend, by Harriet,	41
Advice on Sewing without a Thimble,	65	— —, by Eliza,	16
Ballad, by S. of New-Jersey,	31	— A Sister on her Birthday,	126
Beggar, the, by Anson,	23	— A Lady, by the American Scott,	16
Believe not Sweet Maiden, set to Music,	206	— A Young Lady with an Exposed Bosom,	207
Blind Mother, by E. R. Y.	41	— Beauty, by E. R. Y.	144
Cabooz Falls, by Agnes,	143	— Eliza, by the Feeling Heart,	111
Canzonet, by Harriet,	162	— —, by Julia,	176
Comet, comes, the,	72	— —, by Harriet,	176
Dying Wife's Address to her absent Husband,	6	— Eliza's Miniature, by Frederick,	135
Delia at the Piano Forte,	71	— —, by Julia,	207
Dream, by Harriet,	127	— Her Husband at Sea, by Harriet,	72
Evening, by Adelaide,	127	— Harriet, by S.	181
Fan, on presenting a, by Mopstaff,	21	— —, by Henry,	163
Farewell to my Home,	191	— —, by Selma,	169
Flattery, by Harriet,	156	— Her, &c. by G. of New-Jersey,	197
Friend, "This sweet to meet," by Agnes,	79	— Julia, by G. F. R.	143
Garland, the, by the American Scott,	167	— —, by G. of New-Jersey,	140
Happiness, by Analgam,	82	— Julia, by the Feeling Heart,	18
Helin a-lee! by S. of New-Jersey,	67	— Judith, by X. plus Y.	163
Hope, by Gustavus,	159	— Licia, by Montresor,	133
Howard, the Philanthropist,	62	— Matilda, by G. of New-Jersey,	111
Hygeia's Flight,	128	— Mary, by the Bleeding Heart,	135
Imogen, by Horatius,	109	— —, by Julia,	176
I'm only Stained, by Analgam,	82	— Miss — of Newark, by G. of New-Jersey,	195
Independence, by S. of New-Jersey,	63	— Madame Frechette, by S. of New-Jersey,	57
Invitation, by S. of New-Jersey,	127	— Mrs. S.—, by G. F. R.	46
Joy's Love, by G.	161	— Olivia, by Jacques,	167
Kill-deer, the, to Julia Ann, by G. of New-Jersey,	207	— Sarah the Fair,	183
Kiss, the, by Henry,	111	— Two Young Ladies, by Harriet,	24
Missing Justified, by X. plus Y.	127	— —, by G. F. R.	94
Language of Love, set to Music,	100	— —, by Harriet,	71
Love, by J. B.	23	— the Bards, by Mopstaff,	103
—, not injured by Kisses,	127	— World, by Jacques,	69
Love's First Sigh,	63	— Victory of Love, by Jacques,	118
Lover's Prayer,	20	— Child of Sorrow, by Edwin,	49
Lucey Ann, by Chevalier,	64	— Virtue, by Theodore,	8
Lines on the death of C. J. Cromelin, by Rolla,	66	Woman, Man,	8
— on Miss Johnson's Portrait, by G. of New-Jersey,	87	Woman's Eye,	120
— on Infant Harriet, by Anson,	87	Wife, by Rolla,	167
— on Imogene, by Anson,	95	— —, the amiable,	67
— by Jacques,	62	William's Away,	42
— by McDonald Clarke,	119	Willie's —, by Henry,	161
— by Joceline,	127	— —, Grave, by S. of New-Jersey,	181
— by Harriet,	151	Young Love's Bow-er, by Henry,	127
— by Julia,	169	Young, by S. of New-Jersey,	127
— to my Daughter, by Anson,	71		
— to a Friend, by Harriet,	116	EPIGRAMS, &c.	
Man and Woman,	136	An Adieu,	191
Maria, the Victim of Jealousy,	7	Chase and Ketcham,	103
Matrimony not a cure for Love,	39	Cryer's Wife Dead,	135
Me no Likee Dat,	119	Equal Couple,	149
Meeting, con-jugal, by Warton,	151	Fanny's Lip mistaken for a Coral,	207
Morning of Life, by S. of New-Jersey,	153	Fashion's rz. Right,	20
Moon, the, by Harriet,	159	Malabar. Wives of,	208
Mother's Picture, on parting with, by E. R. Y.	159	Madrimony,	152
Multum in Parvo, by M. Y. S.	191	Old Maid and Young Dandy,	168
Music, by Estance,	143	On Seeing a Lady Sewing,	167
Nightmare, by M. Y. S.	163	Rondeau,	170
Philip's Dream,	66	Ribs and Hip,	192
Stone's Death, by Horatius,	10	Stones to Pearl,	192

EPIGRAMS, &c.

An Adieu,	121
Chase and Ketchum,	120
Cryer's Wife Dead,	135
Equal Couple,	134
Fanny's Lip mistaken for a Coral,	5
Fashion re. Right,	263
Malabar. Wives of,	6
Matrimonial,	283
Old Maid and Young Dandy,	172
On Seeing a Lady Sewing,	167
Rondeau,	130
Rib and Hip,	192
Stone re. Pearl,	58
Ten and Feet,	

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1819.

[No. 1.

PUBLISHED BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,
Corner of Chatham & Duane streets.

AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 154 Broadway.

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
PAYABLE QUARTERLY.

C. S. VAN WINKLE, PRINTER.

Persons who have changed their residence place subscribing for the Cabinet, are requested to send information to the office, in order that they may be punctually served with the paper; and those who may be accidentally neglected, are also requested to give us notice for the same purpose.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Several of our fair patrons having suggested to us the propriety of admitting such advertisements as more immediately interest the ladies, we have concluded, if sufficient encouragement offers, to issue an advertising sheet, (to accompany the Cabinet,) in which advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the customary price.

NOTICE.

Messrs. BELL & WEBB, by an arrangement to that effect with Mr. Woodworth, having relinquished all interest in the publication of the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet*, it will be published by the subscribers, for their mutual benefit.

WOODWORTH & HUESTIS.

COMMUNICATIONS will be thankfully received by the editor, at No. 34 Chatham street, and by S. Huestis, at the office of C. S. Van Winkle, No. 101 Greenwich-street.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The present sheet is a fair specimen of the number to which it is an introductory work. At all events, no future number shall be inferior to it, either as respects intrinsic merit, or exterior appearance. On the contrary, as the work progresses, and its correspondents multiply, a gradual increase of interest and variety may reasonably be expected. It is hoped, therefore, that every one who approves this specimen will patronize the undertaking; as by so doing they will enable the editor to devote his whole time and talents to improve it; thus they will at once reward industry, encourage

American Literature, and secure to themselves a valuable collection of new, useful, and entertaining miscellany.

To the *Ladies*, in particular, the publisher looks with a pleasing hope of their favourable opinion and liberal patronage, for it is to them that this work is more especially devoted. They are, therefore, respectfully solicited to examine this number with their usual candour and attention, and if they then believe that the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet* promises to become an amusing companion, in some vacant hour, it is hoped that they will immediately adopt such arrangements as will ensure its regular weekly attendance at their toilets.

As the various articles prepared for this work are too multifarious to be introduced, even by name, in the first number, it is deemed proper, in this place, to mention a few of the most prominent, in order that the reader may form a more perfect idea of what the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet* is intended to be, and what it will contain. We shall, therefore, briefly notice the following, which, when commenced, will be regularly continued, viz.

1. *Original Essays* on such subjects as will be thought best calculated to amuse and edify.

2. *A Novel*, entitled *Magnanimity*, founded on events of real life—original, just from the author's closet. The characters and scenery are American, and the period of action since the year 1804.

3. *Female Biography*, or historical sketches of the lives of such females, ancient and modern, as have been celebrated for their virtue, fortitude, patriotism, beauty, &c. Compiled from authentic sources, by a gentleman competent to the task.

4. *Chronology*, enlarged and improved, from the creation of the world, to the present period, with historical notes and illustrations.

5. *A Rhyming Dictionary*, on a plan entirely new, and far more convenient for the young poet than those of Walker, Pool, and Byshe; answering, at once, to the purposes of rhyming, spelling, pronouncing, and defining; comprising, not

only the *simple*, but, also, all the *compound* rhymes in the English language, including the names of the heathen deities, &c.

6. *English Synonymes*, regularly classified and arranged, with their definitions attached, and the different shades of their meanings correctly marked.

7. *The Ladies' Toilet*, or a description of the newest Fashions, foreign and domestic, &c. &c.

8. *The Housewife's Manual*, or a choice collection of the most approved recipes for Cooking, Brewing, Dying, &c. &c.

9. At the expiration of each quarter, or four times a year, the *Cabinet* will contain a new, or approved, fashionable *SONG*, with the Music adapted to the Piano Forte or Harp.

Thus it will be seen that, independent of poetry, light reading, dramatic strictures, and other subjects to which journals like this are usually devoted, *one volume* of the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet* will comprise much valuable matter of a permanent nature. The Poet, in particular, will have the whole English language at his command, and save many hours of valuable time which are often wasted in searching for a *rhyme*, or a *synonymous word*.

Any suggestions from our readers, tending to the improvement of our plan, will be thankfully received, and promptly adopted.

S. WOODWORTH.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

It was the evening of an April day, which had wept and smiled by turns; a day which had been rendered somewhat remarkable by the sudden changes of wind and great variety of temperature it had exhibited. The season, according to the calendar, was *Spring*—not, indeed, as the poets have dressed her, but as she actually appears to the plain every-day folks of New-England, who best enjoy her smiles in presence of a cheerful fire.

Before such a fire was Mrs. Percival now seated, with her only daughter, Selina; and both were busily plying their needles in thoughtful silence. The tea equipage was arranged, and the "bubbling urn" emitted its fragrant steam; but neither mother nor daughter seemed disposed to commence the rites of the table. At length Selina spoke—

"The clock strikes seven, and my cousin not yet arrived! What can detain her?"

As she pronounced these words, she arose from her seat, and walking to a window, with her work in her hand, looked anxiously into the street. The rain was pattering against the casement; distant thunder rolled in the horizon, and the wind shook the yet naked branches of the poplars which grew in front of the house.

"The roads are very bad, my love," said her mother; "but I have no doubt that her impatience to reach us is equal to ours for her arrival."

Selina turned reluctantly from the window, resumed her sewing, and walked deliberately to her seat. After a pause, she said—

"The stage usually gets in at five. If my wishes were spurs for the lazy horses—Heigho!"

"Wherefore that sigh, my daughter?"

"I don't know—but—we live very much secluded, mamma, in the midst of this great populous town."

"True, my child; but, perhaps, not the less happy. Our mode of living must be regulated by our circumstances. You know, my dear, that we are not remarkably rich."

"But a little company, now and then, mamma, would not much interfere with the economical system which you have been compelled to adopt. We now see nobody; except, indeed, a few old relations; and the name of Selina Percival is scarcely known beyond the little circle of our family connexions."

"Shall I be compelled to chide my daughter for repining at her situation? I flattered myself that she had learned to measure her wishes by her means."

"So I have, mamma, in a great measure. But you will not forget that you yourself was once a sprightly young lass, like me?"

"Well—what then?"

"Why—if you had always lived like a nun, the probability is—that——"

"That what?"

"That you would have had no daughter to chide for coveting a less gloomy life."

"I understand you, my dear," replied her mother, with an affectionate smile. "But we must not repine at the will of that Being who has seen fit (no doubt for our ultimate benefit) to chasten us with the loss of property, and the still more afflictive loss of your inestimable father, leaving me a widow, with three children to provide for by industry alone. We ought not, however, to complain. We are blest with health; your brothers are affectionate, active, and enterprising, and——"

"And they are at sea in this tempest!" interrupted Selina. "Oh! how I tremble for their safety."

"Never anticipate evil, my child, unless it be to prevent it. If it be wrong to repine at the present, it is ridiculous to tremble for the future. Your brothers are as much under the protection of Heaven at sea, as we are on land, and we may yet see better days through their instrumentality. In the mean time, let us be humble and patient. You are young, and, I trust, not destitute of such qualities, both mental and personal, as will one day secure you the friend and protector which your sex demands."

"If he has the good fortune to discover my retreat," replied Selina, with a smile and a blush. "But I shall know him when I see him; for we must, you know, of course, fall in love with each other at first sight."

"By what token will you know him?"

"By his possessing certain qualifications. I have him 'in my mind's eye,' mamma."

"Then favour me with a description, that I may know him also."

"O, he is tall, and graceful, and handsome, and brave, and accomplished, and polite; and he sings well, and dances well; and, above all, he is rich, and well educated, and possesses a brilliant and ready wit."

"And would not a few trifling little embellishments, like religion, virtue, honour, principle, benevolence, &c. tend to enhance his value in the estimation of my daughter?"

"O certainly, mamma; but those I have enumerated are indispensable, and my cousin's lover, I presume, possesses them all; but we shall see, if he accompanies her to town."

"You will perceive by her letter that he does not accompany her, but will come up about the first of May, to escort her home. And now, in order to beguile the time, until Sophia arrives, let me hear her letter again."

Selina obeyed, and read as follows:

Sandville, April 7, 1805.

"One part of your request, my dear Lina, will be complied with, for I have obtained my mother's permission to make you a visit of three weeks; and as I shall take passage in the first stage, you may safely prepare a cup of tea for me on Tuesday evening."

"Thus much for the substance of your rustic cousin; her shadow, as you are pleased to term Fitz-James, will not be of the party, and so you will have no opportunity of putting your spiteful scheme into execution. But do not attribute his non-attendance to me; nor flatter yourself that I am under any apprehensions from your threat of assailing his heart, though armed with all the artillery and pop-guns you mention. Your city accomplishments are too artificial for my country swain; and even city beauty, you know, is seldom more natural than it should be; and as to your exciting his jealousy, I give you leave, if you can."

"The real cause, however, which detains Fitz-James, at this time, is the settlement of his father's estate, which will occupy him until about the first of May, when he will make you a flying visit, merely to fly away with poor me—to the bower of flymen. Matrimony!

"Thou pleasing, dreadful thought!"

"After all, Selina, this marrying is a serious thing; and I am persuaded that you, with all your natural thoughtless levity, will be of the same opinion, when the awful moment approaches. Although Fitz-James is the man of my choice, the only one whom I have ever confessed I loved, and the one, I believe, who is to make me happy in the nuptial state, still, he never touches that delicate string but it communicates a

strange vibration to my heart; and I find myself, like Pope's Dying Christian—

"Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying."

"I have heard nothing of poor Woodville since my last; but presume, however, that he is still in the metropolis. Should he know of my visit, I fear that he will seek an interview, for the purpose of renewing his hopeless suit; for though, as I have often assured you, I sincerely esteem him as a friend, and highly respect him as a man, I should feel much embarrassed to meet him after what has passed. Could I be certain that he would never resume the subject of that unfortunate letter, I would be glad to lay your gratitude under the obligation of an introduction to a being of his exalted worth and superior talents. If your heart is still disengaged, Selina, I know that you would love him; for had that been the case with my own—But—*sub rosa*—as I have told you before, his conduct is inexplicable. Why could he not have given me a hint of his attachment during our long and uninterrupted intimacy? A little hint, Selina, would have been sufficient. But his provoking indifference has often induced me to quarrel with my face. He parted from me without emotion, though his absence was to be long and indefinite. For two years I never heard of him, except through the medium of his sister, or some other member of his father's family. And now, after all this, when he must have known that the period was forever past in which he could reasonably indulge a hope of success—to claim a heart which had been earned and won by the tender and persevering assiduities of his friend—surprises and perplexes me not a little.

"Did I not know his generous nature so well, I should attribute to him such motives as sometimes actuate people in trade, who attach no value to an article within their reach, until they see it eagerly coveted by some one else; or who, sensible of its value, have yet the vanity to expect its reservation until their own time and convenience permit them to demand it. But enough of this, until we meet.

"And now, my dear cousin, I have a favour to beg of you—a request to make, in which my mother, Fitz-James, and all

my friends unite, and that is, that you prepare yourself to—"

Selina was here interrupted by an exclamation from her mother relative to the increasing violence of the tempest; and the timid girl laid aside the letter, shuddering as she reflected that some disaster might have befallen her cousin in her journey.

"Bless me! what a flash of lightning was there! and such tremendous thunder! Oh! Heavens! again!"

"It is, indeed, appalling," replied her mother calmly; but be not alarmed—it should have no terrors for the innocent."

A dazzling coruscation, which seemed to linger in the illuminated hemisphere, was now succeeded by a peal of thunder which shook the house to its foundation. The dreadful concussion seemed to have burst some aerial catarract, for the rain immediately descended in torrents. Both mother and daughter arose from their seats, and the former had advanced to close the shutters, when another flash of lightning exhibited to her view a spectacle that drew from her an involuntary shriek of horror. Ere the panic-struck Selina could inquire the cause, her ear was assailed by a confused noise from the street, mingled with the trampling of horses and the cries of distress. A coach was overturned directly opposite the house.

Notwithstanding the fury of the tempest, Mrs. Percival and her daughter flew into the street, where several people had already collected to lend such assistance as circumstances might render necessary or practicable. The horses had disengaged themselves from the prostrated vehicle, but had been successfully checked in their headlong career by a young man, who, at the imminent hazard of his life, caught their entangled reins, and secured them at a short distance from the scene of confusion. The driver lay senseless on the pavement; and as no sounds issued from the carriage, every attention was directed to him.

"O she is killed! she is killed!" exclaimed the distracted Selina, flying to the coach. "Will nobody attempt to save her?"

"Save whom?" cried a young man darting to her side. It was the same who had stopped the horses.

Selina pointed to the coach, and without waiting for a further explanation, he sprang upon it, burst open the door, and with no small difficulty lifted out a senseless female in his arms, and bore her gently into the house, followed by several spectators.

All was now consternation and dismay. The stranger laid his fair charge on a sofa, and leaving her in the care of the ladies, flew out to lend his succour to others. The driver had recovered from the shock he received in his fall, and there being no other passenger to rescue from the wreck, the young man again entered the house to ascertain the fate of the lady, and found, to his great joy, that her insensibility had only proceeded from fright, and that by an application of the usual restoratives she was now so far recovered as to pronounce herself perfectly free from any sensible bodily injury. She was, however, still agitated, languid, and pale. But as she turned her soft blue eyes upon the solicitous stranger, a blush of the deepest carnation instantly mantled her cheek, and was as instantly succeeded by the pallid hue of death. She faintly articulated the name of Woodville, and gave him her trembling hand.

"Sophia!" he exclaimed, as he ardently pressed it between his own—"Sophia! are you indeed safe! Oh! speak, and let me hear it from your own lips."

The agitated girl assured him that nothing but repose was necessary to render her recovery complete, and expressed her gratitude for the assistance and attention he had afforded her. She would then have withdrawn her hand; but its present possessor seemed determined not to part with it. She cast a beseeching look at her cousin, who, addressing the company, thanked them for their attention, and expressed a hope that they would call again in the morning. This hint was perfectly understood and instantly complied with by all but Woodville, who still retained his position, clasping the unwilling hand of the trembling, embarrassed Sophia, who at length ventured to say—"Do not forget, sir, that I have need of rest."

"Mr. Woodville," said Mrs. Percival, advancing to him—"you will lay us under an additional obligation by calling to-morrow, when I hope my niece will be sufficiently composed to—." She hesitated.

"To introduce you to our acquaintance," added Selina, with her customary naivete; "a pleasure, I assure you, sir, which we have long desired."

Woodville bowed to the fair speaker, and then fixing on Sophia a look of unutterable tenderness, he said—"and have I also your permission to inquire after your health to-morrow?"

Sophia timidly assented; and after several unsuccessful attempts, Woodville at length relinquished her hand, and reluctantly took his leave, casting many a "longing, lingering look behind," as he walked to the door, to which he was attended by Selina.

[To be continued.]

Female Biography.

From "Interesting Anecdotes" of Women during the French Revolution.

A young man of Bordeaux, cast into one of the prisons of that city, fell ill, and became every day more and more reduced by the unwholesome air of his dungeon. Being removed to the hospital, he was attended by a young lay sister, named Theresa. The young man, whose name was Du Bois, possessed a fine and interesting figure, and he soon inspired his benefactress with a sentiment still more tender than the humanity which was the first cause of her cares.

The habit of being frequently with him, and hearing him converse, but, above all, her compassion for his misfortunes, which she took a delight in making him relate almost every day, produced in her mind the firm resolution to attempt his escape at every hazard. Having communicated her design to him, but without disclosing her passion, it was resolved that he should feign violent convulsions, and, after some time, appear to be dead.

Every thing succeeded in the happiest manner. Sister Theresa loudly deplored the death of her patient, and when the physician came his rounds, informed him that he had just expired. The physician turned his back, and went out without suspecting the stratagem. When the evening began to close, Theresa pretended that the body of her patient was ordered to be given to the pupils of the hospital for dissection, and caused the young man to be carried into the room

set apart for that purpose, by some who were in her confidence. Every means of success she had prepared with equal zeal and foresight; in the room were deposited the clothes of a surgeon to whom she had entrusted the secret, and Du Bois having put these on, escaped without being observed by any one.

A stratagem of this nature, though conducted with peculiar address, could not fail to transpire; it was in fact discovered the next day. Sister Theresa was interrogated, and too happy to have saved him whom she loved, she was above all dissimulation, and plainly confessed the truth. Her frankness, her generosity, her beauty, and a remnant of esteem for noble actions, which even party violence had not wholly destroyed, induced those to spare her who might have brought her to the scaffold.

The young Du Bois meantime had felt a mutual passion for his benefactress. No sooner did he find himself in security than he wrote to her, making a declaration of his love, and beseeching her to repair to his asylum. Theresa did not long hesitate. Having made herself assured of the honorable intentions of her lover, she left Bordeaux, and having reached Du Bois's habitation, they both retired secretly into Spain, where the bands of Hymen completed their happiness.

TREATMENT OF FEMALES.

All countries, in proportion as they are civilized or barbarous, improve or degrade the nuptial state. In those miserable regions, where strength makes the only law, the stronger sex exerts its power, and becomes the tyrant over the weaker; while the inhabitant of Negroland is indolently taking his pleasure in the fields, his wife is obliged to till the grounds, that serve for their mutual support. It is thus in all barbarous countries, where the men throw all the laborious duties of life upon the women; and, regardless of beauty, put the softer sex to those employments that must effectually destroy it.

But, in countries that are half barbarous, particularly where Mahometanism prevails, the men run into the very opposite extreme. Equally brutal with the former, they exert their tyranny over the weaker sex, and consider that half

of the human creation as merely made to be subservient to the depraved desires of the other. The chief, and indeed the only aim of an Asiatic, is to be possessed of many women; and to be able to furnish a seraglio, is the only tendency of his ambition. As the savage is totally regardless of beauty, he, on the contrary, prizes it too highly; he excludes the person who is possessed of such personal attractions from any share in the duties or employments of life; and, as if willing to engross all beauty to himself, increases the number of his captives in proportion to the progress of his fortune. In this manner, he vainly expects to augment his satisfactions, by seeking from many that happiness which he ought to look for in the society of one alone. He lives a gloomy tyrant, amidst wretches of his own making; he feels none of those endearments which spring from affection—none of those delicacies which arise from knowledge. His mistresses, being shut out from the world, and totally ignorant of all that passes there, have no arts to entertain his mind, or calm his anxieties; the day passes with them in sullen silence, or languid repose; appetite can furnish but few opportunities of varying the scene; and all that falls beyond it must be irksome expectation.

The mere necessities of life seem the only aim of the savage; the sensual pleasures are the only study of the semi-barbarian; but the refinement of sensuality by reason, is the boast of real politeness. Among the merely barbarous nations, such as the natives of Madagascar, or the inhabitants of Congo, nothing is desired so ardently as to prostitute their wives, or daughters, to strangers, for trifling advantages; they will account it a dishonour not to be among the foremost who are thus received into favour. On the other hand, the Mahometan keeps his wife faithful, by confining her person; and would instantly put her to death if he but suspected her chastity. With the politer inhabitants of Europe, both these barbarous extremes are avoided, the woman's person is left free, and no constraint is imposed upon her affections. The passion of love, which may be considered as the nice conduct of chaste desire, is only known and practised in this part of the world; so that what other nations

guard as their right, the more delicate European is contented to ask as a favour. In this manner, the concurrence of mutual affection contributes to increase mutual satisfaction; and the power on one side of refusing, makes every blessing more grateful when obtained by the other. In barbarous countries, woman is considered merely as a useful slave; in such as are somewhat more refined, she is regarded as a desirable toy; in countries entirely polished, she enjoys juster privileges; the wife being considered as a useful friend, and an agreeable mistress. Her mind is still more prized than her person; and without the improvement of both, she can never expect to become truly agreeable; for her good sense alone can preserve what she has gained by her beauty.

Desultory Selections, AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

Although the following happy thought, from a London paper, has been already copied into most of our American Journals, we yet expect to please our readers by giving it a place in the Cabinet. It deserves a more durable niche in the temple of literature, than can be furnished by a daily gazette:

Whilst Fanny kiss'd her infant care,
You bite my lip, she cried, my dear;
The smiling child, tho' half afraid,
Thus to his beauteous mother said:
With me, Mamma, O do not quarrel!
I thought your lip had been my coral.

What female, after such an appeal, could chide the infant, or even the poet, had he committed a like offence?

Although nothing can justify the crime of deliberately taking away the life of a human being, yet it must be confessed that there are sometimes circumstances which tend to lessen its enormity in the view of the most conscientious christian; circumstances which compel us to *admire* where we cannot *approve*. We shall adduce two instances, which are probably familiar to most of our readers: the first, a case of *suicide*—the second, of *infanticide*.

"Monsieur de V... was cast into prison during the French revolution, in company with most of the other respectable people of France, at a moment when every person, who had the misfor-

tune to be a nobleman, was, if apprehended, led to the guillotine. While in confinement, he reflected, that if he shared the fate of many of his fellow prisoners, his fortune would be confiscated, and his children become beggars; but that if he should destroy himself, as his children were minors, their inheritance could not be legally seized, and he only shortened the period of his existence by a few hours. These considerations were so powerful in his mind, that he effected his destruction with a razor, and thus secured his property to his children."

This anecdote is copied from *Williams' Travels through France*, and is introduced by the author with the observation, that "if any thing can justify suicide," it is a motive like the above. The instance of infanticide alluded to, is the story of *Virginius*, which is thus related by Kotzebue:

"It was the intention of Appius to tear the chaste Virginia from her father, under the pretext that she was the daughter of a slave, and to dishonour her. Every method for her rescue had been tried in vain; the indignation of her horny sire and her betrothed bridegroom was the subject of ridicule to the brutal officer. The moment had arrived in which they were preparing to drag Virginia away. The father suddenly turning to the decemvir, 'Stop,' he exclaimed, 'but one moment: pardon, Appius, the distress of a father, if I addressed thee with harshness; permit me only to put a few questions to the girl in the presence of her attendant, to convince myself that I am not her father, and then depart from the place in peace.' 'Thy request is granted,' replied the decemvir. Virginius instantly conducted his daughter to a neighbouring shop, and seizing the knife of a butcher, plunged it into her bosom with these words: 'This is now the only method of effecting thy deliverance!' Then turning to the tribunal, he extended his bloody fist, still holding the reeking blade to the decemvir and exclaimed: 'Te, Appius, *lausque caput hoc sanguine concolor*! This blood, O Appius, be upon thy head!'"

Poets are often *poor*, and sometimes *profligate*; Churchill was both; and yet it deserves to be told, that after compounding with his creditors at five shillings in the pound, he realized some money by his writings, and voluntarily paid the full amount of his debts. He died at the early age of 33, when most men are only beginning to distinguish themselves; and his genius certainly contained the seeds of greater excellence than it ever brought to maturity. The poetical character which he did attain, is that of a bold, courageous, but slovenly artist. He has more of the vehemence of Dryden than any other English satirist, but none of that majesty of thought, that

pomp of diction, or harmony of numbers, which give the hostility of Dryden, in satire, the dignity of moral warfare. Cowper gives his character with considerable indulgence, but with some truth, in a passage to his memory. The reader will, perhaps, need but little criticism to perceive that there is a confusion of metaphors in Cowper's lines alluded to, when the poet is first compared to a rider, and in the next line, placed at his lyre.

"Silly and slovenly, and bold and coarse,
Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force;
Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
Always at speed, and never drawing bit;
He struck his lyre in such a careless mood,
And so disdain'd the rules he understood—
The laurel seem'd to wait on his command;
He snatch'd it rudely from the muse's hand."

The lovers of sentiment cannot but feel tenderly affected on perusing the following lines. They were dictated to an amanuensis by a lady, on her death-bed, and addressed to her husband, who was at a distance from her. How exquisite must have been the feelings of a doating husband, on receiving such a legacy.

"Thou who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleasant source of all my earthly joy;
Thou tend'rest husband, and thou dearest friend,
To thee, this last, this fond adieu, I send.
At length all-conqueror Death asserts his right,
And will for ever veil me from thy sight.
He woom me to him, with a cheerful grace,
And not one terror clouds his awful face.
He promises a lasting rest from pain,
And shows that all life's fleeting joys are vain.

"Th' eternal scenes of Heav'n are in my view,
And tell me that no other joys are true:
But lovel! fond love! would yet resist his pow'r,
And fain awhile defer the parting hour.
He brings thy weeping image to my sight,
And stops my passage to the realms of light.
But say, thou dearest, thou unfeeling friend!
Say, should'st thou grieve to see my sorrows end?
Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've past,
And would'st thou mourn that rest is come at last?
Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,
And die, as I have liv'd, thy faithful Wife."

We need make no apology for the appearance of the following beautiful extract, on the establishment of the Christian Religion: If our readers have seen it before, they will not object to its insertion here.

"The establishment of the Christian religion among men is the greatest of all miracles. In spite of all the power of Rome; in spite of all the

passions, interests, and prejudices, of so many nations, so many philosophers, so many different religions, twelve poor fishermen, without art, without eloquence, without power, publish and spread their doctrine throughout the world. In spite of a persecution of three centuries, which seemed every moment ready to extinguish it; in spite of continued and innumerable martyrdoms of persons of all conditions, sexes and countries; the truth in the end triumphs over error, pursuant to the predictions both of the old and new law. Let any one show some other religion which has the same marks of a divine protection.

A powerful conqueror may establish, by his arms, the belief of a religion which flatters the sensuality of men; a wise legislator may gain himself attention and respect by the usefulness of his laws; a poet in credit, and supported by the civil power, may abuse the credulity of the people; all this is possible—but what could victorious, learned and superstitious nations see to induce them so readily to follow Jesus Christ, who promised them nothing in this world but persecutions and sufferings; who proposed to them the practice of a morality to which all darling passions must be sacrificed. Is not the conversion of the world to such a religion, without miracles, a greater and more credible one, than even the greatest of those which some refuse to believe?

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

Mr. Woodworth,

SIR—If you imagine the following free translation from Roman History, will interest the hearts of your fair readers, you will oblige me by inserting it in your work, which promises to be both amusing and edifying.

Ambition of personal aggrandizement induced Sabinus, a general in the Roman army, to aspire to the possession of the imperial throne. His treasonable designs were discovered before the plot was matured; and those who had sworn to support his pretensions, by forsaking him, endeavoured to avert anticipated punishments. In the hour of calamity, he was alone. He fled in disguise to a remote cavern, to avoid the resentment of the emperor. One faithful servant was the sole depository of the secret place of his retreat. Sabinus ordered him to set fire to the splendid dwelling he had recently occupied, in order that it might be imagined he had perished in the flames. Vespasian's courtiers congratulated their sovereign on the supposed death of his adversary. Sabinus's consort, the beautiful Eponia, being absent when the plot was discovered, heard the report of his fate, and her grief was immeasurable.—She refused to attend to the voice of consolation; it was confidently expected she would die an early martyr to her

conjugial affections. The roses forsook her cheeks, as though they had been washed away by her continual tears; the pale yellow death-like hue overspread her youthful countenance; and she was labouring in the solemn weeds of woe. The faithful domestic, who assiduously provided for the wants of his fallen master, and whose name, it is to be lamented, historians have neglected to record, beheld his mistress pining; it grieved him to the soul; he communicated to her the place of her husband's concealment.—Who can describe the emotions of Eponia, virtuous Roman matron! She flew to the solitary cavern—she beheld her beloved Sabinus—he threw her snowy arms around his neck—she embraced him with fervour, and her tears were the tears of joy. She made excuses for her frequent absence from Rome; her delight was to be with Sabinus, to alleviate his sorrows, to ameliorate the severity of his fate: Pious task! it was Eponia's. Sabinus forgot his miseries: he no longer thought of the dangers which surrounded his retreat; he conceived himself happier than Vespasian on the throne of Caesar, arrayed in robes of purple, and receiving the homages of kings. How just is Walter Scott's exclamation, when contemplating the virtues of "the fairest portion of God's creation," he vents the ardour of poetic feeling in this apostrophe:

"O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When shame and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

Year after year elapsed. Nine times had the earth performed her circumvolutions of the sun. Born to an opulent inheritance, courted and caressed by the noblest patricians who sought her hand, and admired for her shining virtues; Rome, the seat of magnificence and empire, possessed no charms for the young and lovely Eponia; in discharging the duties she owed her husband, this illustrious lady was happier than the proudest belle who glittered in the splendid court of the emperor. But suspicion whispered that she held clandestine conferences with Vespasian's secret enemies; her frequent absence from Rome was alleged as indicating something extraordinary. She was watched, and followed; she entered the cavern, and while embracing Sabinus, a band of soldiers rush-

ed in; her intreaties were vain; they seized the unfortunate general, and dragged him to the imperial palace. Apprehension and love filled the bosom of the Roman matron; she pressed through the guards, with a young child in each hand, and throwing herself on her knees at Vespasian's feet, in all the eloquence of grief, she importuned him to spare the father of her children. The monarch of many nations beheld Eponia; he was deeply moved with sorrow; but conscious that it is the duty of the representatives of nations rigidly to obey the decrees of justice, he pronounced the sentence of death. Eponia arose, and with disdainful dignity, reproached him with inhumanity: "Vespasian," said this glorious woman, "the affection which induced me to share my husband's captivity, now impels me to become the partner of his sufferings; you possess the means of depriving us of our lives; but know, proud prince, you have not power to separate us; the hour of Sabinus's execution shall witness my death, and the same sepulchre shall contain us both!" Exalted woman! Thy illustrious name is immortalized! And the beautiful eyes of the fair who dwell in "regions Caesar never saw," will pay the tribute of a tear to Eponia's memory.

LUX.

THE DRAMA.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art;
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene and be what they behold.

For.

In furnishing our readers with "weekly strictures on the drama, and candid criticisms on the performances of the New-York Theatrical Corps," we shall be governed by the strictest impartiality. Uninfluenced by fear or favour, we shall turn neither to the right hand nor to the left, but pursue a steady undeviating course. Having thus announced our determination, we shall commence our career with a brief description of the present *Corps Dramatique* of the New-York stage; glancing at their various merits, &c. &c.

Mr. E. SIMPSON, (from England,) stage manager. This gentleman possesses a figure and face that happily adapt him

to almost every walk of the drama. In melo-dramatic representation he is not excelled by any performer we ever witnessed. In his tragedy, he is sometimes apt to drop the tone of his voice, which occasions a defect in his reading; and in his comedy, he is, likewise, occasionally too rapid; but these are trifling defects compared to his merit as a general actor, and can easily be avoided, or overlooked. For perseverance and indefatigable industry he stands unrivalled.

HOPKINS ROBERTSON, (an American.) In the heavier walks of tragedy, hardy old veterans, simple country boys, and Scotchmen, Mr. Robertson has but few competitors, especially in his old veterans, and country boys. His face and figure fit him for Tragedy or Comedy, though we think the first best adapted to his powers. This gentleman is apt, in some of his heavy characters, to become monotonous in his delivery. This is a fault which should not be indulged in, as it will in time become too habitual to be eradicated.

JAMES PRITCHARD (from England) has been before the New-York audience, we believe, nearly nine years, and during that period has passed through almost every grade and character from the simple country boy to the haughty Pescara, and the feeble King Lear. Yet, with all this routine of business, combined with figure, face, and voice that eminently fits him for the profession, and the effect he seldom fails to give every character assigned, he has not reached that eminence on which from his qualifications he appears entitled to stand. One fault is perceptible in this gentleman's performance. In many characters he is apt to deliver his words in such a manner, by making every word distinct, that he leads the hearer to believe he is recollecting one word after another; it injures the effect of his reading, and distresses the audience with the apprehension that he is imperfect.

H. MORELAND, (from England.) This gentleman, in the lighter characters of Tragedy, light Comedy, and walking gentlemen, is very respectable. There are some performers who, at the first view, gain the suffrages of the audience, from possessing a superior figure, or some other

attractions, and almost immediately establish themselves, though perhaps their mental qualifications are infinitely below mediocrity. The infatuation continues until their deficiency to express correctly the sense of their author, becomes apparent; when, although the judicious part of the audience withhold their support, first impressions keep their hold on the unreflecting.

But Mr. Moreland's appearance was the reverse of this; with a voice whose natural tones have something peculiar, (until accustomed to it,) he labored under a hoarseness occasioned by a cold, and a figure rather emaciated; his first appearance, therefore, was not prepossessing; and subsequent appearances seemed to confirm an unfavorable impression, until, accustomed to his voice and figure, we discovered that Mr. M. was not only a chaste actor, but, what is of more importance, a correct reader—an indispensable qualification in the profession. He has a flexible, but not a strong voice, in declamation and in singing.

J. BARNES, (from England.) When this gentleman made his first appearance before a New-York audience, in the character of Sir Peter Teazle, in the School for Scandal, embarrassed as he must have felt in his first essay before strangers, but few would at that moment have pronounced him possessed of the degree of *vis comica* he has since exhibited. The character of Sir Peter does not require any comic talent in representation; and although generally performed by a low Comedian, would suffer no diminution of character or interest if represented by a Tragedian. Although Mr. Barnes was highly respectable in the character of Sir Peter, it was his subsequent exhibition of characters appertaining to low comedy that established him as a successor to our justly-admired Twails. But although low comedy is evidently Mr. B.'s forte, there is another line of business, (as it is technically termed) wherein he stands unrivalled; we allude to such characters as Sir Robert Bramble, in the Poor Gentleman; Governor, in the Soldier's daughter; Coscy, in Town and Country; Old Rapid, in Cure for the Heart Ache; and Old Handy, in Speed the Plough. It is in these characters that Mr. Barnes displays a strength of con-

ception, and fidelity of execution, which, while it demonstrates a correct judgment, places him almost above competition in their representation. He is apt to be *ad libitum* with his author.

SPILLER, (from England,) possesses every requisite as a low Comedian, and is always successful. With a figure and face adapted to every character where extravagance is expected, he may be considered, with Barnes, as the High Priest of Momus, since the appearance of either fails not to bring the laughing god along, to dissipate the blue devils and all morbid humours.

The versatility of Mr. Spiller's talents is exemplified in his personation of foreign characters, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, &c. &c.

He is, likewise, the author and translator of three or four petit pieces of considerable intrinsic merit, which are occasionally performed with approbation.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

MARIA;

OR, THE VICTIM OF JEALOUSY

A tragical tale, founded on fact.

BY JUVENIS.

Melpomene! assist me to relate
The mournful story of Maria's fate.
And you, sweet nymphs, whose breasts congenial
glow

With gentle pity, hear my tale of woe;
Nor to the youthful poet's lay deny
A friendly tear, a sympathetic sigh.

On a delightful plain, near Elkon's flood;
And skirted by an intervening wood;
Near where the Appalachian summits rise,
A lovely village greets the traveller's eyes;
There shone Maria, deck'd with every grace,
By far the fairest nymph of all the place.
Her cheeks that might with freshest roses vie,
Tinged with the blush of virgin modesty,
While symmetry with mental worth combin'd
To grace her person, and adorn her mind.
Such heavenly charms, which so divinely shone,
Made many a youth her inspiration own;
And to her shrine, with hearts enamoured, came
Two rival suitors, and avowed their flame.

With hold importance and presuming air,
Alphonso first approach'd the blushing fair;
A haughty youth, to every vice inclin'd,
Of narrow views, and of conceited mind,
He vainly sought, by every wily art,
To make an easy conquest of her heart.

But mutual love (ah! little did he know)
 Could ne'er in bosom's uncongenial glow
 Next Henry came, an unassuming youth,
 By virtue guided, and inspired by truth;
 His beautiful form surpass'd a Raphael's art,
 Design'd to fascinate the female heart;
 His features every mainly grace express'd,
 And every generous passion fired his breast.
 For the fair maid with pure love he burn'd—
 With equal fervour she his love return'd.

When now Alphonso saw his efforts vain,
 His haughty bosom swell'd with keen disdain:
 His breast no more with amorous passion burns,
 But ardent love to deadly hatred turns:
 O'er his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
 And desperate projects agitate his soul;
 Her death he meditates—and like a spirit,
 He seeks her dwelling in the gloom of night;
 Sometimes he wanders o'er the adjoining field,
 Or lurks in some adjacent grove conceal'd.
 So the fierce wolf forsakes his dreary den,
 And nightly prowls around the guarded pen;
 Or coothes in some thicket by the way,
 With hunger press'd, and eager for his prey.

'Twas on a fatal evening, when the maid
 Was hating homeward thro' a lonely glade;
 The radiant Sun had gone his daily round,
 And twilight spread her pensive glooms around;
 The streaks of day were dying in the west,
 And hasty steps the maiden's feet contest;
 Alas! unconscious of her hapless fate,
 What dangers threaten, and what woes await!
 For lurking now in evening's dusky shade,
 The barbarous ruffian seized the lovely maid:
 The struggling fair he placed upon a steed,
 And to the thicket rush'd with lightning's speed;
 The affrighted maid, in supplicating strain,
 Implored his mercy, but cried louder in vain;
 Regardless of her cries, he lash'd his horse,
 And swiftly thro' the forest bent his course;
 Till they, at length, emerging from the wood,
 Approach'd the margin of the rolling flood;
 Bright Cynthia now her silver orb displays,
 On the pellucid wave reflects her rays;
 Before her dusk the mists of evening fly,
 The shadows shorten as the moans on high;
 Serene the sky, and gently blows the breeze,
 And the pale moonlight glimmers thro' the trees.
 Alphonso, here dismounting, glanced around,
 And then indignant on the maiden frown'd;
 And nought disturb'd their gloomy silence, save
 The gentle murmur of the trembling wave;
 And the sad screeching of the bird of night,
 Who ceaseless waill'd the moon's increasing light.
 The dread suspense at length Alphonso broke,
 And thus abruptly to Maria spoke:

"Disdainful girl! too long my love you spurn'd,
 For of my passion, proud contempt return'd;
 Too long have I those cruel insults borne,
 And lived the object of your hate and scorn;
 While you a haughty rival's suit approved,
 By you encouraged, and by you beloved:
 My breast is now with fierce resentment steel'd,
 Your life a forfeit for your pride must yield!
 Ere ere the moon shall streak the eastern skies,
 And radiant Phoebus shall effulgent rise,
 Your treacherous form shall lie (all batted in gore)
 A ghastly corpse upon the lonely shore!

Now let your lover to your rescue come,
 He too that instant shall receive his doom!
 Slain by this hand, shall breathless then be laid,
 A haughty rival, and a faithless maid!"

[To be concluded in our next.]

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET. — WOMAN.

"O! fairest of creation! lost and best!"
MISRO.

"And Nature swears the lovely dears
 Her mildest work she classes, O!
 Her 'prentice hand she tried on man;
 And then she made the ladies, O!"

PIERS.

O! woman! on thy faithful breast
 The weary wanderer seeks repose;
 And, in thy fond affections bide,
 Soon finds a cure for all his woes.
 The wakeful soul of worldly care
 Sleeps softly in thy tender arms;
 To Maumion he prefers his prayer,
 But owns thy far superior charms.

Oh, woman! if life's prospects lower,
 Thou bid'st the clouds fly far away;
 And, e'en in sorrow's darkest hour,
 Thy bright eye lends a cheering ray;
 'Tis thine to balm the wounded soul,
 That with the world long time has war'd;
 The storm of passion to control,
 And melt the spirit frozen hard.

But, woman! wert thou heavenly fair,
 If all thy charms external shine,
 If thou no mental beauty share,
 Ah! what avail these charms of thine?
 Unstable still is beauty's power,
 Whose base is built on outward form;
 And short the rapture-gleaming hour
 That oft precedes domestic storm.

Oh! if the glowing gem of mind
 Illumine the lovely female face;
 If bright intelligence be shrou'd
 With feeling in the form of grace;
 'Tis then that beauty's beams impart
 Her charms to intellectual eyes;
 Then, if affection fix her heart,
 Can man appreciate the prize?

A. R.

Jamaica.

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LUCIDA writes very prettily, and if she will allow us to make a trifling alteration in the third line of the fourth stanza, her production shall appear in our next.

REUBEN's favour shall have an early insertion. The length of CANTILLA's communication (which only came to hand yesterday) has not yet permitted us to peruse it. If the first paragraph be a fair specimen, it shall have a place.

The poetical effusion of "FLOREO" cannot be admitted.

Kotzebue assassinated.—M. Auguste de Kotzebue, who, as a poet and dramatist, was second only to Shakespeare, was assassinated in his chamber, at Mannheim, on the 23d of March last. A student, or at least an individual who described himself as such, in the Register of Strangers, at the Inn at Weinberg, entered the apartment of M. de Kotzebue, and began commenting on the opinions and conduct of the latter. After a short dispute, he gave M. de Kotzebue four stabs with a poniard. M. de Kotzebue fell dead in the arms of his eldest son, whom his cries had drawn to the spot. The assassin went tranquilly into the street, where he fell upon his knees, and raising his hands, joined together, to Heaven, cried out, *Thou Testimony!* He then rose and stabbed himself with the poniard. Aid was immediately administered to him, and he exhibited some signs of life, but it is thought he cannot recover. The University diploma found upon him is in the name of Sand, and his shirt is marked with an S; but he is inscribed himself at the Inn under the name of Henrich. A billet was also found upon the assassin, with another poniard, containing the following words:—Sentence of death upon Auguste de Kotzebue, executed the 23d March, 1819! It is said the assassin is a native of Wintziedel, in Saxony.

Professorship of Mineralogy.—The honourable the regents of the university of the state of New-York, have recently established a professorship of mineralogy in the college of physicians and surgeons of this city, distinct from the professorship of natural history, held by the learned Dr. Mitchell. The department of natural philosophy has been abolished, and the vice-president of the college, Dr. B. de Wirt, is appointed to the chair of mineralogy. We understand that the rare and extensive cabinet of minerals, lately the property of Archibald Bruce, M. D. deceased, is now most advantageously fitted up for public instruction in the hall of the university.

The Museum in this city continues to be the resort of Science, Taste, Beauty, and Fashion, and deservedly so, for there is no establishment of the kind in the United States which can vie with it, either in variety or arrangement. No one can visit this school for naturalists, without admiring the science and taste of the proprietor.

New Promenade. It is in the contemplation of our Common Council to beautify and adorn the Bowling Green as a public promenade. It is understood that a figure fountain is to be made in the centre, the water from which will rise to a considerable eminence, and fall on a bed of rocks, to be made as nearly natural as possible. We congratulate our fair readers on the prospect of so pleasant a resort.

A pair of Deer.—Mr. Pope and his wife, now in London, are Prussians, and of remarkable small stature. He is about 36 years of age, and not more than eighteen inches in height. His wife overtop him by about six inches. They dwell in a small portable house, adapted to their sizes.

Botany.—The Catalogue of plants growing naturally within fifty miles of New-York, has been printed, in Albany, pursuant to the report of John Torrey, M. D. to the Lyceum of Natural History. It comprehends more than thirteen hundred species; and is an invaluable document for the man of science every where, and more especially for the American student of Botany.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1819.

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,
CORNER OF CHAMBER AND DUANE STREETS;
AND AT
L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S
BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
No. 154 Broadway;
AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
PAYABLE QUARTERLY.

Persons who have changed their residence since subscribing for the Cabinet, are requested to send information to the office, in order that they may be punctually served with the paper; and those who may be accidentally neglected, are also requested to give us notice for the same purpose.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Several of our fair patrons having suggested to us the propriety of admitting such advertisements as more immediately interest the ladies, we have concluded, if sufficient encouragement offers, to issue an *advertising sheet*, (to accompany the Cabinet,) in which advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the customary price.

COMMUNICATIONS will be thankfully received by the editor, at No. 64 Chatham-street, and by S. Huestis, at the office of C. S. Van Winkle, No. 101 Greenwich-street.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER II.

SOLON WOODVILLE was the son of a country clergyman, who, during the week, cultivated a few acres of "stony ground," and on the Sabbath rode two miles to harrow the seeds of divine truth into minds of a similar description. But though all around him was sterility, both moral and physical, the good parson had no reason to complain of the same evil at home; for each revolving year added a member to his family, though not a dollar to his salary. His income was about sufficient to feed and clothe his children, without making any appropriation for their education; and they, consequently,

acquired but little more instruction than the ignorant rustics with whom they associated.

Solon was the youngest of six—of an effeminate person, and delicate constitution; and yet, like the rest, he was instructed in the manual exercise of the hoe and the rake, long before he could conjugate a verb, or repeat the multiplication table. He was not, however, like the others, content with such exercises; but at a very early age began to repine at the lot in which fortune had placed him, and to sigh for a different sphere of action.

In a parish like Sandville, (or rather as Sandville was thirty years ago,) where every human being, and almost every brute, was compelled, incessantly, to tug at the unyielding bosom of mother earth, worrying the stubborn glebe for a scanty subsistence, it cannot be expected that literature should abound. Indeed, books, of almost every description, appeared to have been exploded by general consent, lest they should trespass upon the time which necessity had allotted to labour; and, with the exception of bibles and school-books, there were, perhaps, not one hundred volumes in the whole parish, unless the parson's little collection of divinity be included in the catalogue.

For such books as could be procured, however, master Solon soon evinced a most ardent affection; and when engaged in their perusal, nothing could recal his attention, or divert it to a different pursuit. A little garden was committed to his care, but it had run to weeds while he leaned on his hoe devouring the contents of a fairy tale, or committing to memory one of Watts' juvenile hymns. A propensity so singular, and an example so dangerous, soon attracted the attention of every rugged farmer in the parish; who, as they urged their own sons to the field, would exhort them not to idle away their time, like "that little lazy Solon Woodville, who would never earn the salt to his porridge." The poor clergyman found himself compelled to chide, and even to chastise his son, for indulging a passion which every parent should ap-

prove; but when he did so, "it was his poverty, not his will, consented." His constant prayer was, to be blest with the means of giving an education to a son who evinced such an early and unconquerable affection for letters.

Happy would it have been for Solon, had his father's prayers been answered, and his own eager appetite for mental food gratified by wholesome and appropriate nourishment. But such was not the case. His taste had no director or regulator. His supreme delight was reading; and if his selection was not judicious, it was his misfortune, not his fault. Whatever books he got hold of, he literally devoured their contents; and as most of them were the very opposite of what they ought to have been, for a child of ten years old, it is not to be wondered at, if, in a little time, his mind became as full of weeds as his neglected garden.

About this time, several of the principal inhabitants of Sandville, at the request of Woodville, convened at the parsonage, for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of establishing a little *Society Library* in the parish, for the benefit of the rising generation. This literary convention was composed of the selectmen, town clerk, treasurer, justice of peace, and the village school-master. Two of them were merchants; that is, they retailed rum, calico, Webster's spelling-book, Boston chocolate, pins, ribbons, needles, bobea tea, thread, tape, molasses, and the New-England Primer, at corners where two roads crossed at right angles. One of them made leather shoes for bipeds, and another fitted iron ones to quadrupeds. One was a major of militia, whose battalion was scattered over a circuit of more than three miles in diameter; and two others were captains under him. One taught little children the alphabet; and another taught big children the gamut. One was a physician, one a sexton, and one a deacon; the whole were farmers, and there were but eight in all.

After considerable deliberation and debate, (in which it was warmly urged, that Sandville had always heretofore

aspicious were
from what
or chastity.
who was
but in

without a library,) they to the determination of five dollars each for the common purpose; which sum, in five months voluntarily thrown in by the parson, amounted to fifty dollars. But a question was now started respecting the selection of the books, which gave rise to more controversy than that of the grand object itself. Woodville was in favour of a large proportion of religion and history; while the schoolmaster wished for none but classical works, and Walker's Rhyming Dictionary. The major had heard of Baron Steuben, and would have his works if it exhausted the whole sum subscribed. The squire wanted law, the doctor physic, and the blacksmith a treatise on farriery. It was finally settled that each should select for himself to the full amount of his contribution, and that the first one of the party who had occasion to visit the metropolis, should be deputed to purchase the books.

A few days after this council had adjourned, it so happened that the major himself found it necessary to go to town, and to him, therefore, was the order intrusted. After transacting his own business, he repaired to the store of a noted stationer in Cornhill, for the purpose of executing his commission, when he discovered, to his extreme mortification, that the catalogue, which had been carefully transcribed and handed him by the schoolmaster, was missing from his pocket-book. He flew back to his lodgings, and carefully searched his baggage, but no catalogue was to be found. In this dilemma, he consulted his landlady on the course which it would be best to pursue, and she referred him to the stationer. He, accordingly, returned to the book-store, and related his misfortune. The "man of paper" heard him through, and finding, that though the catalogue was lost, the money was safe, he very disinterestedly advised the major to recollect the titles of as many books as he could, and to make up the deficiency from an invoice which he (the stationer) had just made out for a lady of the first taste, wealth, and respectability, in the metropolis.

This proposition charmed the major, as he could recollect the name of Steuben, the Complete Farrier, and some

others; and he hoped, on his return to Sandville, to be highly applauded for a taste in selection of which he intended to claim the sole credit. How could he, for an instant, dream that a city lady of great wealth, taste, and respectability, was not a competent judge as to what books were most suitable for readers who possessed neither?

Unfortunately for poor Solon, the fair purchaser's invoice contained nothing but the titles of *novels* and *romances*, and the Sandvillian library was, consequently, principally composed of the same combustible materials. The major did not receive all the applause he anticipated from his coadjutors, but this deficiency was amply made up to him by the unqualified approbation of their wives and daughters.

As parson Woodville was appointed librarian, the books were deposited at the parsonage, and in less than three months every page in the whole collection bore the traces of our ploughboy's fingers. He read the whole; but the contents of the novels he *skalloped* with an avidity truly feminine. Whole nights would he spend in drinking in the intoxicating poison by candle-light, and whole days were worse than wasted in the same deleterious amusement; until he at length became as much the master of *romance*, as was Don Quixotte of *chivalry*. Every duty was totally neglected, or hastily and carelessly performed, in order that he might fly back to his darling pursuit. Not only manual labour, but every useful study, was considered, by this infatuated boy, as an irksome and a slavish task. His fancy had borrowed the plumage of paradise, and soared above every thing real and tangible. He believed every place but Sandville to be fairy-land, where the loves and the graces united in an endless dance of pleasure, where the winged hours ever laughed as they flew along, and where fragrant bowers, refreshing grottoes, and meandering streams, delighted the senses on every side.

With habits, manners, and taste, so widely different from those of his neighbours, no wonder if master Solon was hated by some, pitied by others, and talked of by all. But though he felt a general glow of benevolence for every human being, he could not consider those

his equals who thought and acted in such a rustic, common, every-day manner, as did the youth of the parish. His language to them, on the most ordinary occasion, was delivered in the style, and often in the very words of his favourite books; when, for the purpose of being comprehended, he might have addressed them with equal success in Hebrew or Syriac, had he been familiar with those tongues. This naturally drew on him the imputation of pride and affectation; so that he had few friends among the boys, and, perhaps, none among the girls; for though he, intuitively and instinctively, paid them a deference due to the sex, he could never so degrade its expression as to meet the comprehension of their intellect.

Edgar Fitz-James was the only lad in the parish between whom and Solon any thing like sympathy of taste and friendship subsisted; and it was Edgar's advice and example alone, that could induce him to pay less attention to works of fancy, and more to such as would improve the understanding. They studied together in the parsonage library, toiled together in the field, and walked together in the neighbouring woods. Still there was lacking between them that perfect unity of sentiment and feeling, which is requisite to cement two souls in the bonds of genuine friendship. Edgar was the pupil of reason—Solon was the child of fancy and passion. Edgar could *deliberate*—Solon could only *feel*; and where feeling led, he was too apt, blindly and incautiously, to follow. He had received from nature an ardent and sanguine temperament, which had been cherished, but not tempered, by the injudicious course of reading in which he had unfortunately indulged.

Such was young Woodville, at the age of fourteen, when a factory was established in Sandville, by a gentleman from the metropolis, whose name was Hearthly, and whose family consisted of a wife, two sons, and an only daughter. They occupied a new house, erected for the purpose, in the vicinity of the parsonage, with whose inmates they soon established the most amicable intercourse. It was now, for the first time, that Solon had an opportunity of drawing actual comparisons between the accomplished manners of *cits*, and the uncouth rusticity with

which he had hitherto been surrounded. He instantly perceived the difference, and with him, perception was feeling. He could at length associate with beings who bore some resemblance to the portraits which had been drawn by his favourite authors. He at last saw elegance and refinement personified, and could contemplate beauty that did not exist merely in the habitual flush of exercise, but which emanated from the soul in the lustre of an expressive eye; which varied with feeling, and charmed as it varied.

Although Sophia Heartly, at this period, had counted but twelve years, she appeared so much superior to girls of the same age in Sandville, that Solon considered her as a model of human perfection, and always approached her with a sort of reverential awe, totally incompatible with that reciprocal interchange of sentiment, and that innocent familiarity, which constitutes the happiness of social intercourse between beings of a different sex. Obscure as it was, however, Solon felt convinced that he had at length caught a ray of light from the heaven to which his fancy had been ardently aspiring. He began to experience sensations which bore a strong resemblance to some which were described in his novels; and though he would have suffered martyrdom rather than whisper such a thing to the ear of the fair one, the romantic boy had no doubt that he was firmly and irrevocably in love with Sophia Heartly. That there was a unity of sentiment between them was evident, for she was almost as fond of novels as himself; and neither of them appeared so truly happy, as when, seated near each other, Sophia listened with eager delight while Solon read some tender story of reciprocal affection.

For two short fleeting years this felicitous intercourse continued, when it was interrupted by an arrangement which removed Solon to Boston, and stationed him as a clerk in his uncle's counting house, in which situation he had continued four years when this history commenced; during all this period, he had visited Sandville but twice, and seen Sophia but once; as, on his last visit, she had gone to spend a week with a sick relation in the next parish, in which excursion she had been attended by Fitz-James. It was now that young Woodville learned, from busy rumour, the secret with which the

reader is already acquainted. In the first paroxysm of his feelings, he wrote Sophia a long letter, filled with the tenderest avowals of affection, intermingled with the bitterest terms of reproach. This he despatched by a farmer's boy, then made a precipitate retreat from Sandville, flew back to town, and plunged headlong into every species of pleasure and dissipation which his limited resources would allow. His next interview with Sophia, was that recorded in the first chapter.

[To be continued.]

Female Biography.

MRS. PILKINGTON.

Mrs. Pilkington, whose maiden name was Lætitia Van Leven, was born in Ireland, in 1712, and early discovered such an extraordinary taste for letters, and strong inclination for poetry, as excited the wonder and admiration of all who knew her. This propensity, to which were added a graceful mien, engaging sprightliness of manners, brilliant wit, and agreeable vivacity, soon enlisted a group of admirers in her train. She married the Rev. Matthew Pilkington, a gentleman known in the poetical world, by a volume of miscellanies, which having passed the scrutiny of Dean Swift, went into the world under Mrs. Pilkington's name. Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington had not been long married, before his reverence grew jealous, not of her person, but of her understanding, and apprehended, nay, dreaded that rising superiority in the weaker vessel. Her poetry, while a lover, was admired with raptures, but after marriage, was viewed with envious dislike. During these jealousies, Mr. Pilkington, A. D. 1732, went to England, and served as Chaplain to the Lord Mayor of London, where distance and absence again revived his former humours, and he wrote kind letters to her, informing that her verses were highly approved and applauded, and that Mr. Pope, in particular, was enraptured with them, who was very desirous to see and be acquainted with the author, and requested that she would come to London. She accepted the invitation, went, and returned with her husband to Ireland, where she underwent a most violent

attack of tongues; for suspicions were engendered, we know not from what grounds, dishonourable to her chastity. The violent death of her father, who was stabbed, as she said, by accident, but in Dublin reported and believed by some, to be by his wife, and by others, said to be by himself, threw her affairs into confusion, and Mr. Pilkington, having now no hopes of a fortune by her, threw off all reserve, and improved that opportunity to have the marriage vow annulled, on which she went again to England, settled in London, represented her situation to Colley Cibber, who, for some time, supported her by contributions from the great, but at length she was thrown into prison, where she remained nine weeks, when on Mr. Cibber's return to town, she was again liberated by charities which he solicited for her. She then, weary of attendances on the great, resolved, with five guineas, to set up in trade, took a shop at St. James's, and sold pamphlets and prints, and by the liberality of her patrons, and bounty of her subscribers, was elevated above want, and with hopes that the closing scenes of life, or the autumn of her days, were likely to be spent in peace and tranquil serenity. But she lived not long to enjoy her comforts; for while on a visit to her mother at Dublin, she died, August 29th, 1750, in the 39th year of her age. She was the author of a comedy, entitled, the "*Turkish Court, or London Apprentice*," performed at Dublin with enviable applause, but never printed.

Her talents at tragedy is discovered in the *Roman Father*, which exhibits a specimen of her genius and abilities. In her "*Memoirs*," great vivacity, wit, and sprightly eloquence, is interwoven with a just conception of the human heart, and lively description of the humours and manners of the world. Many beautiful little pieces are scattered through her writings, which breathe poetic fire, fanned and enflamed by the true spirit of poetry.

What a fruitful subject for moral reflections is here presented to us in the history of this lady! *Matrimonial separation* is a stab which few survive, and but for that, it is probable that Mrs. Pilkington would have lived and died the Lady Montague of her age.

Natural History.

THE CONDOR.

On the authority of Mons. Buffon, we venture to give a brief sketch of this most astonishing animal.

The Condor, in a higher degree than the eagle, possesses all the qualities that render it formidable, not only to the feathered kind, but beasts, and even to man himself. It is eighteen feet across, the wings extended. The beak is so strong as to pierce the body of a cow; and two of them are able to devour it. They do not even abstain from man himself; but, fortunately, there are very few of the species. The Indians assert that they will carry off a deer, or a young calf, in their talons, as eagles would a hare or rabbit. The Condor is of a brown colour. Russia, Germany, and even Switzerland, are said to have known this animal. In the deserts of Pachemac, where it is chiefly seen, men seldom venture to travel. Those wild regions are very sufficient of themselves to inspire a secret horror: broken precipices—prowling panthers—forests only vocal with the hissing of serpents—and mountains rendered still more terrible by the Condor, the only bird which ventures to make its residence in those deserted places.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

This bird is in length about three feet nine inches, and in breadth, eight spans. The bill is very strong, sharp, and crooked. The eye has four lids to cover or guard it from excessive light, and external injuries. The toes are covered with scales, and the claws are exceedingly strong and formidable. This bird is found in the mountainous parts of Ireland, where its fierceness has been observed to be so great, as to attack a cat, dog, sheep, &c. It laying seldom more than two eggs, shows that Providence thus prevents too great an increase of what may prove offensive, if not destructive, to the possessions of mankind. Some of these birds have been found in Wales.

The male engages in the maintenance of the young for the first three months, when the female undertakes and continues in this employment until the brood

are capable of providing for themselves. The eagle flies the highest of all birds; and is, therefore, called the bird of Heaven. Borchart asserts, that it lives a century, and that they increase in bulk until the period of their death. Such is their thirst for rapine and slaughter, that they never drink any other liquid but blood, unless they are sick. This king of birds is said to have only the swan among his subjects who dare resist him. All the others, and even the dragon, tremble at their terrific cry. Not contented with preying on birds, and the smaller beasts, the eagle will plunge into seas, lakes, and rivers, for fish. His sight is more acute than that of any other bird. He carries the young on his back to secure them from the fowler. His feathers are renovated every ten years, which greatly increases his vigour, as expressed in the beautiful simile of David, "Thy youth shall be renewed like that of the eagle." The eagle that would not quit the corpse of Phyrus, who had brought him up from a nestling, evinces this bird is capable of attachment and gratitude.

There are sixteen other sorts of eagles, namely, the sun eagle, bald eagle, ring eagle, black eagle, the osprey bird, crowned eagle, common eagle, white eagle, rough-footed eagle, emu, juan le blanc, Brazilian eagle, Oroonoko eagle, eagle of Pondicherry, Morpnas or Conguror eagle, Volturine eagle.

THE HARE.

This weak and defenceless creature is the most persecuted of animals. But to compensate its danger, it is remarkably timid and cautious, which makes it perpetually attentive to every alarm. That it may be apprized of distant danger, so as to effect a timely escape, nature has provided it with such long ears, as convey sounds almost like speaking trumpets. And to enable it still more to perceive its danger, the eyes are so prominent as to be capable of discerning objects almost behind them. It is so watchful as to sleep with the eyes open. And as it depends on flight for its safety, the muscles are strong, and without fat; so that the animal has no superfluous burthen to impede its fleetness, which still to increase, nature has provided it with long legs.

Chronology.

The term chronology is formed by a combination of the two Greek words for *time* and *doctrine*. It is that science which treats of the natural and artificial divisions of time, and to the points which it thus marks out, refers the various events recorded in history.

Chronology is of four kinds, viz. mathematical, historical, comparative, and tabular.

Mathematical chronology treats of the divisions of time by days, months, years, and cycles, and of the application of these divisions to the purposes of civil life.

Historical chronology treats of the æras and epochs fixed upon by different nations for determining the order of dates and of facts in their annals; or, in a more extensive sense, it treats of all those historical documents which are used for the purpose of establishing the existence of events, and the order in which they happened, such as eclipses, public registers, medals, columns, obelisks, pyramids, marbles, and inscriptions.

Comparative chronology treats of the comparisons of different æras, and is of the greatest importance in facilitating the study of history.

Tabular chronology is that branch of the science in which all the leading events recorded in history, are arranged in Chronological order, or in the order of time in which they happened. Along with the great political events which accompany the rise and fall of empires, these tables ought to include the leading facts in the arts and sciences, the most striking natural phenomena, such as total and central eclipses, the appearance of comets, unusual conjunctions of the planets, the fall of meteoric stones, meteors, hurricanes, inundations, volcanic eruptions, &c., and an account of the philosophers, statesmen, and warriors, who have acted a leading part in the revolutions of kingdoms and of science. By this means we obtain, at one glance, a general view of the various steps in the progress of society, and the eye of the reader becomes a useful auxiliary to his memory and judgment.

It is to this branch of the science that we shall invite the attention of our readers, for whose use we have compiled a table, which shall be commenced in our

next number, and continued, in convenient portions, until the whole is completed.

THE DRAMA.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold.

Forz.

(In continuation.)

Having, in our first number, given a brief sketch of Messrs. Simpson, Robertson, Fritchard, Moreland, Barnes, and Spiller, we shall now proceed to notice the other gentlemen attached to the New-York dramatic corps, preparatory to a weekly *critique* on their respective performances.

J. KILNER, (from England,) is a very respectable and useful performer, in tragedy, comedy, or farce. With a figure, face, and voice, well adapted to the characters of old men, whether serious or comic, he seldom fails to represent them in such a manner as secures the approbation of the audience. He is also very successful in personating Jews, Dutchmen, &c.

J. BALDWIN, (from England,) will prove a valuable auxiliary to our stage; for though he has had but few opportunities of exhibiting his talents to any striking advantage, he has done sufficient to convince us that he possesses talents of no inferior order. His Stephen, in the Poor Gentleman, will not suffer by a comparison with any of his predecessors, and some of our first comic actors have performed the part. His country boys, in general, are excellent specimens of acting, and his comic songs always secure him applause.

JOHN GRAHAM, (an American, born in the city of New-York,) The business of this gentleman has generally been of a subordinate cast; but he is respectable in the characters allotted him. His Las Casas, in Pizarro—the King, in Hamlet—Capt. Cutter, in the Jealous Wife—and several other characters we could enumerate, have, at different times, gained him considerable applause. Du-

ring the late war Mr. G. served as an officer in the 13th regiment U. S. Infantry, and obtained the approbation and esteem of his brother officers.

J. JOHNSON, (originally from England.) This veteran of the New-York stage, although advanced in years, still retains a respectable stand in the characters of fathers, and serious old men, generally. We remember him, when manager of the New-York theatre, as a most pleasing and highly respectable performer, in the line of *facetious old men*, in which he never failed of success and applause; but now, as the hand of Time is laid upon his silvered brow, he wisely accommodates himself to its influence, yielding the characters in which he formerly shone, to actors of fresher years, while he sustains, with respectability, all such as are adapted to his age and figure.

MR. HOWARD, (from England.) As a singer, this gentleman rises considerably above mediocrity, but as an actor we have but little to say in his praise. Indeed, *singing-actors are rare monsters* on any stage; for, with the exception of Philipps and Darley, we know not where to look for another, unless our friend Keene has made rapid improvement during his Boston engagement. Mr. Howard possesses a good figure and voice, and we hope, in time, will arrive at eminence in his profession.

T. BANKER, (an American, and native of this city.) This young gentleman promises (by a successful display of early talent) to attain, before long, to considerable eminence in his profession. At present, his figure, face, and voice, are too juvenile to give effect to the more weighty characters of the drama; but in those adapted to his abilities, such as gay footmen, young fops, trifling Frenchmen, &c. he evinces no inconsiderable merit.

MR. HOPPER, who is also a native of this city, possesses a figure, face, and voice, favourable to the profession he has chosen; but he has had few opportunities of testing his talents in any character of consequence.

G. NEXSEN (an American) is careful to make the most of such trifling parts

as are assigned him, and if there is any honour in delivering a message correctly, he deserves it.

MR. OLIFF, the prompter, is a native of Ireland, and discharges his duty with fidelity. He sometimes appears on the stage in subordinate characters, but as his sphere of action is properly behind the wing, we have nothing to do with his merits as a player.

We have now briefly noticed every gentleman attached to the New York stage, with the exception of the *corps de ballet*, which shall be noticed in the proper place. But our most pleasing task yet remains to be performed—that of doing justice to the ladies; for there are ladies attached to the New-York dramatic corps, who are at once an ornament to the stage, and an honour to the sex. But they deserve a separate number, which shall be given in our next.

(To be continued.)

Desultory Selections,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

THE Honourable Horace Walpole asserts, that Fontenelle's Dialogues on the Plurality of Worlds first rendered him an infidel; and adds, that, in his opinion, "Christianity and a plurality of worlds are irreconcilable." We suspect, however, that this was intended rather as an *apology* than a *reason* for his rejection of revelation. In our opinion, the doctrine of a plurality of worlds is strongly in favour of a religion which dares set no bounds to the love, wisdom, and power, of its divine author. It was love which prompted creation, for the purpose of multiplying objects susceptible of happiness. If that love is infinite, this multiplication must be so also; and if the unnatural rebellion of its subjects on this solitary planet has rendered redemption necessary, we have an additional cause for that present humility and self-abasement which, we are assured, will conduct to future exaltation and felicity. The greatest philosophers and poets have written in favour of this opinion, and Armstrong has expressed himself on the subject in the following beautiful lines:

This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all those worlds that roll around the sun :
The sun himself shall die—and ancient night
Again involve the desolate abyss :
Till the great Father, through the lifeless gloom,
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws ;
For through the regions of unbounded space,
Where uncoufined Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhor'd decay—
It ever did, perhaps, and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deeps,
The old descending, in their turn to rise.

AMAZONS.

MUCH has been related in ancient history about Amazons, a nation of female warriors, who are said to have formed a society from which men were entirely excluded ; but we attach the same degree of credit to such history, as to that of the Cyclope, Centaurs, and Gorgons, mentioned by almost all the Greek authors. Plutarch says that it is evidently a romance and a fable, and Pausanias, a man of much good sense, and who made a laudable attempt to free the history of his country from the rubbish of fiction, gives no credit to the accounts concerning the Amazons. He says " it is not likely that a race of female warriors ever existed ; nor are they now any where to be found." Strabo is still more explicit, and seems indignant that such an absurdity should have obtained currency so long.

But, like other Grecian fables, the history of the Amazons is amusing, and probably conceals some allegorical instruction. Authors inform us, that they killed all their male children as soon as they were born, and seared off the right breast of their daughters, that it might not impede their exertions in the use of the bow and the javelin. If any of our readers should be disposed to wonder how the nation of the Amazons should subsist and flourish without having any men amongst them, be it known, that they scrupled not to travel some hundreds of miles to meet with heroes whom they thought worthy of peopling their singular republic ; and often lived two months in a year with a neighbouring nation, with the patriotic view, no doubt, of procuring recruits for the state ; for it would be injustice to the heroines of whom we are speaking, to ascribe to them any other motive.

ECLIPSES, &c.

Comets and eclipses have, in all ages and countries, been considered as portentous phenomena, indicating some great event about to take place on the surface of this little ball of matter. Without offering any comments on an opinion which has at least antiquity on its side, we will merely refer our fair readers to the best chronological table in print, in the fifth volume of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, from which they will learn that many of the most remarkable events recorded in history were preceded or accompanied by comets, eclipses, or some other phenomena of the visible heavens. The prodigies which preceded the downfall of the Babylonian, Jewish, and Roman empires, are too well authenticated to be doubted.

The Chinese, among their other superstitions, fully believe that an eclipse, of either sun or moon, portends some calamitous event, as appears from the following extract from the *Shee-King*, a collection of the most ancient and approved Chinese poetry, compiled and revised by Confucius.

Tché yuè tché kiao
Tchou ge sin-mao
Gé-you ché tché
Ye koug tché tcheou
Pé yue eul wei
Té ge eul wei
Kin tse shin aoin
Ye koug tché ngui.

Literally translated.

"Tenth moon's conjunction, first day sin-mao,
sun had eclipse : all portent bad. Whether sun
covered or moon covered, people in general fear
bad."

While on the subject of Chinese literature, we cannot avoid mentioning, that among the first of their modern poets is reckoned their late Emperor Kien-long, whose most celebrated poem would be a treat for our fair readers, as it is in praise of tea, and gives a poetical receipt for the proper infusion of that delicious beverage, which has been thus translated by Mr. Barrow :

"On a slow fire set a tripod, whose colour and
texture show its long use. Fill it with clear snow-
water. Boil it as long as would be sufficient to
turn fish white, and cray-fish red. Throw it up-
on the delicate leaves of choice tea, in a cup of
yooe, (a particular kind of porcelain.) Let it re-
main as long as the vapour rises in a cloud, and
leaves only a thin mist floating on the surface.

At your ease drink this precious liquor, which will
chase away the first causes of sorrow. We can taste
and feel, but not describe, the state of repose
produced by a liquor thus prepared."

A BODY.

A foreigner might be led to class many of our New England brethren with *materialists*, from their referring every thing to matter rather than to mind. For instance, if a lover exhaust the patience of his mistress, by his importunities, for extorting the "life-giving yes," or the "soul-melting kin," her answer, perhaps, will be, "how can you tease a-body so ?" If a neighbour is to be commended, he or she is "as good a sort of a-body," or "as pious a-body, as one would wish to see." Indeed, there may be some propriety in this mode of expression, for *pious bodies* are, perhaps, more frequently to be met with, in this hypocritical age, than *pious souls*.

BLINDNESS.

"There is not, perhaps, any sense or faculty of the corporeal frame, (says Dr. Blacklock,) which affords so many resources of utility and entertainment, as the power of vision ; nor is there any loss or privation which can be productive of disadvantages or calamities so multifarious, so various, and so bitter, as the want of sight." The blind were the objects of our blessed Saviour's peculiar compassion, during his mission of mercy upon earth—and their irreparable misfortune certainly calls, from their more fortunate brethren, for all the tenderness and sympathy which enlightened humanity can impart. The language which Milton has put into the mouth of Samson Agonistes, is scarcely too strong for their unfortunate condition, and was, no doubt, dictated by his own painful feelings :

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !
Blind amongst enemies ! O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, deceitful age !
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct ;
And all her various objects of delight
Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd.
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon
Irreversably dark ! total eclipse,
Without all hope of day !

The appeal which the same poet makes, in his own person, to the sym-

thy of his readers, in the sublime address to light, in his *Paradise Lost*, is, perhaps, still more pathetic and affecting :

Thus with the year,
Seasons return ; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud, instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me. From the cheerful ways of men
Cut off ; and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expanded and m'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

POETRY.

Thompson, the celebrated author of the Seasons, &c. was ever tremblingly alive to those exquisite sensations which are produced by the harmony of poetic numbers—to those inexpressible raptures, which none but a poet can feel. In a familiar letter to a friend, on the pursuit of poetry, he says, " Let him quit it who can, and *erit mihi magnus Apollo*, or something as great. A true genius, (adds he,) like light, must be beaming forth, as a false one is an incurable disease. One would not, however, climb Parnassus, any more than your mortal hills, to fix for ever on the barren top. No ; it is some little dear retirement in the vale below that gives the right relish to the prospect ; which, without that, is nothing but enchantment, and though pleasing for some time, at last leaves us in a desert. The great fat doctor of Bath, (Dr. Cheyne, perhaps,) told me that poets should be kept poor, the more to animate their genius. This is like the cruel custom of putting a bird's eye out, that it may sing the sweeter ; but, surely, they sing sweetest amid the luxuriant woods, while the full spring blooms around them."

FONTENELLE.

Fontenelle, in his old age, was very deaf, and was always attended in company by a nephew, a talkative vain young man. When any thing remarkable had escaped Fontenelle's auditory nerve, he used to apply to his nephew, " What was said ?" This coxcomb would often answer, " Uncle, I said—" Bah ! was the constant retort of the philosopher.

A MOTHER.

What pen can describe all the emotions of joy and sorrow, which, at times, agitate a mother's bosom ? The tender solicitudes for the object of her affection ; her alarms and dread, when in danger of losing it ; and her despair, when it is gone for ever ?

" A noble Venetian lady, having lost her only son, became a prey to excessive grief. Her confessor endeavoured to console her ; he told her to think of Abraham, whom the Almighty commanded to sacrifice his son, and which he obeyed without murmuring. ' Ah ! my father,' she replied, with much vehemence, ' God would never have commanded such a sacrifice to a mother.'"

HYSTERIC.

Dr. Small, of Birmingham, England, used to say, (very ill-naturedly, of course,) that women should be ashamed ever to confess that they had hysteric fits, as they in general arose from the indulgence of their irascible passions. The diseases called by Sauvages *Morositates*, he said, were best treated with a horse-whip. What a brute !

LADY LANNERS.

The beautiful little insect, the Lady Lanners of Scotland, and Lady Bird of England, is still a great favourite among the Scotch peasantry. When any one of the Scotch children lights upon one of those insects, it is carefully placed upon the open palm of the hand, and the following metrical jargon is repeated, till the little animal takes wing and flies away :

Lady Lady Lanners,
Lady Lady Lanners,
Tak up your clawk about your head,
An flee awa' to Flanners,
Flee ower firb, and flee ower fell,
Flee ower pale and rinnan' well,
Flee ower muir and ower mead,
Flee ower livan, flee ower deud,
Flee ower corn, an flee ower lea,
Flee ower river, flee ower sea,
Flee ye east, or flee ye west,
Flee till him that lo'es me best.

BLIND RESTORED TO SIGHT.

Extract of a letter from a Surgeon in Lewisburgh, Pennsylvania, dated March 29, 1819.

ELIZABETH CONSOR, aged 21 years, was born with cataracts in both eyes. In ear-

ly childhood she could see a little, but never well enough to avoid running against objects that were not of a very light colour ; as she advanced in years, the sense of vision gradually diminished, and at length she became totally blind.

Being a very beautiful young woman, and of most interesting manners, she was addressed by a decent young mechanic, who married her. About a year afterwards she became a mother ; on occasion of the illness of her infant, I had an opportunity of seeing the mother for the first time.

Upon examining her eyes, I recommended an operation, to which she cheerfully consented : and on the 20th of December last, her left eye was successfully operated on. No pain or inflammation succeeded, and about eight days afterwards, I removed the dressings, and permitted her a limited enjoyment of the blessings of vision ; her raptures were indescribable. Her newly acquired sense was, however, from want of habit, of very little service to her for several days—she was unable to estimate the distances of objects—and was perpetually in fear of running against every thing she saw. On the day of removing the bandage for the first time, I requested her to designate her husband, who, with several others, was present ; this she was enabled to do by hearing him breathe, or by some slight noise that he made.

On the 27th of February last, I performed the operation on her right eye : my success in this case was instantaneous—the cataract was removed whole out of the axis of vision, while that in her left eye, being soft, was only broken up and lacerated by the instrument, and dissolved by the aqueous humour. No pain or inflammation followed the operation, and she is now visiting and receiving the visits of her friends. She can see, without glasses, to thread a needle ; and so soon as she gets a pair of suitable spectacles, she intends learning to read and write.

If this woman, when totally blind, was an object of love, what must her value be now in the estimation of her husband ? I am very happy to have it in my power to say, her husband appears fully sensible of the value of his wife, and very worthy of her affection.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

MARIA;

OR, THE VICTIM OF JEALOUSY.

A tragical tale, founded on fact.

BY JUVENIS.

(Concluded from our last.)

To whom the trembling virgin thus replies,
While tears spontaneous trickle from her eyes,
O! why so cruel to a helpless maid?
Why wreak your vengeance on a guiltless head?
Say, when did I your love with hate repay,
Or treat your person in a scornful way?
Or utter one insulting word, designed
To wound your feelings, or incense your mind?
By candor prompted, and by virtue swayed,
Your love I slighted, but respect I paid;
And if I acted too severe a part,
'Twas but the frankness of an honest heart;
But if, for this, I perish on this shore,
And see my parents and my home no more;
Submissive to my fate, in Him I trust,
Who aids the feeble, and rewards the just;
He, thro' death's dreary shadows, will convey,
And waik my spirit to the realms of day.

The monster, interrupting, here exclaimed,
While hellish malice in his visage flamed;
Perfidious girl! think not your plaintive speech
Will shake my purpose, or my feelings reach.
Behold yon rocks, that lift, with awful pride,
Their frowning summits o'er the rolling tide;
Sooner shall they with tears your fate lament,
Or melt with pity, than my heart relent.
My fix'd intention I once more declare,
Expect no mercy, but for death prepare!

He said; and from the steed the maid he bore,
And led her trembling to the sandy shore.
The monster now prepares to take her life—
And from his pocket draws the murderous knife!
Along the shore her piteous cries rebound,
The dismal forest echoes to the sound.

Henry, meanwhile, had sought the nymph in vain,
Roved o'er the desert, and explored the plain;
And wand'ring now, in melancholy mood,
Along the border of the gloomy wood,
Her well-known voice he heard—and from the glade
He rush'd with fury to relieve the maid;
But ere he could the lifted dart arrest,
The wretch relentless hurt'd it to her breast!
It pierced her heart—(O horrible to tell!)
And lifeless to the ground, the bleeding virgin fell!
The murderer next, stern justice to evade,
On his own bosom turn'd the reeking blade—
Henry had now the fatal spot attain'd,
He snatch'd the dagger, and his arm restrain'd;
From instant death the guilty wretch preserved,
To meet the vengeance that his crime deserved.

He grasp'd him fast, and for assistance cried—
The forest echoed, and the rocks replied!
From neighbouring hills his manly cries rebound—
The distant valley hears the swelling sound;
When to his aid the gathering neighbours pour,
Rush thro' the thicket, and approach the shore;
The vile assassin instantly they seize,
By force secure him, and the youth release.
Meantime a messenger, like lightning, bears
The mournful tidings to her parents' ears;
A livid paleness gathers o'er their face;
They wildly hurry to the fatal place;
When near the spot with trembling steps they draw;
The scene of horror opens to their view!
And now they see, with grief and anguish wild,
Their weeping neighbours, and their murdered child!

But here, O muse! the painful task forbear,
And close the tragic story with a tear.

Thus did unrolled innocence expire,
The hapless victim of a ruffian's ire;
Lamented maid! cut off in youthful bloom,
To sleep untimely in the silent tomb.
Yet 'tho' in earth her lifeless form be laid,
Her beauty withered, and her bloom decayed:
Say, shall her worth (with her expiring) die?
Or her sweet memory in oblivion lie?

This humble tribute to her name I pay,
And with her peerless virtues grace my lay.
To wait her fate, let mournful willows wave,
And cypress wreaths entwine around her grave.

But now, my muse, a fiercer face assume,
Forget thy sadness, and dispel thy gloom:
Let sorrow cease—let every tear be dry,
And kindling vengeance stifle every sigh!
Indignant rise! revenge the injured dead!
And wreak thy fury on the murderer's head.
What envious fate, what demon from below,
Urged the dire wretch to strike the fatal blow!
The blackest horrors of the Stygian shore,
Where furies rage, and hideous monsters roar,
When in their most terrific hues combin'd,
Give but a faint resemblance of his mind.

If yet he live, unpunish'd by the laws,
If Hell thus far have triumph'd in her cause;
How must remorse embitter every joy,
Torment his conscience, and his peace destroy.
As murderous Cain forsook his sire's abode,
And fled for safety to the land of Nod—
So he, perhaps, in distant climes may roam,
A wretched exile from his native home:

Nature in vain her varied charms displays,
In vain bright Phœbus spreads his cheerful rays;
In vain the Spring her balmy fragrance yields;
Or infant crops adorn the smiling fields;
Unconscious of their charms, behold him tread
The pleasant valley, and the flowery mead;
O'er vendant lawns he undelighted roves,
Nor heeds the music of the shady groves;
E'en friendship's voice no comfort can impart,
Nor mitigate the sorrows of his heart;
But cheerless pass the tedious hours away,
He curses his sad fate, and chides the ling'ring day.
When night, in gloomy silence, spreads around
Her sable horrors, and o'er shades the ground:
As at Caucasus' foot Prometheus lay,
While gnawing vultures on his vitals prey:
Thus, on his thorny couch, behold him roll,
While pangs of keenest torture rack his soul;

A thousand fancied spectres fill the room,
Increase his horror, and augment the gloom.
And if, at length, oppress'd with fear, he close
His weary eyelids in a short repose,
In frightful dreams the maiden stands confest,
With ghastly visage, and with gory breast
Then to his tortured fancy is displayed,
The threat'ning halber, nor the vengeful blade:
In every shape he sees impending death,
And Hell, to meet him, moving from beneath;
Sometimes he stands on some imagined steep,
That hangs suspended o'er the burning deep;
Loud thunders sound—the tott'ring summit shakes—
He falls—he starts—and then with horror wakes.

EPITAPH,

On a big man of little intellect.

Here lies inter'd a noted cit,
Renown'd for size, but not for wit;
If e'er a flight of his surmises,
'Twill be when his huge body rises.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1819.

Progress of Literature.—The titles of no less than fourteen literary periodical publications, now issued in this city, or about being established, occur to our immediate recollection, viz.: The Medical Repository, quarterly; Globe, monthly; Christian Herald, monthly; Collegian, monthly; Youth's Magazine, monthly; Lyceum, monthly; Belles Lettres Repository, monthly; Ladies Magazine, monthly; Academician, semi-monthly; Villager, semi-monthly; Museum, weekly; Masonic Chronicle, and Otis, weekly. With so many competitors, our own attempt may, perhaps, appear daring; but we are happy to announce, that our temerity has been already rewarded by the signatures of more than eleven hundred ladies and gentlemen, and that our subscription list receives a daily accession of thirty or forty names. *New-York will encourage literature*; all complaints to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Academy of Fine Arts.—The fifth exhibition of the American Academy of the Fine Arts is now open to the public, every day in the week, except Sunday, from nine o'clock in the morning until dusk. We hope that those of our readers who are fond of paintings, will improve the opportunity now offered them.

Aaron.—Rose Butler, a black girl, who was last week tried and convicted of setting fire to an inhabited dwelling-house, has been sentenced to be executed on the 11th of June next.

Ladies' Bakery.—Our fair readers are informed, that they can procure cake for parties, of every description, by applying to Mrs. SAYS, No. 155 Fulton-street, who superintends a bakery, devoted to their service.

C. S. FAY WINKLE, PRINTER,

No. 101 Greenwich-street.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1819.

[No. 3.

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,
CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;
AND AT
L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S
BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
No. 154 Broadway;
AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
PAYABLE QUARTERLY.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER III.

THE duties of the toilet were not forgotten by our fair cousins, on the morning following the stage-coach incident; but though they had spent an equal length of time in the embellishment of their persons, there was a striking contrast in their appearance, when they descended to the parlour. The beardless eye, palid cheek, and languid voice, of Sophia, all indicated a sleepless night and a heavy heart. But however Selina might have passed the night, whether in sleeping or talking, in dreaming or meditating, she now appeared an animated picture of health and happiness. Her bright eyes sparkled with unusual brilliancy, her voice was tuned to the sweetest key, and her movements were lighter than the zephyrs of summer.

Several passing inquiries, respecting the health of Sophia, were made by neighbours who had heard of her arrival, and the accident attending it; but hour after hour passed away, and yet no Woodville made his appearance. Every knock at the door imparted a new vibration to the delicate nerves of Sophia, and kindled a new smile in the face of Selina; the one heard it with alarm—the other with an eager expectation, perhaps not unmingled with some sentiment analogous to hope.

In order to raise the dejected spirits of her drooping niece, Mrs. Percival exerted herself to promote a conversation of a cheerful and lively cast, and,

therefore, not only indulged, but adopted various methods to encourage the sprightly vivacity of her ever gay daughter, whom she took occasion to rally on the preparations she had that morning made for laying siege to the heart of their expected visitor.

"I hope," cried Selina, "that mamma will never again call me a selfish girl, when I take such uncommon pains merely to do my cousin a kind office. Do you not feel very grateful for the favour, Miss Penserosa?"

"What favour?" asked Sophia, rousing from a deep reverie.

"That of relieving you from a troublesome lover," replied Selina, "for, as you have two, and poor I none, I am resolved to take Woodville off your hands; and as the fates have ordained that he cannot be your husband, be a good girl, and I will make him your cousin."

Sophia blushed, smiled, and more than half wished that Selina was in earnest.

"But, allowing that you prove successful," said Mrs. Percival, "are you certain that he possesses all those 'certain qualifications,' which you last evening enumerated as being indispensable ingredients in the character of the man on whom you bestow your hand?"

"Magnanimity," replied the daughter, "may, perhaps, induce me to waive some of them, for the sake of my cousin's tranquillity. Let me see—he is not tall—well, no matter—we shall make a pretty little couple: But he is, certainly, graceful; for, look here, mamma, did you observe his attitude last evening, when he held Sophia's hand, thus?" Selina here played the languishing lover so much to the life, as to elicit an involuntary laugh from both her auditors.

"Well, admitting his deportment to be graceful," said her mother, "what do you say of his person? He is not handsome."

"O, he is well enough for a man," answered Selina, "and I have beauty enough for us both; so we'll waive that. Now, go on—what was my next requisite?"

"He must be brave."

"O, I'll vouch for his courage, since he stopped the wild horses last evening. Sophia, how many duels has he fought?"

"Not one, I hope," replied Sophia, "his good nature would not permit him to harm the insect that stings him."

"O, dear! that's bad," returned Selina, "but it must be accounted for by his rustic education. His ambition may yet be awakened by the contemplation of such illustrious examples, as Miller, Rand, Elliot, and Austin."

"Is he accomplished and polite?" continued Mrs. Percival.

"Ask my cousin, here; she carries a document in her reticule which places that question beyond the reach of a doubt; for the man who can write such a letter, on such a subject, and in such a style, must be an ardent lover, a great scholar, and a perfect gentleman. Don't you think so, Sophia?"

"You are a wild giddy girl, cousin Selina, and love to trifle with serious subjects; but let me assure you, that when Woodville marries, it must be to a female who will love him with an ardent incompatible with jesting."

"She jests at scars who never felt a wound," replied Selina. "But, really, Sophia, you are enough to give one the dials; for if one must never think or speak of love and matrimony without assuming a long face and puritanical tone, I fear that I shall become the leader of apes. But look at those Cupids in yonder picture; do they bear any resemblance to blue devils? I think I could fondle such little rogues without getting the horrors. But let me go on with my catalogue of manly virtues. Does Woodville sing and dance well?"

"I never heard of his attempting either, in the whole course of his life," replied Sophia. "While he lived in the country, books were his sole amusement."

"There, now, is another damper," exclaimed Selina. "Unfortunate youth! to have a clergyman for his father, and thus be deprived of such exquisite enjoyments."

"A still greater damper follows," re-

plied her mother. "Woodville is not rich."

"Nor I neither, mamma, and so we shall be well matched."

"Is he well educated?"

"Read his letter to Sophia."

"Does he possess a brilliant and ready wit?"

"I must confess that he did not display much, when, as the poet says, he 'never told his love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on his damask cheek.'"

A loud knock at the door here interrupted the conversation, and in the next moment the subject of it stood before them. After bowing to Mrs. Percival, he advanced to the sofa on which the young ladies were seated, and in tones of the most touching tenderness, earnestly inquired after the health of Sophia. Selina very generously gave him a seat between them, for which he repaid her by an unthinking neglect, while he devoted his whole attention to her embarrassed cousin.

After several vain attempts to draw him into a conversation in which she could perform a part, Selina desired him to notice a picture, which hung against the wall above their heads, and requested his opinion of its execution, it being the production of her own pencil. Woodville arose, and, after gazing alternately at the picture and the fair artist, exclaimed:

"That heart must be formed for love, which could so happily conceive of its expression. How admirably is the ardent soul of Werter exhibited in his speaking countenance!"

"And see," said Mrs. Percival, "what an expression of pity and tenderness beams in the eye of Charlotte. You perceive, sir, it is a representation of their last distressing interview."

"When their lips met for the first, last, and only time," murmured Woodville. He then added, in a tone of bitterness—"Charlotte was the wife of his friend, but she pitied the unfortunate Werter. Sophia—would you not have pitied him?"

"Who could withhold their pity?" said Sophia, faintly. She then, with some exertion, assumed a firmer tone, and added, "Who could avoid pitying an infatuation which could lead to nothing

but misery and ruin. We have a right to expect more firmness and fortitude in the lords of creation."

Woodville turned on the fair speaker such a mingled look of reproach and sorrow, as called a tear into her eye. She dreaded, yet wished for an *éclaircissement* that would at once terminate any lingering hope that might yet nourish his unfortunate passion. Mrs. Percival was well aware, also, of the necessity of such an explanation, and thought the present opportunity a favourable one for the purpose.

"Excuse us for a few moments," said she to Woodville and Sophia—"I have occasion for the assistance of Selina in putting up a dress, which must be sent home this evening. We will be with you again before you miss us." So saying, she left the room, accompanied by her daughter.

Woodville took his seat by the side of Sophia, and a silence succeeded which both seemed afraid to interrupt. At length, throwing her veil over her eyes, Sophia ventured to articulate—

"May I ask, Solon, how I could deserve such a letter from you?"

"Attribute it to madness—intoxication—any thing," exclaimed he; "but O, dearest girl, do not for a moment believe that I could deliberately wound your feelings by an unkind reproach; for, by Heaven, Sophia, I love you beyond—"

"Hold!" cried the agitated girl, with an energy that surprised herself. "I must not, dare not, will not, listen to a word on that theme. You know it is impossible; and if you value my friendship, never more resume the subject."

Woodville seized her hand between his own, dropped on his knees at her feet, and attempted to speak, but was prevented by a flood of tears. The eloquence of grief is irresistible—and Sophia wept in concert. At length Woodville said—

"And is there, then, no hope! Am I doomed to eternal despair! O, Sophia! I feel my madness returning—do you insist on dooming me to perdition!"

Sophia assumed a dignified composure, to which her heart was a stranger, and solemnly replied—

"I am married, Solon—yes, married—in the sight of Heaven, irrevocably mar-

ried; for, though the nuptial benediction is not yet pronounced"—

"Palsied be the impious tongue that ever pronounces it," exclaimed Woodville, starting on his feet. "Perish the hand—"

"Solon! Solon!" cried Sophia with energy, "Curse not your own father, for it is decreed that he shall unite me to your friend, Fitz James."

Woodville attempted to reply, but found his utterance totally impeded. He gazed wildly at Sophia, for a moment, then seized his hat, and rushed from the house.

[To be continued.]

To the Editor of the Ladies' Literary Cabinet.

SIR,
I am one of those persons who look for earthly happiness rather in desiring little, than in possessing much. I endeavour to content myself with a competency, and leave to others the care, the bustle and anxiety consequent on the eager desire of amassing wealth. With a few shillings in my pocket, and a trade to make a decent living, I saunter through the principal streets, each pleasant evening, to moralize on events as they pass, and "catch the manners living as they rise." My usual stroll is up and down Broadway; sometimes taking a turn into the intersecting streets—frequently peeping in at a shop window, and even sometimes venturing in "to price the goods." At about the curfew knoll my steps are bent toward the Battery, to inhale the refreshing sea breeze, and turn the mind in upon itself for pleasure and improvement. With permission I will, from time to time, furnish the "Cabinet" with the results of my crude and erratic cogitations; not only to relieve my own mind from occasional depression, but, at times, to raise the finger of scorn, or, as the case requires, to call forth the sympathetic tear of pity: to censure where I cannot praise—and to compassionate where I am constrained to censure.

An insertion of this will evince your approbation, and encourage me to the undertaking. Yours

PERAMBULATOR.

The sigh of one oppressed person is sufficient to overturn the world.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE HANDS.

By Augustus Von Kotzebue.

It has been remarked, whether truly or not I leave physiologists to decide, that as coincidence of characters unites souls in the bonds of friendship, so bodies receive the most lively pleasure, when the corresponding parts of each come in contact with one another; that the eye, for instance, delights most to meet the eye, the hand to grasp the hand, the lips to press the lips, &c. This observation may be pregnant with unexpected results; it may perhaps afford a clue to the solution of the problems of sympathy and antipathy: let it for the present conduct us to the subject of conversing by means of the hands.

In love, it is well known, every thing is eccentric, every word a mystery, every little assurance an oath, every little untruth a perjury. Ordinary people can only speak by opening their mouths, and moving the tongue and lips; lovers, on the contrary, converse with the eyes, the forehead, the whole face, nay, even with the hands. A timid lover has perhaps never yet opened his mouth, but a gentle pressure of the hand has betrayed his heart to the beloved object. When a lady pulls off her glove, and displays a delicate, white, finely shaped hand, this hand speaks in behalf of all the charms which its owner conceals. As loudly does an ugly, withered hand, speak, and warn, and preach, as it were, against desire. It is frequently the case, that the hands bear favourable or unfavourable testimony to the character of those to whom they belong. Impudent hands, for example, that speak too plainly to a pretty female, announce lewdness; but when, on the contrary, the hands of the pretty female, give the owner of these impudent hands a smart box on the ear, they indicate virtue and morality. Those hands of a lover, which at the first interview do nothing but twirl a hat, show bashfulness and respectful timidity; but those which do nothing at all, announce indolence.

When two hands, whose owners belong to different sexes cordially press each other, they speak at that moment so much, that it would require a volume to express it all in words: their hearts start up in their fingers, and every finger is transformed into a tongue. In this man-

ner two friends silently tell each other the most affectionate things.

Often, when two lovers are annoyed by the presence of a rigid mother or guardian, they secretly squeeze each other's hands, and these whisper to each other, "What a pity that we are not alone."

The language of the eyes, so highly extolled by the poets, certainly has its advantages, but yet is far inferior to the language of the hands. In the dark it cannot be employed at all. It is attended, to be sure, with no noise, but a deaf person may hear it, and to none but the blind is it unintelligible; to every one, on the contrary, who can only half see, it but too readily betrays itself.

When the lover ventures for the first time to grasp the hand of his charmer, she either withdraws it, and that is as much as to say, "I have no heart for you"—or she suffers it, which is the same as if she said, "He whom I permit to touch my hand may hope also to touch my heart." In lovers' quarrels, indeed, the hand is withdrawn to express anger, but soon extended again in token of reconciliation.

Who can tell all that is said by the hand, which another is conveying to the lips to have a kiss imprinted upon it? This is done either slowly or hastily, either with trembling or boldly, and expresses civility or respect, gratitude or love.

Two hands are folded together; their owner prays—the folded hands are raised; he solicits something—they are rubbed one against the other; he is impatient. In many cases this language does not require the whole hand; a few fingers, or even a single one, being sufficient to make themselves understood.—The raised finger threatens, when bent it beckons, when extended it points.—Two fingers produce the snap, a sign of contempt or defiance.

The hand gives, the hand receives: both speak aloud. The first, in particular, proves the goodness of the heart of the giver, as well as the merit of the receiver. The hand likewise censures by a repulsive motion.

A finger placed upon the lips inculcates discretion. The ancients represented the god of silence in this attitude. How they have represented Venus, every body knows: the hands of the goddess say, "I am bashful." The Graces take each

other by the hand, as much as to say, "We ought to be indivisible." Two hands firmly grasping each other are the symbol of fidelity. The clenched fist bespeaks rage and revenge—the hallowed hand implores alms—the hand laid upon the heart protests—the hand upon the forehead thinks—the hand behind the ear expresses difficulties—the fore finger of one hand laid across that of the other, speaks the language of scorn, and malicious joy—the point of the fore-finger pressed against the point of the thumb, and then whipped to the nose, is the language of the profoundest contempt.

In a word, there is scarcely a sentiment which the hand is not capable of expressing, and it not only completely supplies the place of the mouth in speaking, but also, though rather imperfectly, in kissing, for when the lips cannot approach the beloved object, the hand throws kisses to her.

Desultory Selections,
AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

CICERO.

The celebrated speech of Cicero, on the Catilinarian conspiracy, is, probably, familiar to most of our readers. The Roman senate had been summoned to the temple of Jupiter, in the capitol, where it was not usually held, but in times of public alarm. The audacious appearance of the traitor, in this place, drew down that memorable burst of the orator's eloquence, commencing, "*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?*" This terrible oration was the first punishment which Catiline suffered, by his folly in going to the senate.

When Cicero was making the tour of Sicily, he inquired of the magistrates at Syracuse, if they could point out to him the tomb of Archimedes. It marks the degradation of a conquered people, that they knew not the spot where the dust of their greatest genius reposed. But Cicero discovered it. When they had carried him to the gate where the greatest number of their old sepulchres stood, he observed, in a place overgrown with shrubs and briars, a small column, of which the head just appeared above the bushes, with the figure of a sphere and a cylinder engraved. On clearing the ground, he found also (though mutilated)

the inscription which he expected. It is to this circumstance that Rogers alludes :

So Tully paused, amid the wrecks of time,
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime ;
When, at his feet, in honoured dust disposed,
Th' immortal sage of Syracuse reposed.

THE FINE ARTS.

The Greeks, who were fond of claiming to themselves the invention of every art and science, have not scrupled to assign the precise origin of painting, poetry, and music, and to name their fortunate inventor. To Apollo they ascribe the honour of inventing poetry ; to Mercury that of inventing the lyre, the first of musical instruments. The shell of a tortoise, they say, having been exposed on the shore till the flesh was entirely dried up, and nothing but the sinews remained stretched over its concavity, was observed by Mercury, when breathed upon by the wind, to emit musical sounds ; and it was this that suggested to him the construction of the lyre, which was first formed of a tortoise shell, with cords stretched across it. An equally ingenious fable was invented by the Greeks, to account for the origin of the art of designing. A fond female, watching by her sleeping lover, observed that his shadow, projected on the wall, exhibited the exact lineaments of his countenance. Desirous of retaining the resemblance, when the original was gone, she instantly traced upon the wall the faithful outline ; and thus gave rise to an art which is still more dearly prized by lovers than by the rest of mankind.

The origin of Sculpture is also accounted for by a similar incident. A young female, daughter to a potter, having endeavoured to model some of the clay, on which her father was at work, into a likeness of her lover, gave occasion to those more expert in the art of design, to produce the same effect on the more durable materials of marble and stone. Without vouching for the truth of this relation, we shall only repeat the remark, that it was prettily imagined, to make the most amiable passion the parent of the most agreeable studies.

This art, which at first was rude, at length became refined ; it was promoted from the potter's clay to the most costly marbles and gems ; it was employed in the service of the divinities : and neither

labour nor expense was spared to perfect it.

Ancient times were more favourable to the perfection of this art, than modern times have been ; and whatever comparisons may be drawn between the merit of the ancients and moderns in other branches of the arts, they are allowed to be our superiors in Sculpture ; the Antinous, the Laocoon, and the Apollo Belvidere, are unrivalled performances, and probably will ever continue insuperable examples of art.

MATHEMATICAL TOAST.

There is considerable ingenuity in the following toast, which is said to have been drunk at an association of school-masters.

The fair daughters of Columbia—may they
AND VIRTUE TO BEAUTY, SUBSTRACT ENVY FROM
FRIENDSHIP, MULTIPLY AMIABLE ACCOMPLISHMENTS
BY SWEETNESS OF TEMPER, DIVIDE TIME BY SOCIABILITY
AND ECONOMY, AND REDUCE SCANDAL TO ITS
LOWEST DENOMINATION.

DOUBLE FUN.

A young lady in one of the southern cities, who was rather remarkable for her beauty than her understanding, was conversing with a gentleman of some wit, in a large company. She was dressed in elegant simplicity, with a veil over her head, which gave a sweet, though infantile, expression to her countenance. The gentleman made a punning quotation of the well-known beginning of a song, applicable to her—which the lady at once took as a compliment, but in which the bystanders thought they saw a sarcasm. Let it be given in each sense :

Sweet is the veil where innocence resides—

This is the compliment ; but take another reading :

Sweet is the veil—wherein—no sense resides.

DEATH OF PALMER.

There are, perhaps, few incidents on record in the history of the stage, more remarkable than the death of John Palmer, of Drury-lane theatre, who dropped down dead on the Liverpool stage, in the year 1798, while performing the character of the Stranger. He had exerted himself through two acts with great effect ; but in the third, as he was about to reply to the question of Baron Steinfort relative to his children, he appeared

unusually agitated ; and, after uttering the words,

' O God ! O God !
' There is another, and a better world ;

he instantly fell on his back, heaved a convulsive sigh, and immediately expired. The audience supposed, for the moment, that his fall was nothing more than a studied addition to the part ; but, on seeing him carried off in a deadly stiffness, the utmost astonishment and horror took place. He was removed to the scene-room, and surgical assistance immediately procured ; his reins were opened, but they yielded not a single drop of blood, and every other means of resuscitation was had recourse to without effect. The medical operations upon the body continued about an hour, after which, all hopes of recovery having vanished, he was carried home to his lodgings on a bier. Mr. Aickin came on the stage to announce the sad event to the audience, but was unable to give utterance to his words, and therefore obliged to retire. Mr. Inledon then came forward, and communicated the melancholy information, which had the effect of instantly clearing the house.

Chronology.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

A. C.	
4004	The world created.
2348	The deluge.
2247	Tower of Babel built.
2234	Astronomical observations begun at Babylon.
2221	Nimrod founds the Chaldean monarchy.
2205	First imperial dynasty of China begins.
2188	Kingdom of Egypt commences under Menes.
1089	Kingdom of Sicily begins.
2059	Kingdom of Assyria begins.
1996	Abraham born.
1897	Sodom and Gomorrah destroyed.
1896	Isaac born.
1836	Kingdom of Argos begins.
1822	The letters invented by Memnon, the Egyptian.
1796	The reign of Ogyges begins.
1766	Second imperial dynasty of China begins.
1764	Deluge of Ogyges laid waste Attica.

- 1750 Jacob goes to Haran and marries his two cousins.
 1728 Joseph sold into Egypt.
 1718 Sparta built by Spartes.
 1702 All the lands in Egypt sold to Joseph.
 1689 Jacob predicts the coming of the Messiah, and dies, æt. 147.
 1635 Joseph dies, æt. 110.
 1615 The Ethiopians from the Indus settle near Egypt.
 1582 Chronology of the Arundelian marbles begins.
 1575 Pharaoh orders the male children of the Israelites to be drowned.
 1571 Moses born.
 1570 Pyramids of Egypt built.
 1556 Athens founded by Cecrops, with a colony from Egypt.
 1546 Troy founded.
 1531 Moses flies into Midian.
 1503 Deluge of Deucalion, in Thessaly.
 1500 First eruption of Mount Etna.
 1491 Israelites leave Egypt.
 1451 Moses dies, æt. 110.
 1445 Joshua partitions the land of Canaan.
 1446 Joshua dies, æt. 110.
 1390 The tribe of Benjamin almost destroyed by the other eleven tribes.
 1344 Kingdom of Mycenæ begins.
 1285 Deborah defeats Sisera.
 1252 City of Tyre built.
 1245 Gideon routs the Midianites.
 1243 Arcadians conducted by Evander into Italy.
 1234 Theseus establishes a democracy in Attica.
 1233 Carthage built by a colony of Tyrians.
 1213 Helen carried off by Theseus.
 1198 Helen carried off by Paris.
 1194 Trojan war begins and lasts ten years.
 1184 Troy burned by the Greeks.
 1182 Kingdom of the Latins begins under Æneas.
 1141 The Amazons burned the temple of Ephesus.
 1136 Samson slays 3000 Philistines.
 1124 Thebes built by the Boeotians.
 1122 Third dynasty of China begins.
 1115 Mariners' compass said to be known in China.
 1055 Saul kills himself on Mount Gilboa.
 1048 Jerusalem taken by David.
 1023 Absalom rebels, and is killed by Joab.

- 1012 Solomon begins to build the temple.
 992 Solomon's palace finished.
 986 Utica built.
 975 The kingdoms of Judah and Israel divided.
 974 or 971 Jerusalem taken by Sesac, king of Egypt.
 907 Homer wrote his poems.
 (To be continued.)



HOBBY HORSES.

Every man, it is said, has his hobby, and so, perhaps, has every lady. Last summer, Kaleidoscopes were all the rage, with persons of every age and sex; but that hobby has at length been compelled to give place to one of a very different description, from the use of which the ladies are unfortunately excluded; we mean a new invented travelling machine, a real and *bona fide* hobby horse, called the *Velocipede*. This is a machine invented by Baron Charles de Denis, master of the woods and forests of the grand duke of Baden, and lately introduced into this country. Its nature and properties are as follows:

1. That on a well maintained post road it will travel up hill as fast as a man can walk.

2. On a plain, even after a heavy rain, it will go six or seven miles an hour.

3. When roads are dry and firm, it runs on a plain at the rate of eight miles an hour.

4. On a descent it equals a horse at full speed.

As a horse draws, in a well constructed carriage, both the carriage and its load much easier than he could carry the load on his back, so a man conducts, by means of the accelerator, his body easier than if he had its whole weight to support on his feet. A great portion of the muscular strength of a man, in walking or running, is exerted in sustaining

the weight of the body; but on the accelerator, the body being upheld, the whole exertion is merely applied to the propulsion of the machine forward. It may be always directed on the best part of the way, and on a hard road the rapidity of its movements resembles that of an expert skater; the principles of the two motions are the same. In truth it runs a considerable distance while the rider is inactive, and with the same rapidity as when the feet are in motion; and in a descent it will beat the best horses in a great distance, without being exposed to the risk incidental to them; as it is guided by the same gradual motion of the fingers, and may be instantly stopped by the feet.

The machine consists of two wheels, one behind the other—connected by a perch, on which a saddle is placed for a seat. The front wheel is made to turn on a pivot, and guided by a curved lever, or rudder, which comes up to the hands; the fore arms rest upon a cushion in front, and in this position, both hands holding the rudder firmly, the machine and traveller are preserved in equilibrium.

The traveller having inclined his body a little forward, extended his elbows a little, and grasped the guide, must preserve his balance by pressing lightly on the side which appears to be rising. The arms are as necessary to maintain the balance of the machine, as the hands are to the conducting of it. Place the feet lightly on the ground, long, but very slow, steps are to be taken in a right line at first, lest the heels should come in contact with the hind wheel. The attempt to increase the motion of the feet, or to keep them elevated while the accelerator is moving, is only to be ventured after practice in the slow movement shall have given dexterity. The saddle may be made high or low, according to the height of the traveller.

The impelling principles of the *Draisina** are not derived from the body of the machine itself, but simply from a resistance operating externally—the resistance of the feet upon the ground. The body is supported without exertion upon a carriage which a slight impulse will send forward, and the alternate motion of the legs upon the earth gives the power, so that velocity is obtained without much expense of force.

* From the name of the inventor.

Housewife's Manual.

Under this head we propose furnishing a variety of articles relative to domestic economy; and, therefore, respectfully solicit the assistance of such writers as have paid particular attention to the subject. No young lady should feel indifferent to the honourable and all-important duties of a housewife; for neither fortune nor rank can ever elevate her above them in the eyes of a discerning and sensible husband. The times have been (but times are strangely altered) when every accomplished miss was transferred from the boarding-school to the kitchen, to complete her education. But though we do not expect that this antiquated custom of our forefathers will ever be literally resumed, we still entertain a hope that our young ladies will not think themselves degraded by attentively studying the *theory and practice* of those domestic arts which are indispensable to the comfort and proper regulation of a family.

Having at present no other article at hand, we shall commence this department with a few receipts which may prove beneficial to our fair readers. The first is for Dying Cotton

NANKIN COLOUR.

Boil leaves of the willow in very clear water, afterwards pass the decoction through a linen cloth strainer, and add isinglass till the liquor is entirely limpid. The willow leaves, beside the colouring matter which they contain, have still a property that would weaken the colouring matter, and render it unsolid, if isinglass was not added to this preparation. This water can serve to dye thread and cotton stuffs, and the shades of it can be varied, at pleasure. To render this dye more perfect, the stuffs should be soaked in a wash of nitrous acid covered with water, which renders the colour more brilliant, and prevents it from turning pale. Beside the beauty of this colour, the process is so simple, and gives so fine a dye, that any one can prepare it without the assistance of a dyer.

The second receipt we shall offer, has been highly approved, for Dying Cotton Yarn

DEEP BLUE.

Take one pound of logwood chipped

fine, or pounded, boil it in a sufficient quantity of water, until all the substance is out of it, then take about half a gallon of the liquor, and dissolve one ounce of verdigris, and half an ounce of alum in it, boil your yarn in the logwood water one hour, stirring it, and keeping it loose.

Take out your yarn, mix the half gallon that contains the verdigris and alum, then put in your yarn into the mixture, and boil it four hours; stirring it and keeping it loose, all the time, and taking it out once every hour, to give it air, after which dry it, then boil it in soap and water, and it is done.

The above will dye six pounds of cotton yarn, an elegant deep blue. After which, put in as much yarn into the same liquor, and boil it three hours, stirring as before, and you will have a good pale blue, or boil hickory bark in your liquor, and you will have an elegant green.

FLOWERS.

By the following process, the lovers of flowers will be enabled to prolong, for a day, the enjoyment of their short-lived beauty.

Most flowers begin to droop and fade after being kept during twenty-four hours in water; a few may be revived by substituting fresh water; but all (the most fugacious, such as the poppy, and, perhaps, one or two others excepted) may be completely restored by the use of hot water.

For this purpose, place the flowers in scalding water, deep enough to cover about one third of the length of the stem; by the time the water has become cold, the flowers will have become erect and fresh; then cut off the coddled end of the stems, and put them into cold water.

THE DRAMA.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold.

Pope.

(In continuation.)

In our present number, we have promised to "do justice to the ladies" attached to the New-York theatre; but on approaching the task we feel sensible that our abilities are not competent to its

faithful execution. To do justice to superior merit, requires a superior pen—a feather plucked from the golden pinion of genius, is requisite to describe its heaven-aspiring flights. What then can be expected from a humble *goose-quill* that never rose into the purer regions above?

Mrs. BARNES, whose husband we have already mentioned, is a native of England. This lady, though of petit figure and feature, possesses great powers in tragedy, and a versatility of talent, for comedy and farce, but seldom equalled. Her features, though small and regular, are evidently at her perfect command, in portraying the different passions of sorrow, anger, or contempt. She is likewise extremely happy in the assumption of some male characters; such as artless boys, &c.; and soars far above mediocrity in the higher walks of comedy. Her first appearance was in the character of *Juliet*, in the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, and such was the favourable impression produced, that her second appearance was announced in the same character. She has since passed the ordeal of three years' trial with the happiest success.

Yet, although Mrs. Barnes is beyond doubt a highly accomplished and rapidly improving actress, our duty as an impartial writer compels us to add, that she is not entirely free from faults, the most disagreeable of which is, an infection of voice, (naturally musical) to a modulation almost masculine, so that the most indifferent listener feels it grating on his ear. A strong and unnatural gesticulation in tragedy, with the head; and, frequently, a respondent loudness of voice with the person concerned in a scene, when cool contempt should stamp her reply. But as these are faults of minor importance, we simply note them for Mrs. B.'s consideration, wishing to see so bright a sun unobscured by a single spot.

Miss ELLEN JOHNSON, daughter of Mr. J. Johnson, already noticed as attached to the theatre. Although England is the native place of this amiable young lady, yet from her extreme youth when she arrived in America, (not exceeding two or three years of age) the New-York audience with justice claim her as a protégé of their own, and she may at present be considered as their unrivalled favourite.

The first introduction of Miss Johnson to the New-York audience was at the tender age of five years, when she recited the fable of Little Red Riding Hood with a propriety of *accentuation*, and gesticulation, that astonished a numerous audience, who that evening attended the benefit of her respected mother.

Her subsequent appearance before the New-York audience, (after a lapse of time sufficient to expand, though not to ripen those budding beauties she discovered on her juvenile essay,) and her rapid progress to excellence in her profession, are too well known to need repetition; we shall therefore close these remarks by observing, that no very distant period will behold Miss J. a finished general actress, reviving in the mind of the spectator the former excellence of Mrs. Johnson, who in her day was justly pronounced the Siddons of America.

The figure and face of this young lady are happily suited to the youthful characters she assumes. Although we feel, in common with others, a partiality for this amiable actress, we should depart from the rule we have established, were we to bestow this unqualified approbation on her merit, and not point out whatever defects we discover. In singing, her tones, while in compass, are sweet and melodious, but when attempting a *falssetto*, she evidently betrays the want of a correct ear, and is frequently at discord with the orchestra. Whether this is a natural defect, or acquired through inattention, we know not; but, as in either case, it can be remedied, we hope that Miss J. will attend to it.

Miss Leesugo, (from England) possesses, as a female, an uncommon power of voice in singing; second, we believe, to none on the continent. As a proof, we need only mention her execution of the part of Hecate, in *Macbeth*, than which there are but few more difficult singing characters to perform; yet Miss L. executed the lowest passages with great effect, and the most apparent ease. Uniting a melodious and flexible voice, with a competent knowledge of music, and what is called an excellent *stage-face*, Miss L. promises to become an admirable acquisition to the New-York stage. Her happiest efforts are in boydens, country girls, &c. and she has sustained several

characters in tragedy in a very respectable and happy manner.

Mrs. BALDWIN, (from England) wife of Mr. J. Baldwin, already mentioned, a most useful and highly respectable actress in the characters of old women, testy old maids, port chambermaids, &c. Her principal forte is old women, and her attention to *costume* is not only highly praise-worthy, but illustrative of a sound and discerning judgment. We wish that some of the ladies and gentlemen would borrow a little of Mrs. Baldwin's punctilio on this subject.

Mrs. WHEATLEY, (a native of America.) This lady has never yet had an opportunity to exert herself extensively in any walk of the drama; it is, therefore, impossible to pronounce upon her talents with any degree of certainty. The only character we remember her in of any importance, is Dame Gerald, in the *Maid and Magpie*, in which she acquitted herself in such a manner as to draw forth the unqualified approbation of the audience, and discovered that she possessed talent, which, if properly cultivated, would in a short time render her not only a useful, but meritorious actress.

Miss DELLINGER, who is also a native of our country, is a very pretty little actress, and, in many characters, receives much well-merited applause. She is a sweet singer, and is always perfect in her part. (To be continued.)

ANECDOTES.

An eminent lawyer went into the shop of a gentleman in Boston, who was in partnership with his brother-in-law, and inquired for some waistcoats. A number of elegant patterns were thrown on the counter, and, after looking at them for a moment, the lawyer pleasantly observed, he should like to take one of them, if he would take his pay in *Law*. "You may take one if you please," replied the gentleman, "and pay my brother-in-law."

Some thieves met a man, robbed him, and bound him in a wood; just after they met with another, bound him in his presence, undressed him also, and laid him on the other side of the hedge; when one of them cried out, *I'm undone! I'm undone!* the other hearing him, begged most heartily that he would come and undo him too.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE BEGGAR.

At early dawn he sallies forth,
To ask his scanty boon;
But menial pride, the wretch will chide,
Because he comes too soon.

Alas! 'tis hunger's icy hand
That makes the beggar bold,
He has no bed to rest his head,
Nor shelter from the cold.

The bleak wind rushes through his coat—
The emblem of his mind:
The one is shorn, the other torn,
And he to fate consign'd.

Ah! little think the lordly few,
Surrounded as they are,
What storms of grief, without relief,
The poor are doom'd to bear.

And will no sympathetic soul
Attend the beggar's prayer?
Shall sorrow's night, o'erwhelm him quite
In fatuous despair?

Then death shall come to his relief;
Nor hunger press him more:
His toils shall cease, and he, in peace,
Shall gain the blissful shore.

And though no sculptor's marble's pride,
His unwet relics own—
That God who sways all worldly orbis,
Shall call him to his throne.

ANSON

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

SIR,

If the Imperfections of the following juvenile essay be not of too gross a nature to merit your notice, by inserting it in the "Ladies' Literary Cabinet," you will much oblige,

Your very humble servant,

Harlem, May 4, 1819.

J. P.

Oh! there's a fire unseen that glows
Within the human breast;
A spark of that which seraphs warm,
In everlasting rest.

Warm as the stream from *Etna's* top
Where snows eternal lie;
And sudden as the lightning's flash,
That gleams along the sky.

Serene as eve, when from our view
The orb of day recedes;
And gentle zephyrs wide diffuse,
The fragrance of the meads.

Silent as night, when Cynthia pale,
Reflects her borrowed rays,
And *Iteu's* united hosts coamix,
A scintillating blaze.

Sublime as when some comet flames
Amid cerulean skies,
And potent as the billows are
When howling blasts arise.

The sullen frown of sadde skies
May fill the soul with fear,
And human wretchedness endure
The sympathizing tear.

But where pure love exerts its power,
And fires the virtuous breast,
There death disarm'd of terror seems,
And ceaseless troubles rest.

There aghs, that bid distraction live,
Possess the power to charm;
And dangers, which the brave dismay,
Invigorate the arm.

There gloomy melancholy shows
A fascinating face,
And sorrow's pendant pearls display
Inimitable grace.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE TEAR.

Written in consequence of seeing a Lady weep, to whom the author was warmly attached.

BY ROLLA.

I watch'd the warm tear as it roll'd from the uine,
And stray'd o'er the cheek of luxuriant hue;
And said, "If its rays are so brilliantly fine,
And sparkle so sweetly with sympathy's dew,

"What could it to wander thus far from its home,
From its lovely companions, to feeling so dear;
Is it sorrow, which forc'd thee thus wildly to roam,
O, say! wilt thou answer—sweet soul-speaking
tear!"

Methinks I can catch in each now-beaming spell,
The painful sensations which press'd thee to
rove,

From thy couch of repose, thy darkly fring'd cell,
O! yes, I can see, 'tis the full force of love.

Then come, thou bright gem, thus forsaken and
lone,
I'll shield thy pure beams from the unfeeling
eye;

And here, in this heart, thou shalt e'er find a home,
Nor ever be forc'd from the asylum to fly.

For what is more grateful—more dear to the mind,
Than thy soft pearly beams so tenderly bright;
To sorrow, to love, and to grief ever kind,
O, say, lovely tear—thou art "heaven's own
light!"

Brooklyn, May, 1819.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO ———

O what a desert this world would seem,
With all its blooms and flowers,
Were it not for the lustre that love's pure beam
Can shed on its brightest hours.

O woman's smile alone can chase
The gathering gloom of woe,
And the magic that dwells on 't lovely face,
Is the sweetest of spells below.

The bowl but fires the feverish brain,
With a false and fugitive glow;
A moment's pleasure for hours of pain,
Is all that wine can bestow.

But love is a purer, a holier light,

A beam that never dies,
But shines on the soul's enamour'd sight,
Like the eve of southern skies.

G. F. B.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The beautiful ballad, by S. of New-Jersey, shall appear in our next.

Several communications on hand shall be attended to.

The drawing of the Literature Lottery commenced on Monday afternoon, when the capital prize of 30,000 dollars came out to No. 1,793. It was sold at Gillespie's Lottery Office, not long since, to Mr. Samuel Stanbury, secretary of the Ocean Insurance Company, for 24 dollars.

The Tea Plant.—A Philadelphia botanist, C. Rafinesque, in two ingenious letters to Dr. Mitchell, recommends introducing the Tea Plant from China, into the United States, where, he is positive, it may be successfully cultivated. More than 12,000,000 of dollars are annually paid to the Chinese for the article of Tea, which may be saved to our country by this project. He points out the manner in which the plant may be obtained; and recommends the formation of a society for its naturalization, as collective exertions have generally a better chance of success than individual zeal.

Christiani's Concert.—Mr. Christiani, who announces himself as professor of music, and composer to all the theatres of the court of Spain, proposes giving a "Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert," on Tuesday evening next, June 1st, at the City-Hotel, Broadway. He will be assisted by his pupil, Mrs. De Luce, of Philadelphia.

The assassin of M. De Kotzebue, (says a paper of a late date,) died on the 29th of March. Every circumstance proves him to have been a fanatic. In his papers he styles K. "the slave of kings," a "Russian Spy," and that all his passions ought to suffer in the same way. When this assassin got into the hall of M. de K. he requested to be announced to the Counsellor of State. On the instant Mr. K. entered the room, the assassin must have stabbed him; for the servant had scarcely left it before he heard a loud shriek, and re-entering the room found his master and the student, Sand, on the floor. Some ladies, and the daughter of the deceased, immediately flew to his assistance, when his daughter, Eliza, and others, bore the body to an adjoining room, where he immediately expired. The murderer flourished his bloody dagger, and passed out of the house, exclaiming, "The traitor is dead! the country is saved! long live Germany!" Then, turning to the windows where the ladies were calling upon the people to arrest the assassin, he cried, "Yes! I am the murderer.—It is thus that all traitors ought to perish." He then knelt down, exclaiming, "God, I thank thee, for having permitted me to accomplish this act," and stabbed himself, and was carried to the hospital. In one of his dying extasies, he exclaimed, "He is dead!"

that Russian Spy! It was a demon of hell that inhabited the body of Kotzebue; it would not quit him; he gave me a terrible grin at parting." Couriers have been despatched to Petersburg and Berlin with the news of the assassination.

MARRIED,

On Saturday last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Hobart, George W. Strong, Esq. to Miss Eliza C. Templeton.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Crowell, Mr. Silas B. Mott, to Miss Margaret Lomen, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Abraham Vratensburgh, to Miss Maria Floek, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Knox, Mr. Thomas G. Bunker, of Nantucket, to Miss Sally A. Raymond, of this city.

On Monday evening last, at Perth Amboy, by the Rev. Mr. Chapman, Mr. Isaac Gulick, of Princeton, N. J. to Miss Amelia Watson, eldest daughter of the late James Watson, Esq. merchant, of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Cooper, Mr. John Buckliss, of the house of M. Birn & Buckliss, to Miss Elizabeth Mitchell, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Phillips, Mr. L. W. Stevens, to Miss Mary Burrows, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Lathrop, Mr. Samuel Proctor, formerly of Boston, to Miss Maria Fash, of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. Daniel Covert, to Miss Marsha Ackerman, all of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. William Falconer to Miss Catherine Litwog, both of this city.

On Monday evening, the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Oliver Clapp, of Hartford, Conn. to Miss Mary Butler, of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Feltus, Mr. Isaac P. Hull, to Miss Ann M. Adams, all of this city.

DIED,

On Monday evening, the 24th inst. the venerable Andrew Hamerley, at the advanced age of 94 years.

On Monday morning, of a lingering illness, Mrs. Ruth Titus, aged 69 years.

On Monday morning, after a short illness, William J. Thomson, of the firm of John Thomson & Son, aged 27 years.

Mr. John Sacket, of Newtown, L. I. in the 65th year of his age.

In Portsmouth, N. H. of the dropsy, Mary Polly Blandell. She had been tapped, since Nov. 1806, more than two hundred times, and more than eight thousand nine hundred gallons of water, equal to eleven hogheads, drawn from her.

At Mobile, Mr. David W. Crawford. He fell in an affair with Major Triplett.

C. S. VAN WINKLE, PRINTER,

No. 101 Greenwich-street.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1819.

[No. 4.

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;

AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 154 Broadway;

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

PAYABLE QUARTERLY.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER IV.

SOPHIA WAS in tears when her aunt and cousin returned to the parlour; and so violently agitated by a variety of sensations, as to induce an apprehension of her fainting. Supported, however, by the blissful consciousness of having performed her duty, she became gradually more composed; and finally evinced a degree of placid cheerfulness to which the whole morning had seen her a stranger. The approbation of her aunt, and the affectionate solicitude of her now sympathising cousin, contributed not a little to render her satisfied with herself, and grateful to them.

Before tea was introduced, this little groupe was joined by several female acquaintances, whose lively conversation proved an agreeable antidote to any sigh-begetting reflections which might have intruded. The party separated at an early hour, when Sophia retired to her pillow, where a tranquil slumber stole over her wearied senses, which was only interrupted by the bright beams of the rising sun darting into her chamber.

While seated at the breakfast table, a porter knocked at the door, and delivered a letter addressed to Mrs. Percival, who, after giving it a hasty perusal, handed it to her niece, with a smile which quieted the rising palpitation of her bosom. It was from Woodville, and the following is a copy of its contents:

"*Thursday Morning, 8 o'clock.*"

"DEAR MADAM,

"Convinced, at length, by sober reason and cool reflection, that it would be madness any longer to nourish the sweet delusive hope which has for years glowed in this bosom, I am determined to assume a virtue which I feel that I do not yet possess, but to which habit and time may possibly render me familiar. From this moment I shall look on your lovely niece as the wife of another—as the wife of my friend; and will endeavour to bear it constantly in remembrance, that it would be impious to harbour a sentiment of a more tender nature.

"But though her affections and faith are pledged, alas! to another, may I not, without sinning, still hope for a share of her invaluable friendship—for a place in that sisterly esteem of which her pure and gentle bosom is so happily susceptible? Plead for me, dear madam, I conjure you. I cannot, must not, resign the felicitous privilege to which every deserving man is entitled. Let her consider me as a brother, and I swear, by my every hope of happiness, that I will never, by an action, word, or even a look, violate the strictest punctilios of that sacred character.

"Plead to her for me, my dear madam, for I dare not plead for myself. I have sinned too deeply to presume to approach her without a mediator. My impetuous passions have hurried me into follies for which I shall always hate myself. I brutally wounded her gentle spirit by a letter of reproaches, presumption, and madness; and I yesterday consummated my career of insanity by a verbal repetition of the offence. Plead for me, I intreat you, that I may be forgiven, be blest once more with her friendship; and, at the same time, be restored to the new prospect of felicity which has just been opened to my view in the society of yourself and amiable daughter.

"Unless I am forbidden by a special message, I shall flatter myself that I am hereafter to be a welcome intruder in your domestic circle, when I hope, by

the strict propriety of my conduct, to atone for follies and errors that are past. If your door continues open to me, and if, through your kindness, I am received as if past events were totally obliterated from the memory, you will command the eternal gratitude of,

"Dear madam,

"Your respectful and

"Contrite petitioner,

"S. WOODVILLE.

Widow S. Percival."

After the foregoing epistle had been attentively perused, by Sophia and her cousin, Mrs. Percival requested her niece to decide upon the fate of the writer's petition.

"Decide for me, my dear aunt," replied Sophia. "You are acquainted with all the circumstances, and can best determine on what course I ought to pursue. I wish he were, indeed, my brother. Could I be certain that he was sincere in his resolution?"

"To be sure he is," interrupted Selina. "Has he not seen me and admired my paintings? and does he not write here about the happiness he anticipates in the society of mamma's amiable daughter? How can you entertain a doubt of his sincerity? Permit him to visit his dear sister, and if I don't cozen him of his heart, let no one hereafter give me credit for either wit or beauty."

After considerable conversation, which was, as usual, agreeably diversified by the unreflecting volatility of Selina, it was finally concluded to tolerate the visits of Woodville, so long as he confined himself within the limits prescribed by propriety, as delineated in his own letter. The young ladies then prepared for a shopping excursion, as the day promised to be unusually pleasant for the season.

[To be continued.]

A person that breaks an engagement, seldom reflects on the inconveniences that he causes; he may be compared to a stone thrown into a pool, which disturbs circle after circle, till the whole surface is discomposed.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

SCIENCE AND VIRTUE.

The ability and aptitude of the human mind, to advance in knowledge, and to improve in moral beauty, indicates the intention of Heaven, in bestowing so invaluable a gift.

Its tendency toward perfection is slow and progressive.

Its wonderful and complicated structure, the capacity of its powers, and the rapidity of its operations, are subjects not less interesting than important: interesting, as they swell the heart with those emotions which can result only from the contemplation of what is striking and sublime; important, not only from their intimate connection with various departments of science, but from their being constituent parts of that philosophy which regulates the essential occurrences of life.

When we turn our attention to the pure intellect, freed from the cumbrousness of mortality, and existing in the abstract—when we consider the activity of its nature, the boundless extent of its empire, and its increasing vigour—when we observe how incomprehensible its essence, and with what inconceivable rapidity it darts from object to object, irradiating obscurity, and accumulating in every step of its progress, we are lost in astonishment.

From the genuine philosopher and admirer of nature, who makes an easy transition from nature's works to nature's God, the involuntary emotions of gratitude and love rise in sacred homage. Science, the object of intellect, is the theatre of human greatness. Pursuing its flowery paths, man may well be said to be approaching the summit of human felicity and human perfection. The object of science is truth. In the contemplation of truth, consists genuine felicity, and, in the enjoyment of genuine felicity, consists the perfection of our natures. How beautiful is truth! How congenial with the essence of pure intelligence! "It is omnipotent, and will prevail. It forces its way with the fire, and with the precision of the morning sunbeam." But contrast its winning charms with the blighted form of error. Truth, of celestial birth, is a sure and faithful guide. Error, excited by the agency of disor-

dent passions, leads to the shades below, from whence it has its origin.

Devested of science, of knowledge, of truth, the human mind,

"As barks on waves of ocean tossed,
Their compass gone, their rudder lost,"

borne on the wings of tempestuous passion, sinks into cruelty, extravagance, and error. Take away knowledge, and the fierceness of the tiger, the savageness of rude uncultivated nature, would exhibit their terrors. Men, degenerating into brutes, their race would become extinct, the world a desert. But, to the inquisitive mind, nature opens her volume, and reveals her mysteries. The wonders of her productions never fatigue with satiety, nor does the limited sphere of our intellectual capacities ever disappoint those expectations which an eager curiosity may have led us to form.

By imagination, we can dwell on the beauties of every fascinating form, "we can traverse those regions of unlimited space, where other stars twinkle on the mantle of night, and other suns light up the blushes of the morning." We delight in the wanderings and scenes of fiction, but its pleasures, like the phantoms which caused them, though exquisite, are airy and transient. But different is our delight, in exploring the mazes of science—different the pleasures which attend the development of its object. Yet, without virtue, the deficiencies which are found in science, and which arise in consequence of the limited capacity of our powers, would occasion a defect in the completion of our felicity. Without science, or knowledge, not half the pleasures in which we were formed to participate, not half the perfection which we were designed to attain, can ever be realized or enjoyed. Without virtue, those sublime and immutable truths which it is the aim of the pure intellect to develop, would only dazzle and confound our view. To exalt, then, the human mind to the summit of its perfection, science and virtue should be inseparably connected. Virtue never found a fairer temple than science, beauty never veiled a more lovely sanctuary. Science should be the light of every eye; virtue, the charm of every heart. Science, "like the diamond of the morning on the mountain's floweret," gives lustre to virtue, and beauty to all its pro-

ductions. The graces of the mind, the attractions of the eye, and the charms of fortune, never appear so amiable and lovely, as when founded in science and virtue. These two principles combined, form a basis, on which may be reared, with safety, every mental quality, and every heavenly accomplishment. They give grace and government to genius, restrain vice, ornament society, and lead to glory. The human mind, endowed with these two heavenly principles, shows itself in excellence, the emblem of its great original. It should ever be the law of science, the rule which should regulate it in every procedure of its advancement. Virtue, which consists, as much as in any thing else, in the love and practice of truth, is as necessary an ingredient, in a disposition to advance to the attainment of the object of all scientific researches, as air, in the chemical world, is to the existence of fire. If we love not truth, we love not the end of all science. A disposition to trace its mazy paths must be accompanied with a desire to behold its great object, or our investigations will be liable to deviate, our aim will be frustrated, and our view intercepted by the impenetrable veil of obscurity.

"The Supreme Intelligence himself, enthroned with light and love, dispensing the benedictions of universal government to all his subjects, is actuated by no other laws, than by the unerring laws of virtue. Without virtue, then, or the love of truth; or, without goodness or the love of wisdom, we can cherish no affection for the Divinity, or for his divine administrations.

Devested of virtue, what is man? Though the discoveries and accumulated knowledge of ages; though the sagacity of a Plato, the penetration of a Newton, and the eloquence of a Tully, were concentrated in him alone; yet the vastness of his acquirements would only plunge him into error, and the greatness of his power would only increase his degradation. Destitute both of knowledge and virtue, he exhibits the slave, the savage, the brute. Borne on the whirl of eddying passion, and irretrievably lost in the hardness of excess, he roves an exile amid fair creation, a burden to himself, a shame to his race, and a dishonour to his God.

But irradiate the benighted mind, renovate the heart scarred with vice, the gloom dispels, nature smiles, science brightens, and virtue beams with a steady but resplendent lustre. Then, and then only, does man display the image of his Maker. Then is humanity elevated from the level of the brute, to participate in those pure pleasures which are soited to the dignity of its nature.

In religion, there is a sweet which no misfortune can embitter. In the exercise of the most holy affections of the heart, and in directing these to the Saviour of perishing beings, the only fountain of holiness and every excellence, our pleasures are unalloyed.

The good man, viewing with rapture the tender thread which connects this mortal with immortality, withdraws the slender curtain of futurity, and wandering in celestial bliss, fancies he hears the music of seraphic choirs, chanting songs of praise in honour to their heavenly king. This is the summit of human bliss. That calm serenity which smiles amidst adversity, and in prosperity is unmoved, proceeds from a fountain whose waters are never heard by the tempestuous roar of passion. Fortified by the precepts of philosophy, the Sage, in nature's works, views nature's God. Fortified by the precepts of religion, the humble disciple of the lovely Saviour, longing for a happy immortality, meets death with a smile, and enters the prepared mansions of the blessed. Fortified by the precepts of religion and philosophy, combining all the excellencies essential to greatness and to goodness, the good man shall end his days on earth, as the sun setting in his full brightness, and shall, in the world of moral beauty, participate in that angelic felicity, which is bounded but by the arch of heaven, and is commensurate with eternity.

E. F.

To the Editor of the Ladies' Literary Cabinet.

SIR,

Having finished my tea last evening, just as the twilight had ceased to glimmer in the western horizon, I took my hat and cane, and proceeded on my evening's walk. There was no moon, but the calm serenity of the air added brilliancy to the stars, and increased the

light emitted by the lamps, which struck my sight as I entered Broadway, a few streets above the Stone Bridge. How sweet, exclaimed I, mentally, is the solitary reverie of a mind at ease! it is the soul banquetting in a temporary elysium, and holding sweet converse with kindred spirits that have taken flight beyond the skies.

Thus musing, I pursued my solitary course, uninterrupted and unnoticed by the crowd that continually met and passed me; I say solitary, for I believe with Zimmerman, that he whose thoughts are abstracted from the objects around him, is as much in solitude in the midst of a crowded assembly, as in a lonely forest. How mutable is human happiness! one moment we are enjoying contentment, and all around seems smiling peace—the next we are plunged into anxiety and distress. As I passed Duane-street, my ears were stunned with the cry of, watch! watch! I stopped short, and beheld a crowd assembled a few yards down the street; I hurried to the spot, expecting to behold a thief caught in the act of stealing from some shop window; but what was my surprise when I saw a watchman roughly pushing before him a female, handsomely, and even fashionably dressed, who was making use of the most horrid blasphemies, and calling down upon the crowd the vilest imprecations. What shameful act has she been guilty of, inquired I, that she is thus harshly treated. "Kicking up a row in the street," was the reply of a ragged little black boy, grinning and dancing as he followed the crowd. "What fun we have had here this evening," continued he—"two more have been taken to the watch-house from the cellar just here, because they would not pay for the oysters they had." By this time I came up with the watchman who had her in custody. "What's the matter?" "what's the matter?" was repeated by a dozen voices at the same instant. "Nothing," replied the watchman, "but the drunken capers of this limb of the town. Good people," addressing himself to the crowd, "you had better all go home and be quiet, I'll take care of this lark myself." At this moment she turned round, and by the light of an adjacent lamp, exhibited her form and features; her appearance was, indeed, the wreck of beauty. Save

the haggard appearance of her countenance, the effects of inebriation and irregularity in her mode of living, she had an intelligent and piercing eye, and her carriage was dignified and commanding. Her language, when not transported by passion, evinced a cultivated mind. What a heart-rending sight! She who once was innocent—the pride of her father—her mother's darling: on whose accents, from the first lisp of ma and pa, parental love hung with still-increasing fervour—to see her at such a time, in such a place, and in so dreadful a situation—oh! it was too much—and I hastily retired from the spot.

And what, thought I, could have been the incipient cause of this young female's degradation? Perhaps the false vows of a pretended lover—perhaps the vicious desires of an avaricious parent. But, most likely, (and nine times out of ten it is the case,) it was overweening parental vanity, followed by parental indiscretion. She, perhaps, who had never been allowed to leave the presence of a doting mother, was no sooner introduced into company, than she was left to take care of herself, walking with beaux at all times of the evening, and permitted to visit places of public amusement, without advice, or one salutary lesson on the necessity of female circumspection and decorum. What a lesson to parents who neglect the important charge of instilling into the hearts of their tender offspring the principles of virtue!

This subject shall be resumed at some future period. Yours,

PERAMBULATOR.

Desultory Selections, AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

GEORGE III.

At the conclusion of the revolutionary war, John Adams, Esq. was appointed minister plenipotentiary at the court of St. James. When he was, according to etiquette, introduced, after the levee was over, to the king's closet, he made a speech to his majesty; in performing which he appeared considerably agitated. When he had finished, the king is said to have replied as follows:

Sir, the whole of this business is so extraordinary, that the feelings you discover upon the

occasion, appear to me to be just and proper. I wish, sir, to be clearly understood, before I reply to the very obliging sentiments you have expressed in behalf of the United States of America. I am, you may well suppose, sir, the last person in England that consented to the dismemberment of the empire by the independence of the United States; and, while the war was continued, I thought it due to my subjects to prosecute that war to the utmost: but, sir, I have consented to their independence, and it is ratified by treaty; and I now receive you as their minister plenipotentiary, and every attention, respect, and protection, granted to other plenipotentiaries, you shall receive at this court. And, sir, as I was the last person that consented to the independence of the United States, so I shall be the last person to disturb, or, in any manner, to infringe upon their sovereign independent rights; and I hope and trust, that from blood, religion, manners, habits of intercourse, and almost every other consideration, the two nations will continue for ages in friendship and confidence with each other.

JOAN OF ARC.

Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth,
I never had to do with wicked spirits.
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it strait a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.

*Speech of Joan of Arc, to her judges, in
Shakespeare's Henry VI.*

The more attentively the character of Joan of Arc is studied, in the original historical authorities, the more evident it will become, that Shakspeare has given, in the lines above quoted, a just view of this extraordinary personage. Even Voltaire, in his prose works, seems willing to allow that she was not, as is too commonly imagined, one of those half-insane enthusiasts, employed as tools to work upon the vulgar; whom the one party endeavoured to cry up as a prophetess, and the other to cry down as a witch; but that she was a real heroine, superior to vulgar prejudice, and no less remarkable for force of mind than for a courage and strength unusual in her sex. Her behaviour in adversity, and during her trial, was exalted without affectation. There is, however, one part of her history strangely enigmatical. After condemnation, she was really burnt or not?

The bishop of Beauvais is accused by all parties of treachery and trick in the conduct of the trial; it was his known

propensity to gain his ends by stratagem, craft, manœuvre, fraud, dexterity. He seeks out and brings forward such testimony only as relates to ecclesiastical offences, and then hands over the decision to the secular judges, whose clemency he invokes. Joan says to him publicly: "You promised to restore me to the church, and you deliver me to my enemies." The intention of the bishop, then, must have been, that the secular judges, for want of evidence, should see no offence against the state; as the clerical judges, notwithstanding the evidence, had declined to see any against the church. A fatal sentence was, however, pronounced; and the fulfilment of it intrusted to the ecclesiastical authorities. Immediately after the *auto da fe*, one of the executioners ran to two friars, and said, "that he had never been so shocked at any execution, and that the English had built up a scaffolding of plaster (*un échafaud de plâtre*) so lofty that he could not approach the culprit, which must have caused her sufferings to be long and horrid." She was, therefore, by some unusual contrivance, kept out of the reach and observation even of the executioners.

Some time after, when public commiseration had succeeded to a vindictive bigotry, a woman appeared at Metz, who declared herself to be Joan of Arc. She was every where welcomed with zeal. At Orleans, especially, where Joan was well known, she was received with the honours due to the liberatrix of the town. She was acknowledged by both her brothers, Jean and Pierre d'Arc. On their testimony she was married by a gentleman of the house of Amboise, in 1436. At their solicitation her sentence was annulled, in 1456. The Parisians, indeed, long remained incredulous; they must else have punished those ecclesiastics, whose humanity, perhaps, conspired with the bishop of Beauvais to withdraw her from real execution down a central chimney of brick and mortar; or, as the executioner called it, a scaffolding of plaster. The king, for the woman seems to have shunned no confrontation, is stated to have received her with these words: "*Pucelle, m'amie, soyez la tres bien revenue, ou nom de Dieu.*" She is then said to have communicated to him, kneeling, the artifice

practised. Can this woman be an impostor?

THE BIBLE.

Towards the beginning of January, 1818, four workmen belonging to the custom-house in Paris, who had often occasion to work for Mr. W., a member of the Society of Friends, and who had repeatedly experienced the effects of his bounty, went to present their respects to him and receive their new year's gifts.

"Ah! here you are, my friends," said Mr. W. on seeing them. "I have thought of you, and have prepared for each a little sum of 15 francs; or, if you prefer it, as I would recommend to you, I will give each of you the word of God. Fifteen francs are of very little consequence; you will soon have spent them; but the word of God will remain with you, and you will always find in it great consolation and salutary advice."

The eldest of the four, with his hat in his hand, asked him, with timidity, what he meant by the word of God. "It is the Bible, friend—the Holy Bible."—"Oh! sir, as for me, I should very much like the word of God, but it would be useless to me, as I cannot read; and if it makes no difference!"—"Dost thou prefer the 15 francs? thou art at full liberty; I give thee leave to choose; here they are."

Mr. W. addressed himself to the second, who, on account of urgent necessities, desired also the small sum of 15 francs, in preference to the book, notwithstanding Mr. W.'s intreaties, and the eulogies which he made on the Holy Scriptures.

The third also did not hesitate, and although he could read, he did not see the possibility of paying a quarter's lodging with a book; and Mr. W. gave him also the 15 francs which were intended for him.

The fourth of these labourers was a lad of 13 or 14 years old. "And thou, my friend," said Mr. W. looking on him with an air of kindness and interest—"dost thou also prefer these three pieces of money, which thou canst always obtain by labour and economy; and wouldst thou not rather have a book which contains such good things that the more we read it, the more we admire it—which

teaches us how to live, and how to obtain the blessing of God?"

"Since you say, sir, it is such a good book, I would rather have the word of God."

"And dost thou know how to read, my friend?"

"Yes, sir, and I shall read it to my mother."

"Thou must read a chapter to her every day; but let us see if thou canst read well: take the book and try."

Mr. W. presents to him one of the four Bibles which were on his desk. The lad takes it—opens it—and perceives in the middle a piece of gold, worth 40 francs. He casts his eye on Mr. W. who says to him, smiling, "thou seest, my friend, the word of God already favours thee: it is for thee; go, and often read this good book."

The lad felt very sensibly; and without being able to pronounce one word, his grateful heart promised that he never would forget the book or him that gave it.

We may easily judge of the appearance of the other three, when they discovered that each of the Bibles, which they had refused, equally contained a piece of 40 francs.

Mr. W. said to them, "I am sorry that you should have preferred the 15 francs to the word of God."—*London Even. Magazine.*

MATRIMONY.

From a work, entitled, "Family Lectures," by Mrs. N. Sproat, we make the following beautiful extract, which we recommend to the particular attention of our readers of both sexes.

A great proportion of the wretchedness which has so often embittered married life, I am persuaded, has originated in a negligence of trifles. Connubial happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly. It is a sensitive plant, which will not bear even the touch of unkindness—a delicate flower, which indifference will chill, and suspicion blast. It must be watered by the showery of *tender affection*—expanded by the glowing glow of *attention*, and guarded by the impregnable barrier of *unshaken confidence*. Thus matured, it will bloom with fragrance in every season of life, and sweeten even the loneliness of declining years.

BEAUTY.

We have all heard of the bloom of Nison, the Circassian wash, Spanish wool,

rouge, with a long train of *etceteras*, sufficient to fill a perfumer's shop. We are not ignorant that considerable sums are expended, and much time employed, in striving to increase and preserve charms by artificial means, while natural means are too much neglected. The following prescription (from an old Magazine) will cost nothing; and, if faithfully adhered to, will do more toward gaining a lover, or securing a husband, than any yet invented.

Take of perianal good humour as much as you can carry about with you, mix it with discretion, and infuse smiles, feeling, and virtue; lay in a proper stock of useful knowledge, to make your company agreeable when alone, and acquire habits of industry and economy, to render you useful in domestic relations. Apply all these in proper proportion, as they may be wanted, and you will infallibly be esteemed pretty, if not beautiful.

A late elegant writer, who always professed to be an ardent admirer of the sex, has earnestly recommended the following, as necessary requisites for a lady's toilet:

A fine eye-water, *henceolence*; best white paint, *innocence*; a mixture, giving sweetness to the voice, *midness and truth*; a wash to prevent wrinkles, *contentment*; best rouge, *modesty*; a pair of the most valuable ear-rings, *attention*; an universal beautifier, *good humour*; a lip salve, *cheerfulness*.

We must trespass on the patience of our fair readers with one more moral prescription, for the removal of a malady to which both sexes are liable; a disorder which has no English name, though Englishmen are far from being exempt from it; but what is termed by the French, *ennui*.

Take so much of each day for industry, whether of body or mind, as may be necessary; mix this with *temperance* three times a day, at the most convenient regular periods—the remaining part, after deducting six or seven hours for sleep, to be devoted to useful reading and innocent recreation.

N. B. Be careful to manage all your concerns by the principles of virtue and Christianity, noting every evening the errors of each day, to be reformed the next.

We will dismiss this subject with the following anecdote, which, if it be not calculated to produce a *smile*, may, possibly, be the means of preventing a *tear*—a tear of regret for past follies.

A noble, amiable, and innocent young lady,

who had been chiefly educated in the country, saw her face in the glass, as she passed it with a candle in her hand, retiring from evening prayer, and having just laid down her bible. Her eyes were cast to the ground, with inexpressible modesty, at the sight of her own image. She passed the winter in town, surrounded by adorners, hurried away by dissipation, and plunged in trifling amusement; she forgot her bible and devotion. In the beginning of spring she returned again to her country seat, her chamber, and the table on which her bible lay. Again she had her candle in her hand, and again saw herself in the glass. She turned pale, put down the candle, retreated to a sofa, and fell on her knees. "Oh, God! I no longer know my own face. How am I degraded! my follies and vanities are all written in my countenance. Wherefore have they been neglected, flecked, till this instant? Oh! come, and expel; come, and utterly efface them, mild tranquillity, sweet devotion, and ye gentle cars of benevolent love!"

THE JEWS.

In the year 1290, in the reign of Edward I., the property of all the Jews in England was confiscated to the use of the crown; 280 of them were hanged in one day, charged with adulterating the coin. Above fifteen thousand of these unfortunate people, in that reign, were plundered of all their wealth, and banished the kingdom. In the year 1811, in the reign of George III. Mr. Rothschild, a celebrated Jew, was at the head of most of the loans to the European kings and emperors. How remarkably do these facts speak in favour of the progress of liberal and enlightened opinions in that country.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

We learn from a Western paper, that "a mound of considerable dimensions, on the west side of the Cayahogue river, Ohio, had been opened, and a number of silver broaches found within the body of it, which were much corroded by rust. The writer of the article proves that the mound was a repository of the dead, by the remains of human bones which were found; and he also proves it to be of great antiquity, by a part of the bones being in a state of dust when found, and the apparently sound parts presently becoming so upon exposure to air. The same paragraph affirms, that an earthen pot, capable of holding three gallons, has been recently washed by the Miami river from a mound originally on its bank, which was 350 feet in diameter at its

basia, and 100 feet high. From these, and many other discoveries, the writer believes that this country was once inhabited by a race of people, at least partially civilized, and that this race have been exterminated by the forefathers of the present and late tribes of Indians in this country."

Chronology.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE,

From the Creation of the World to the year 1819.

(In continuation.)

- B. C.
 900 Kingdom of Assyria ends.
 896 Elijah the prophet translated.
 878 Sculpture in marble invented.
 869 Scales and measures invented by Phidon, king of Argos.
 — Carthage built by Dido.
 839 Kingdom of Judah desolated by the Syrians.
 820 Nineveh taken by Arbaces and Bel-lesis.
 814 Kingdom of Macedon begins.
 797 Kingdom of Lydia begins.
 753 Rome built.
 750 Rape of the Sabinas.
 732 Syracuse built by a colony of Corinthians.
 722 Chinese empire divided into principalities.
 721 Samaria taken after three years siege.
 — First eclipse of the moon on record.
 713 Gela, in Sicily, founded.
 696 Isaiah sawed asunder by order of Manasses.
 690 Holofernes killed by Judith.
 680 Babylon taken by the Assyrians.
 677 Manasseh, king of Judah, carried prisoner to Babylon.
 673 Terpander added three strings to the Lyre.
 667 Combat between the Horatii and the Curiatii.
 665 City of Alba destroyed.
 652 A shower of Meteoric stones fell at Mount Alba.
 641 Amon, king of Judah, slain by his servants.
 636 The Tartars defeat the Chinese with great slaughter.
 625 The Pentateuch found by Hilkiah.

610 Necho begins the Canal between the Nile and the Red Sea.

608 Josiah, king of Judah, killed by the king of Egypt.

607 Alcæus, the poet, flourished.

606 Nineveh destroyed.

606 First captivity of the Jews.

600 Sappho, the Lyric poetess, flourished.

587 Jerusalem taken by Nebuchadnezzar.

586 Temple of Jerusalem burned.

585 Æsop, the mythologist, flourished.

580 Money first coined at Rome.

579 Stesichorus, the poet, flourished.

572 Tyre taken by Nebuchadnezzar.

571 Apries, king of Egypt, dethroned by Nebuchadnezzar.

569 Daniel interpreted Nebuchadnezzar's dreams.

566 First census at Rome—84,700 citizens.

562 The first comedy at Athens, acted upon a scaffold, by Susarion and Dolon.

559 Cyrus ascended the Persian throne.

549 Theognis, the poet, flourished.

538 Cyrus takes Babylon.

537 Simonides of Cea, the poet, flourished.

[To be continued.]

The following is the petition of the wife of a Hindoo prince, said to have been presented to the famous Warren Hastings, late governor-general of Bengal. We think it one of the most tender appeals to the human sensibility; and hard, indeed, must that heart be, on which such a torrent of eloquence could make no impression.

PETITION OF ALMASSA ALLI CAWN.

May the blessings of thy God wait upon thee; may the sun of glory shine round thy head; and may the gates of plenty, honour, and happiness, be always open unto thee and thine. May no sorrow distress thy days, may no strife disturb thy nights, may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheeks, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams; and when length of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes round the last sleep of human existence, may the angels of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction.

O hearken, then, to the voice of dis-

treas, and grant the petition of thy servant! O spare the father of my children, save the partner of my bed, my husband, my all that is dear! Consider, O mighty sir! that he did not become rich by iniquity; and that what he possessed was the inheritance of a long line of flourishing ancestors; who, in those smiling days, when the thunder of Great Britain was not heard on the fertile plains of Hindostan, reaped their harvests in quiet, and enjoyed their patrimony unmolested. Think, O think! that the God thou worshippest, delights not in the blood of the innocent: remember thy own commandment, thou shalt not kill; and by the order of Heaven, give me back my Almas Ali Cawn, and take all our wealth, strip us of all our precious stones, of all our gold and silver, but take not the life of my husband; innocence is seated on his brow, and the milk of human kindness flows round his heart; let us wander through the deserts, let us become tillers and labourers in those delightful spots of which he was once lord and master.

But spare, O mighty sir! spare his life; let not the instrument of death be lifted up against him, for he hath not committed any crime; accept our treasures with gratitude, thou hast them at present by force; we will remember thee in our prayers, and forget that we were ever rich and powerful. My children, the children of Almas Ali, send up their petition for the life of him who gave them birth, they beseech from thee the author of their existence; from that humanity which we have been told glows in the hearts of Englishmen, by the honour, the virtue, the honesty, and the maternal feelings of the great queen, whose offspring is so dear to her, the miserable wife of thy prisoner beseeches thee to save the life of her husband, and restore him to her arms; thy God will reward thee, thy country must thank thee, and she now petitioning, will ever pray thee, if thou grantest the prayer of thy humble vassal,

ALMASSA ALLI CAWN.

THE WORLD'S COMPLIMENT.

A person near Clermont, (N. Y.) is one of his walks on a pleasant day, came to a distant neighbour, a rich Frenchman. The common salutations were past, and

the Frenchman said, "O yes, one very fine day! Why you no ride?" The person observed, he had no horse. "You got no horse!" He replied, "Why you no borrow my horse? I will lend you my horse when you want to ride, my good zeir!" The person thanked him, and in a few days came to borrow his horse, as he had to go about eight or nine miles. After observing that he should like to borrow his horse, as he offered a few days ago, "Eh!" replied the Frenchman, "you borrow my horse! for what you borrow my horse? I will not lend you my horse! If I did say, you borrow my horse, you are very welcome to do complement!"

Is not this very much like the value of many professions of friendship and assistance, with which we are served in the world, by seemingly good friends, who are profuse in their professions of kindness; but when you come to the trial, you are only "Welcome to the complement."

THE BLACK EWE.

A gentleman passing over one of the extensive downs in the west of England, about mid-day, where a large flock of sheep were feeding, and observing the shepherd sitting by the road side, preparing to eat his dinner, he stopped his horse, and entered into conversation with him to this effect—"Well, shepherd, you look cheerful and contented, and, I dare say, have very few cares to vex you. I, who am a man of pretty large property, cannot but look at such men as you with a kind of envy." "Why, sir," replied the shepherd, "tis true I have no troubles like yours; and I could do well enough was it not for that black ewe that you see yonder, amongst my flock. I have often begged my master to kill or sell her; but he won't, though she is the plague of my life; for no sooner do I sit down to look at my book, or take up my wallet to get my dinner, but away she sets off over the down, and the rest follow her; so that I have many a weary step after them. There! you see she's off, and they are all after her!" "Ah! friend," said the gentleman, "I see every man has a black ewe in his flock to plague him as well as me!"

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

A BALLAD,

Respectfully inscribed to Miss Eliza H—.

See Madness by the river side,
Fresh gather'd flowers intently weaving:
The wreath unfinished, thrown aside,
Behold that bosom's rapid heaving;
Those eyes, which show where tears have been,
Now wistful on the waters turning,
She starts! flies useless o'er the green;
The soul through those wild eyes seems burning.

A cottage shadow'd Hudson fair,
In silent ruin now 'tis lying;
A happy fam'ly flourish'd there,
The breezes o'er their graves are sighing;
There, one bright eve, I saw a maid,
All lonely, on a fragment seated,
So pale, she look'd its trembling shade;
She wept, and soft this song repeated.

"Oh! canst thou leave me here to sigh,
False youth! hath sorrow never mov'd thee?
Oh! must a simple maiden die,
Because she fondly, dearly lov'd thee?
Does Heav'n forbid our loving true,
When friends and virtue smile approving?
Disrob'd, delightful world adieu,
Unloved, exil'd, I'll die believing!"

"Soon shalt thou seek my green, green grave,
My shuddering sprite thy only greeting;
Thou'lt vainly weep, and wildly rave,
And think on our first, guileless meeting!
And sad, recall that hallow'd grove,
Where oft, as waves in moonlight glisten,
We, slowly loitering, stray'd with love;
Thy task to speak, and mine to listen!"

"A stranger in my native land,
From kindred doors too rudely driven;
Now, braiding lily love-knots bland,
That grove my earth, that grove my Heaven.
No home have I—poor, friendless all,
My only brother o'er the billow;
My mother in a dark, dark pall—
I broke her heart, that shared her pillow!"

"O, mother! mother, ne'er did'st dream,
When in thy arms thy darling slumber'd,
That, as the rain-drops dash the stream,
Woes would be her's, quick, and unnumber'd:
Yet, has she suffer'd—suffer'd long,
Another blast destroys the blossom!
She feels the pang of ev'ry wrong,
And mourns a mother's shelt'ring bosom!"

"Some say she's craz'd—perhaps 'tis true,
Her joys, alas! were early blighted;
Her heart was lost, ere care it knew,
In op'ning strength, her mind benighted:
Once friends prefer'd her half their joys—
They shun her now, when life's grown weary;
She roams this world, (while fortune flies,)
Unfeeling, as 'tis wide and dreary!"

"To you, still valley, I'll repair,
Where no dark weed the ground encumbers;
My little sister's buried there,
And there my gallant father slumbers!"

"I'll tell them tales, unknown erewhile,
Tell why their orphan droops distress'd,
No! I will dance, and sport, and smile,
That they who bless'd me, now are bless'd!"

"Ah! dost thou for the lost one sigh?
Could my dear, perjur'd, love behold thee,
Remembering hours past swiftly by,
Soft-pleading to his breast he'd fold me!
For, he can weep, and he can feel;
Oft have I seen him sweetly bending
Mute o'er the wounded bird, and kneel
Where misery sued, the hand befriending!"

"For those pure tears, that trembling shies,
To mind me of long fleeting hours;
When such, at some sad scene, were mine,
Oh, stranger! wear these emblem flowers;
Thou' frown their tints, their sweets will stay—
Like me, they fell—once I was fairer:
Preserve them, and, for many a day,
I'll be thy pity's hapless sharer!"

"I cull'd them, (pale, yet lovely flowers!)
For keep-sakes at my promis'd wedding;
But see! they bend 'neath warmer showers,
Than ere rewarded Hope's glad shunning!
Accept, and ne'er the wreath unbind,
(Thy cheek is moist, thy hand's unsteady,)
I'd give my heart, to one so kind,
But that is pric'd and pledg'd already!"

"My lover brought me ribbons gay,
He press'd! I blush'd, and said—to-morrow;
Another lord's his vows away,
Then all my mirth was chang'd to sorrow.
No more I sang, nor tripp'd elate,
But sought the deep, untrodden wildwood;
They gloried, triumph'd in my fate,
Who playmates were from early childhood!"

"It surely was too proud, to scorn
A harmless maiden wilder'd roving;
It surely was too harsh, to turn
From one whose only crime was, loving.
I never, never did deride,
The sorrows of a breast confiding;
When woes recall'd, and aid denied,
Oh! cold and cruel is the chiding!"

I was our hamlet's pride—my hair,
Then neatly curl'd, health's cheek o'er shading;
When chang'd that cheek, and tears were there,
I smil'd—to hide its gradual fading.
How vain! my mother mark'd her child,
And died—a mother broken-hearted,
Her spirit calls! how softly mild,
"Haste! haste! thy kindred have departed!"

"Hush! hush poor heart! lie still awhile,
Nor in my constant bosom riot;
Soon shall the eyes that scornful smile,
Deplore thee senseless, cold, and quiet.
Yet thou shalt wear one relic bright,
Thou' injur'd, own I ever nearest;
A ring (reward awaits the plight)
He gave me, when he vow'd me desert!"

"He prov'd untrue, yet will relent,
When thou art dull to woe or pleasure;
For parents gone, he shall lament,
The blighting of their bosom treasure."

Oh, Love ! by all our former bliss,
When life was as yon stormless river ;
I faint—grant one, one parting kiss,
We part, we part—for age and ever !”

Her lover came, to call her “ wife,”
Repentance late and out of season !
That maid departs from blooming life ;
That youth starts, shrieks, is lost to reason.
Slow fading, like some budded rose,
The courting dew had long been sleeping ;
She sighed, she munk, her eye-lids close,
She smil’d, and look’d like virtue sleeping.

The moon o’er Hudson sparkled clear,
(For, late and lovely, day had fled,)
All glorious in his bright career,
A golden flame, the sun retreated ;
Meek, as its latest radiance fell,
On that poor maiden’s settled feature,
I said—“ the wretch who work’d thy kneel,
Is lost to Heaven—near cur’d by Nature !”

S. OF NEW-JERSEY.

May 11th, 1819.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

The following lines, in imitation of Moore, were written by a Lady whose husband had gone to sea for the benefit of his health.

When first I saw thy winning smile,
There shone such truth around thee,
I thought thy bosom void of guile,
Just as I’ve ever found thee.

I saw thee oft with care oppress,
To me thy thoughts would wander ;
I saw the struggles of thy breast,
And lov’d thee still the fonder.

And when thy tongue thy passion nam’d,
’Twas bliss to hear the story ;
And tho’ I knew my fondness blam’d,
To love thee was my glory.

I still was true, when various cares
United to distress thee,
And found, that in this “ vale of tears,”
I still had power to bless thee.

But, ah ! how little did I know,
That I so soon must waken,
To such a sense of real woe,
Almost by force forsaken.

Tho’ now our halcyon days are down,
Tho’ grief has sorely tried us,
This heart still claims thee for its own,
Tho’ ocean’s waves divide us.

Thy couch of pain is steep’d in tears,
No tender friend to cheer thee ;
While she, who used to soothe thy cares,
No more can hover near thee.

Yet still, though countless ills are mine,
I never would surrender,
The bliss, my love, of being thine,
For wealth, and all its splendor.

And days may come, thou dear one, yet,
When we no more shall sever ;
I cannot, ’midst keen regret,
Believe we part forever.

We lov’d when health and peace were thine,
Misfortunes but endure thee ;
I’d freely half my life resign,
To pass the other near thee.

But, oh ! ’tis vain—no words can prove,
How fondly I adore thee ;
The powers who pity suffering love,
Will yet, perhaps, restore thee.

HARRIET.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO ———.

Yes, lady ! could I love again,
This heart would surely then be thine ;
And bound in beauty’s blissful chain,
In happy slavery cease to pine.

But, no ! within this bosom dwells,
A feeling that through life must live ;
And love and memory’s mingled spells,
Have left affection nought to give.

Each tender sigh is breathed to her,
Whose every sigh is breathed to me ;
Nor can this bleeding breast transfer,
So pure a flame—no ’e’en to thee !

Thy charms have power to conquer hearts,
As yet untouched by love—then, oh !
Waste not on him thy gentle arts,
Whom love has made his slave and foe.

G. F. B.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sympathy, by JACQUES, shall have a place in our next, and we hope to hear often from the same source.

The poetical favour of P*****s, shall also have a place in our next.

The *Indian King’s Speech* to Captain John Smith and his companions, shall be inserted as soon as room will permit.

“ *War, carnal and divine*,” is not forgotten, but must await its regular turn.

AN APOLOGY

Is, perhaps, due to many of our patrons, who have not been regularly served with the *Cabinet*. We beg leave, therefore, to assure them, that this apparent negligence, on the part of our carriers, is never that which will speedily work its own cure, as the various intricate mazes of their routes will gradually become to them “ familiar as their gardens.” Till then, we hope that *some of omission* will be winked at, even if aggravated by one or two repetitions. Extend to us your indulgence, fair ladies, and you will soon find, that “ *Born for your service*, we live but to oblige you.”

The *Drama* is omitted this week, and it is probable that an occasional omission of such articles as are published in *series*, will be found necessary for the promotion of variety ; such, for instance, as *Magnanimity*, *Chronology*, &c. We have some sterling materials in a state of preparation.

The President of the United States, who is now on a tour of observation through the southern states, reached Augusta, (Geo.) on the 15th ult. where, as usual, he was handsomely received. He was to proceed thence on the 18th, for Nashville, (T.) taking Washington, Lexington, and Athens, in his way. His route from Nashville will be regulated by circumstances.

Mr. Phillips, the singer, is said to have received since his arrival in this country 30,000 dollars—to have expended 12,000 dollars—and that the balance of 18,000 dollars he means to invest in stock of some of our institutions.

Mr. Kene, lately of the Boston theatre, passed through here on Monday last, on his way to Philadelphia. He has experienced very liberal and flattering patronage in the former city, both as an actor and a singer. He intends giving a Concert in Philadelphia, and, in the course of his professional tour, another in New-York.

From the specimen of this gentleman’s talents, already before our citizens, we had reason to hope well of his future fame ; judges who have known him in Boston, consider him as likely to fill the void caused by the departure of Mr. Phillips.

Remarkable birth.—On Sunday evening, the wife of James Gordon, 122 Anthony-street, was brought to bed of three sons, all of whom have the appearance of doing well. The parents are in indigent circumstances, and in need of assistance from the benevolent.

Lottery.—No. 9,982 came up a prize of 10,000 dollars on Monday, in the Literature Lottery. The fortunate number was sold at Allen’s office, to a gentleman in the country.

The Circus, in Broadway, is now open, under the management of Mr. Pepin, and continues to attract crowded audiences to witness the extraordinary feats of horsemanship and agility which are there displayed.

Velocipede Hoax.—Some mischievous wag, on Saturday last, caused printed handbills to be distributed, announcing, that on Monday, at 5 o’clock precisely, a Velocipede would start from the head of Chatham square, and proceed to St. Paul’s Church, in less than two minutes, and that it would afterwards be exhibited in the Park, &c. Notwithstanding the rain on Monday, the people began to collect at an early hour, so that, before 5 o’clock, Chatham-street was literally crowded from one end to the other. Every window, from the basement to the attic story, was thrown open, and filled with the beautiful heads of ladies and children, exposed to an incessant searching mist which robbed their lovely tresses of every curl which the morning’s industry had created. But female fortitude and curiosity combined, are not to be shaken by winds or weather. For more than an hour did the throng continue to increase, until it was almost impossible to pass the street, with, or without, a Velocipede. In the mean time, the Park was also crowded, and the City-Hall exhibited the appearance of a gala-day. It is needless to say, that no Velocipede appeared, and the only good resulting from the incident, was a few dollars thrown into the hands of the poor, and a few more to be thrown into the hands of the physicians for curing tooth-ach, ear-ach, quinsy, and catarrhs.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1819.

[No. 6.

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;

AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 154 Broadway;

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

PAYABLE QUARTERLY.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER V.

BEFORE the character of Woodville is any farther developed, the author deems it proper for his fair readers to be cautioned against an error, which, it is more than probable, nine-tenths of them have already imbibed. Whatever may be the sentiments they now entertain toward this romantic youth, let them not misplace their affections. They may, like Sophia, extend to him their *pity* and their *friendship* , but should reserve the heart to bestow on a more deserving object; for, although Woodville is to make no inconsiderable figure in this performance, he still sustains but a secondary part. The real hero will make his appearance on the stage in due time, when it is hoped, that he will be well received by an indulgent public; and who is not aware that the artful dramatist sometimes produces the most striking effect, merely by the stratagem of keeping his hero behind the scenes, until the curtain rises for the third or fourth act?

When Woodville left the country to become a resident in the gay metropolis, he carried with him an uncontaminated heart, regulated by the strictest principles of honour and morality. Although his understanding had been vitiated by romance, it was well stored with the precepts of religion; and though his will was naturally wildly ardent and sanguine, it glowed with benevolence, and was replete with every other pure and innocent affection.

Placed on his guard by the cautious precepts of parental counsel, and the religious impressions he had imbibed from education, and confiding in a fancied mastery of passions which had never been strongly excited; he vainly imagined himself invulnerable to the assaults of the most insidious temptations. A stranger to the allurements of vice, he felt superior to their influence, and plumed himself on a courage which had never been tested. But, in morals as in war, the vaunting hero is often the first to yield.

With a temerity founded on this vain confidence, our imprudent youth sought for opportunities of exercising his boasted strength. Like *Esop's* fly on the brim of a honey-pot, he rashly sported on the brink of "delicious ruin," until he wanted the will, and, consequently, the power, to retreat. The syren Pleasure smiled, and he paused to contemplate her attractions; she tuned her voice, and he was chained to the spot by the witchery of its melody; she playfully enveloped him in her gossamer veil, and he found himself entangled in a net from which every effort to escape was ineffectual. A few feeble, fruitless struggles, convinced him that his strength was weakness, and he hugged his silken fetters in despair.

Error is ever on extremes. From impulsively believing himself omnipotent, he now as falsely thought himself powerless; and to the goading reproaches of conscience could only oppose the indolent plea of infirmity; while in the source of his misery, he sought an antidote to its anguish. He now experienced, for the first time, some severe skirmishing in that mental warfare between virtue and vice, on the final result of which depends the eternal destiny of man. Would it could be added, that, during this contest in Woodville's mind, "the house of David waxed stronger and stronger, and that of Saul weaker and weaker." The reverse was unfortunately the fact. The religious precepts with which his memory had been stored, and which had hitherto proved his greatest solace and

encouragement, were now whips of scorpions that lacerated his soul, until he began, not only to wish that the dogmas of infidelity were correct, but actually to search for arguments in their defence.

It was at this juncture, that he became acquainted with a young man, who had just left Harvard College, and commenced the study of the law. The honours of the University had not been often bestowed on a better scholar than Thomas Flanders. His mind was capacious and well cultivated; he had read much, and was in the habit of thinking deeply, and reasoning logically. Metaphysics was his favourite study, though he was no enemy to the *belles-lettres* , but, on the contrary, ardently fond of poetry, and was a good judge of its merits. He was steady in his habits, scrupulous in his conduct, and benevolent almost to a fault. He appeared to be actuated by such motives only as would do honour to a christian. With all his learning, however, and with no small portion of natural genius, his heart was more correct than his head, for he had read and reasoned himself out of a belief in revealed religion, and contended, that the human race were gifted with sufficient reason to direct them, without any supernatural interference; and that those who would not obey the dictates of sound and sober reason, would not be persuaded to do so, though an angel were to descend for the express purpose.

Such was Woodville's new friend, to whom he shortly became more warmly attached than to any other being of the masculine gender, except his own father. Although they never met without a polemic disputation, they always parted better friends than before. Woodville contended with great earnestness for the truths of Christianity, still hoping to hear them disproved. How little can we judge of men by their external professions! Here were two youths contending for opinions which they felt no interest in establishing. Flanders was perfectly willing to be convinced, because he was sure that such conviction would not interfere with the strict line of con-

duct he had marked out for himself through life, founded, as he said, on the dictates of reason. Woodville, on the other hand, was wishing to be convinced, because he felt that such conviction would allow him to pursue his career of vicious pleasure, without being damned by the upbraidings of conscience. The one was an infidel in *opinion*, and a christian in *conduct*; the other professed to revere a religion of whose precepts he lived in the habitual violation.

With such a favourable subject to operate on, it may reasonably be expected that Flanders made short work of converting Woodville to his doctrine, who soon became a zealous disciple in that school of modern philosophy. A perusal of the writings of Volney shook the tottering fabric of his faith to its very foundation; Helvetius, Godwin, and Voltaire, completed the work of destruction, and left the edifice in ruins. What heart-rending pangs would a knowledge of this fatal aberration have inflicted at his paternal home! But with all his zeal for promoting the doctrines of the new school, Woodville dared not even to hint at his apostasy to his reverend and pious father, or any of his Sandvillians friends. He could not willfully give pain to his greatest enemy; how, then, could he murder the peace of his parents and sisters! He would not, for worlds; and, therefore, still continued to fill his letters to them with the most pious and devout sentiments, and with warm encomiums on the beauties of christianity! thus making benevolence a plea for hypocrisy, and impressing a virtue into the service of vice.

To "enjoy the *present*, regardless of the *future*," was now the motto of Solon Woodville. Consequences (affecting either himself or others) were unheeded, or not thought of. But though he pursued his career of promiscuous gallantry without restraint or compunction, it is but justice to state, that his soul recoiled with horror from the idea of deliberate seduction. He was ever looking forward to *matrimony* as the bright goal of his earthly wishes, and the period of his reformation—but he had never yet been fortunate enough to form an attachment sufficiently *romantic* to comport with his long-cherished ideas on that subject. He was anxiously waiting to

become an actor in such scenes as he had read of in his favourite books; for the common every-day method of obtaining a wife appeared to him too much like a mercantile negotiation to suit his snubbed taste. Much as he wished to call some dear affectionate female his own for life, he would not have accepted the most amiable and lovely of her sex, were she approachable only in the old beaten tract of catechetical courtship. He wanted incident—rivalship—opposition—elopement. He had sought for them in vain, and was on the point of relinquishing the pursuit, when he visited Sandville, and learned that Sophia Heartley was engaged to become the wife of his friend Fitz-James. This intelligence rekindled the latent flame of juvenile affection which had remained so long dormant in his bosom. Here was a rival—here would be opposition—and though the happiness of his friend was in question, it would be a glorious incident to rob him of the affections and person of his mistress. It would be a prolific theme for conversation among the gossips of the village, and impart to his name an *éclat* which he had long coveted. He possessed sufficient vanity to believe, that complete success would crown the attempt, and, under that impression, commenced his attack with the letter to which we have more than once alluded. He returned to town, and for three months lived in the daily expectation of receiving intelligence of the *favourable effect* which his extravagant epistle must have undoubtedly produced. But the expectation was vain. No jealousy was excited in the breast of Fitz-James—no new hopes awakened in the bosom of Sophia. Matters at Sandville proceeded as usual, and the incidents of our first chapter occurred in a regular and natural way.

[To be continued.]

FRIENDSHIP.

When I see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. Whilst the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that has a true friend in need; but he more happy that hath no need of a friend.

LEOCADIA,

A SPANISH HISTORY.

It was about eleven o'clock, on a summer's night, when the moon shone in its full splendour, that a poor old gentleman returned from his walks in the suburbs of Toledo, accompanied by his whole family, consisting of his wife, his daughter, (a young girl of sixteen,) and a female servant. This gentleman, whose virtue had long stood the test of indigence, was called Don Lewis; his wife, Donna Maria; and his daughter, whose mind and person were equally angelic, Leocadia.

As this worthy groupe approached the city, they were met by a young cavalier named Rodolpho; one of those youths of quality, who think that rank and fortune are adequate substitutes for honour and decency. He had just risen from table, and was proceeding on his nocturnal rambles, attended by a number of his companions, all heated with the dangerous fumes of wine; their meeting with Don Lewis and his family, was that of the wolves and the sheep.

These youthful debauchees stopped short, and stared at the women with an air of insolence. One of them kissed the servant; the old gentleman expostulated; they insult him; he draws his sword with a hand that trembles with age; Rodolpho disarms him, with a contemptuous sneer; then takes Leocadia in his arms, and escorted by his guilty companions, conveys her in triumph to the city.

While Don Lewis was uttering imprecations against his own weakness, while Donna Maria was *rending* the air with her cries, and the servant calling in vain for assistance, the wretched Leocadia fainted in the arms of Rodolpho; who, having reached his own mansion, dismissed his friends, and opening a private door, carried his victim to his chamber, without a light, and without being seen by any of the servants. Before she could effectually recover her senses, he there perpetrated the most abominable crime, of which intoxication and brutality can render a man guilty.

When Rodolpho had gratified his infamous desires, he remained for an instant in a state of suspense, at a loss how to act; and he doubtless experienced

sentiments of remorse ; but before he could come to any determination, Leocadia recovered ; all was silence and darkness around her ; she sighed, she trembled, and exclaimed with a feeble voice—"My mother! Oh! my mother, where are you?—My father!—Answer me? where am I?—what bed is this? O, God! O, my God, hast thou forsaken me?—Does any one hear me?—Am I in my tomb!—Ah! wretch that I am!—would to Heaven I were there!"

At that moment, Rodolpho seized her hand; she shrieked aloud, started from him, advanced a few steps, and fell on the floor. Leocadia approached; she then rose on her knees, and in accents of despair, interrupted by sobs, exclaimed, "O you, who ever you are, who are the author of my misery; you, who have just rendered me the most wretched, the most contemptible of creatures; if in your breast remain one single spark of honour; if your heart be susceptible of the least sense of pity; I beseech you, I conjure you, to put an end to my existence: It is the only possible reparation for the injury you have done me. In the name of Heaven, in the name of all that is dear to you, take away my life. You may do it without incurring the smallest danger; there is no witness here; nobody will know your guilt; the crime will be inferior to that you have already committed; and I think—yes, I think, I can forgive you all that you have done, if you but grant my present prayer, and give me that death which is now my sole resource." As she uttered these words, she embraced the knees of Rodolpho, who immediately left the room without speaking a syllable; and having locked the door after him, went doubtless to see whether there was any body in the house, or in the street, that could oppose the execution of a project he had just conceived.

As soon as he was gone, Leocadia got up, and approached the window, with a design of throwing herself out of it; but she was prevented by a strong shutter, which she was unable to open. Having drawn aside the window curtains, the light of the moon entered the apartment. Leocadia remained, motionless, reflecting on the misery of her situation; as she cast her eyes around her, she examined with care, the form and size of the room;

and having observed the furniture, the pictures, and the tapestry, she discovered a small golden crucifix lying on an oratory, which she took up and hid in her bosom. She then placed the curtain as it was before, and waited in darkness for the barbarian who was to decide on her fate.

It was not long before Rodolpho returned; he was alone, and still without a light. He approached Leocadia; and having tied a handkerchief over her eyes, took her by the hand, without uttering a single word, led her into the street, and, after taking several turns, stopped at the door of the great church, where he left her, and retired with the utmost precipitation.

It was some time before Leocadia durst remove the handkerchief from her eyes. At length, finding every thing quiet around her, she ventured to untie it; and the church being the first object that presented itself to her sight, her first action was to fall on her knees, and address a fervent prayer to Heaven; she then arose and directed her trembling steps to the house of Don Lewis.

The wretched parents were lamenting the loss of their child, when they heard a knock at the door. Don Lewis ran to open it; and seeing Leocadia, threw his arms round her neck, uttering a loud exclamation of joy, which brought Donna Maria, who, equally surprised and rejoiced, pressed her daughter to her bosom. They both invoked the benedictions of Heaven on their child, whom they called the comfort of their lives, and the sole support of their old age; they bathed her with the tears of affection; and harassed her with such a multiplicity of questions, as effectually precluded the possibility of an answer.

When the first transports were over, the unhappy Leocadia threw herself at her father's feet, and with downcast eyes and blushing countenance, related every thing that had passed, though she had scarcely strength enough to finish the dismal tale. Don Lewis raised her up, and, pressing her in his arms, said, "My dearest child, dishonour can only result from the commission of a crime, and thou hast committed none! Interrogate thy conscience, can it find in thy words, actions, or thoughts, the smallest subject for reproach? No, my child, thou art

still the same; still my good, my virtuous, Leocadia; and my parental heart esteems, respects, and venerates thee more, perhaps, than before thy misfortune."

Leocadia, encouraged by these affectionate expressions, showed her father the crucifix which she had brought away with her, in the hope that it might one day lead to the discovery of her ravisher. The old man, fixing his eyes on the crucifix, and shedding tears, thus addressed it: "O, my God! may your eternal justice deign to discover, deign to present to my sight, the barbarian who has injured my child! My arm shall recover the vigour of youth, and wash away the insult with his guilty blood!"

The transports of Don Lewis augmented the grief of Leocadia; which her mother endeavoured to soothe, by taking the crucifix from her husband; who, forgetting his anger when the object that caused it was removed, again returned to console his daughter, both by words and caresses.

After some time, wholly devoted to sorrow, the unfortunate Leocadia recovered a small portion of her lost tranquillity; but she never left the house for a moment, from a conviction that her countenance would betray, to every one she met, the cruel outrage she had suffered. Alas! she soon found more powerful inducements to keep herself concealed. Not many weeks had elapsed, before she perceived she was pregnant; a discovery which affected her so deeply, that her father and mother had the utmost difficulty to prevail on her to survive it. For several days she refused all kind of nourishment, and courted death as the only source from whence she could derive consolation. But affection for her parents, and respect for the new character she was about to assume, overcame, at length, the suggestions of despair, and fortified her mind with sufficient resolution to support the evils she was doomed to experience.

When the time of her delivery approached, Don Lewis and his wife hired a small country house, whither they repaired without a single attendant; and Donna Maria herself supplied the place of the midwife. With her assistance, Leocadia gave birth to a lovely boy, to whom Don Lewis stood godfather, and

bestowed on him his own name. The mother soon recovered; and as she experienced the most lively affection for her child, being never easy when he was out of her sight, her parents resolved to keep him in the house, and to pass him for the son of a near relation. When the health of Leocadia was sufficiently re-established, they all returned to Toledo, where no one had suspected the true cause of their absence. The adventure of Rodolpho (who, soon after it had happened, had set out on a journey to Naples) made no noise; and Leocadia, an object of universal respect and esteem, continued to discharge, with equal strictness, the sacred duties of a parent and a child.

Young Lewis, in the mean time, advanced in age and beauty, daily acquiring new charms, and exhibiting frequent proofs of an understanding far above his years. One day, when he had just entered his eighth year, there was a grand combat of bulls in the city, and the child placed himself at the door of his mother's house, to see the procession of young noblemen who were to enter the lists with those ferocious animals. Endeavouring to cross the street, in order to obtain a better sight of the procession, he was rode over by one of the troop, whose horse had run away with him, and received a wound in the head, from whence issued a great quantity of blood. A crowd speedily collected around him as he lay crying on the pavement; and a venerable cavalier who was going to the combat, attended by a number of servants, having approached to inquire the cause of the tumult, and seeing the child in that condition immediately alighted, took him up in his arms and wiped the blood from his wound; then, sending for the best surgeon in the place, pierced the crowd, and carried him to his own house.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Carefully observe every action of a child, which is praiseworthy, and let, if possible, a reward accompany it; for the encouragement of one virtuous impulse will have a much happier effect, than the correction of a hundred faults.

Pride and ill nature will be hated in spite of all the wealth and greatness in the world. Civility is always safe, but pride creates us enemies.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"National industry is national wealth."

It was observed by Dean Swift, that he who causes one spear of grass to grow where none had grown before, is a greater benefactor to mankind, than all the politicians that the world ever saw. And I will add, that he who is the immediate cause of one of his fellow citizens being supported by his own industry, is more patriotic, and does more essential service to his country, than the legislator who devises ways and means of raising millions of revenue; and does more toward the alleviation of human misery, than the bestower of charity.

These reflections recurred most forcibly to my mind, a few evenings since, on entering a toy-shop. It is only candid to acknowledge that mere curiosity led me there. Two ladies, apparently strangers to each other, were standing by the counter, the one examining and pricing a doll, which, she said, she wanted to please her little daughter; the other, who had her little son by the hand, was looking at a variety of pretty things, endeavouring to choose something that might gratify the boy. "Here, James, is a whistle," said she, "how would you like that?" "It does not go so well, mamma, as the one cousin Charles made the other day out of our poplar tree." "But, my child, that did not look so pretty as this; only see how this shines. Besides, James, this is brought from France, and they make things there a great deal better than they do here." "But I would rather have something else." "Well, what will you have?" "A shilling to buy twine to fly my kite." "Why, James, would you spend a shilling to buy twine? for shame, that would be extravagant." "It would not cost more, mamma, than the whistle." "Well, you shall have it; but I think you are a silly boy." Which, thought I, was the most silly.

At the conclusion of this dialogue, a lame old woman came hobbling into the shop by the assistance of a cane and a crutch, inquiring if the lady of the shop wanted to buy some toys; "they are made by my grand-daughter," said she, "and I have been told that they are quite tasty." "We want none of dem, good woman," replied the shop-keeper, in a foreign ac-

cent. "Wont you look at them, madam perhaps we might make a bargain.—I will sell them cheap, as I am much in want of money." "No, we want none of dem. If I were to buy I should not sell dem." "No," said the lady who was looking at the dolls, "that's what you would not. They don't make things here equal to those imported.—No, nor never will." I perceived a tear steal down the care-worn cheek of the old woman, as she turned to leave the shop. Struck with her decent appearance, and correct deportment, I followed her out, and made some inquiries of her as to her family, and her means of supporting them. "I have lost my widowed daughter, sir, who has left behind four girls, and nobody to take care of them now but myself; the oldest is fourteen, and the youngest six years. They are quite handy with the needle. Even the smallest is quite smart.—See here, sir, she made these dolls, and some of the trinkets that I offered to sell the woman in the shop; but, then, what's the use, for no one will buy." "What's the price of that?" "Three pence, sir." "Here, madam, is a shilling for two of them." "God bless you, sir; this will be such an encouragement to little Jane, that she will go on and improve all her time in contriving some new things." I bade the old woman good evening, and returned home.

The more I have reflected upon the purchase I made, the more important has the act appeared to my mind: A little timely assistance to early industry and ingenuity may be of the greatest consequence; it may, possibly, be the cause of not only an individual, but a whole family, being wrested from destruction. How much more praiseworthy would it be if our wealthy females, instead of preferring, without examination, every thing that is imported from abroad, would encourage domestic industry among their indigent countrywomen. How ridiculous and self-degrading is it, for native Americans to declare, by this preference of foreign articles, that foreigners are more ingenious than ourselves!

PERAMBULATOR.

Know that the gate of joy is shut to a house, when the voice of a woman is heard without.

Desultory Selections, AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

DRUNKENNESS.

A late elegant writer,* in alluding to this degrading vice, which he terms "the consumption of the mind—fatal and incurable," very happily introduces the following beautiful figure :

"I have seen men, who had been gamblers, or who had lost themselves for a time in the depths of licentious indulgence, return, once, twice, to virtue and usefulness, like the dove to the ark. But the habit of DRUNKENNESS operates as a sentence of eternal banishment from all that is useful and beautiful; it is the third and last flight of the patriarch's dove, and she who takes it returns no more."

Bacchanalian songs, and other writings of a similar tendency, have produced incalculable mischief in every country where they have been tolerated. There are already too many natural incitements to this vice, without calling in the assistance of artificial ones. Aldrich's *Five Reason's for Drinking*, are the most reasonable, perhaps, that can be adduced. They are expressed in the following humorous Latin epigram, entitled, "*Cause me Bibendi*."

*Si bene quid memini, cause sunt quinque bibendi,
Hospitibus adventus; presens sitis styque futura;
Aut vini bonitas; aut quolibet altera causa.*

The following translation of this epigram, seems to convey the ideas of the original better than those which have been usually given :

If memory fail me not a little,
There are five reasons why we tipple;
Good wine—an old companion by—
Because I am, or may be dry—
Or any other reason why.

CABBAGE VS. WINE.

A French Journal observes, that the cabbage is a sovereign remedy against intoxication from wine, and that it has even the power of preventing it; for we are informed, that by eating a certain quantity of cabbage before dinner we may drink as much wine as we please, without experiencing any inconvenience. This property of the cabbage is mentioned by Aristotle and Theophrastus, who are of opinion that it proceeds from the

antipathy which the vine shows for the cabbage.

If cabbage be planted near a vine, the latter retires to as great a distance as possible, or, perhaps, dies. Hence, it is concluded, that the vine, owing to this aversion, allows itself to be overcome by the cabbage. Be this as it may, the phenomenon is indisputable, and the recipe, which was declared to be effectual by the ancient Egyptians, is now universally adopted in Germany.

LOVE AND MURDER.

When Constantinople was taken by the Turks, Irene, a young Greek of an illustrious family, fell into the hands of Mahomet II. who was at that time in the prime of youth and glory. His savage heart being subdued by her charms, he shut himself up with her, denying access even to his ministers. Love obtained such an ascendancy as to make him frequently abandon the army, and fly to his Irene. War relaxed, for victory was no longer the monarch's favourite passion. The soldiers, accustomed to booty, began to murmur; and the infection spread even among the commanders. The Basha Mustapha, consulting the fidelity he owed his master, was the first who durst acquaint him of the discourses held publicly to the prejudice of his glory.

The Sultan, after a gloomy silence, formed his resolution. He ordered Mustapha to assemble the troops next morning; and then with precipitation retired to Irene's apartment. Never before did that princess appear so charming; never before did the prince bestow so many or warmer caresses. To give a new lustre to her beauty, he exhorted her women next morning, to bestow their utmost art and care on her dress. He took her by the hand, led her into the middle of the army, and pulling off her veil, demanded of the Bashes with a fierce look, whether they had ever beheld such a beauty? After an awful pause, Mahomet, with one hand laying hold of the young Greek by her beautiful locks, and with the other pulling out his scimitar, severed the head from the body at one stroke. Then, turning to his grantees, with eyes wild and furious, "This sword," said he, "when it is my will; knows how to cut the bands of love."

VERNET AND VOLTAIRE.

When Vernet, the celebrated painter, visited Voltaire for the first time, the author thus addressed him: "Welcome, Mr. Vernet! you are rising to immortality, for never were colours more brilliant or more durable than yours!" The painter replied, "My colours can never vie with your ink!" and caught the hand of Voltaire, which he was going to kiss with reverential awe, but the poet snatched it away, modestly saying, "What are you going to do? Surely, if you kiss my hand, I must kiss your feet."

FASHION.

To tyrant Fashion all must yield,
He rules with sway despotic,
And he who dares contest the field,
Must be indeed Quixotic.
But though, when he appears, we must,
Like courtious slaves, receive him;
The wise will ne'er embrace him first,
Nor be the last to leave him.

What is the object of Fashion in all the changes which she dictates? What, but to improve the modes of amusement, dress, furniture, &c. still nearer to that perfection in which they most subsist in the highest state of refinement and civility to which mankind shall attain; and to accommodate men's habits and manners to those vicissitudes of Nature, those varieties of condition, and that progress of knowledge and the arts, to whose influence life is ever unavoidably subject?

Only suppose the same modes of dress, furniture, &c. were universally and invariably prevalent—what a dull spiritless scene would society every where present! Does not even inanimate Nature change the fashion of her robes, in the vicissitudes of her scenes, in the changes of day and night, in all the varieties of storms and fair weather, much oftener than even the most charming and fantastic female leader of fashion in the gayest circles.

What sprightliness of fancy does it imply, to be able to invent, from day to day, new and still more graceful combinations of colours, stuffs, figures, &c. in the dress of a charming woman! The tasteful leader of fashion possesses more than the most admired poets, of that divine elasticity and vivacity of imagination, which constitute the best perfection of human genius.

* *Fide* Letters from the South.

Nay, even the worst enemies of fashion incessantly, though inconsistently, call for those changes which she prescribes. They never like, the hat, the gown, the cut of the hair, the modes of amusement, at any one time prevalent. Fashion listens to their complaints, yields to their caprices, throws aside what they dislike. But still the splenetic sulky brutes are as much out of humour as before; so absurdly inconsistent with themselves are the worst foes of *Fashion*.

THE POTATO.

Dr. Baldwin, late surgeon of the frigate Congress, has at length decided the controversy which has so long existed respecting the *habitat* of the Potato, "*Solanum Tuberosum*." He found this vegetable growing abundantly on the north side of the Rio de la Plata, in wild uncultivated situations, unknown to the inhabitants, who did not even cultivate this valuable plant, now so generally attended to in most parts of the civilized world.

It is found growing among the rocks on Monte Video, and in the vicinities of Maldonado, in the sand hills on the river shore, as well as in low moist situations, near streams of water. The largest tubers were not more than half an inch in diameter.

In the "*Historical Remembrancer*," we find the following record on the subject: "*Potatoes* brought to England, from America, by Hawkins, 1563; introduced into Ireland, by Sir Walter Raleigh, 1586; not known in Flanders till 1750. They were natives of a province of Quito, and are named from the village of Potate, in the assiente of Hambato, in that kingdom."

Thus, we see, that our country has the honour of supplying the world with a root that makes no inconsiderable figure on every table, from the palace to the cottage. It is much to be wished, that our native poet, Joel Barlow, who so sweetly sang the charms of *Hasty-pudding*, had also introduced by its side, the lovely *Potato*.

"Its cheeks all glowing with a tempting red."

It is the fate of editors, too often, that instead of sitting down to "write what they think," they are obliged to "think what they shall write."

To the Editor of the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet*.

SIR,

I wish, through the medium of your widely-circulated paper, to suggest a hint which may prove serviceable to such of my sex as are in the habit of applying at *Intelligence Offices*, for Seamstresses, House-keepers, Nurses, Apprentices, and female Servants. From my own experience, (and I have been mistress of a family for more than fifteen years,) as well as from the daily complaints I hear from my neighbours, I am convinced that some better method ought to be adopted for procuring such *helps*. I have long thought upon the subject, and have at length nearly completed a plan for the formation of a *Society of Ladies*, for the better regulation of servants, &c. Through the medium of such an Association, situations could be obtained by females who are in search of employment, without subjecting them to any expense; and through the same medium, Families, Milliners, Mantua-makers, &c. &c. could procure their respective assistants, without being subject to the impositions which now exist. The Society would, of course, recommend no person for whose character some of the members could not vouch, and they would reward such as did not dishonour their recommendation.

It is not my present object, however, to enter into particulars; as soon as my plan is perfectly matured, I shall submit it to your investigation, with the privilege of giving it publicity in your valuable paper. In the mean time, I am happy to find that you have anticipated one important feature of my project, viz. the establishment of a *Ladies' Weekly Advertiser*. Such a publication has long been wanted in this city, and I have no doubt will be duly appreciated by the citizens. The most worthless characters may gain admission into our families by paying twenty-five cents at an *Intelligence Office*; but it is not such females as are here alluded to, that will subscribe for a *Literary paper*. The plain and obvious inference, therefore, is, that those who apply for a situation, in any capacity, in consequence of information which they derive from the *Ladies' Weekly Advertiser*, will be females of good character and decent education. If you give a place to

these hasty remarks, you shall shortly hear again from, your's, &c.

DOMESTICA.

Broadway, June 8th, 1819.

THE DRAMA.

In our brief sketches of the professional characters attached to the New-York Theatre, we inadvertently omitted the name of Mr. *Garnier*. This gentleman bids fair to be an excellent *singing actor*, possessing a sweet voice, agreeable figure, and correct gesticulation. He personates a *fop* to the life, and gives satisfaction in every part he performs. He is quite happy as a lover, and we have no hesitation in predicating, that in genteel comedy and light opera, he will acquire a lasting reputation.

Corps du Ballet.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker, and Mr. Goll, constitute the *corps du ballet* of the New-York Theatre. Messrs. P. and G. are first rate dancers, and are the life and soul of every pantomimical performance. Mr. Parker's Harlequin is universally admired.

Mrs. Parker is a lovely little woman, of a sweet countenance, exquisite figure, and wonderful agility. She dances with inimitable grace, and performs such *speaking* characters as the *Spoiled Child*, better than most of her predecessors. In Pantomimes and Ballets she shines with unsullied lustre, and her Broad-Sword Hornpipe has excited the admiration of overflowing houses. We never saw a better Columbine on the New-York boards.

ANECDOTES.

Sampson.—Local names are often given to articles, which a stranger would be at a loss to define. A Dutchman from New-York, a few years since, being on a journey to New-Hampshire, put up at a tavern in the town of W—, in Vermont. It was a cold night, and on entering the bar-room, he found a number round the fire, quaffing their favourite beverage, which they designated by the name of *Sampson*. (Composed of cider, molasses, and spirit.) The Dutchman was invited to partake, and of course called in his mug in turn

The company at length separated; and our traveller only remained. Finding, after several attempts to raise himself from his chair, that he was unable to preserve his equilibrium: and his ideas being somewhat confused, he addressed the landlord thus: "Vat you call dat stuff me drink to-night?"—"Sampson," replied the other. "Py de great guns," said Hans, "I dink he vas Pharaoh, for he vont let de peoples go!"

A first-rate singer being suddenly taken ill just before the curtain rose for the representation of an opera, an actor of inferior powers undertook the character designed for him. He had no sooner opened his lips than he was violently hissed; but not in the least discouraged by his reception, he came forward, and addressing the pit, said, "Pray, did any of you suppose, that for my salary of forty shillings a week, I was going to give you a voice worth twenty pounds?" This had the desired effect, and his judicious observation procured him indulgence.

An apothecary having refused to resign his seat at the theatre to an officer's lady, the officer feeling himself much insulted, sent him a challenge. The apothecary was punctual at the meeting, but observed, that not having been accustomed to fire, he had to propose a new way of settling the dispute. He then drew from his pocket a pill-box, and taking from thence two pills, thus addressed his antagonist: "As a man of honour, sir, you certainly would not wish to fight me on unequal terms; here are, therefore, two pills; one composed of the most deadly poison, the other perfectly harmless—we are, therefore, on equal ground, if we each swallow one; you shall take your choice, and I promise faithfully to take that which you leave." It is needless to add, that the affair was settled by a hearty laugh.

A premium being offered by an agricultural society for the best mode of irrigation, and the latter word being spelt irritation, by mistake of the printer, a farmer sent his wife to claim the prize.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

On hearing a young Lady say that "Matrimony was a cure for Love."

O! say not, fairest of your sex,
Possession love destroys;
Say rather that counsels bands
Improve terrestrial joys.

O! I can the fond enamoured youth,
Thy hand with tears implore;
And when his ev'ry wish is crown'd,
Desist to love thee more?

No! no, dear maid! the captive heart,
That glows with love sincere,
Feels that enduring hallow'd rite,
But renders thee more dear.

Allured by gold's seductive charms,
Some wretch may woo the fair;
May feign the ardent lover's sigh,
And mimic his despair.

Then in that lov'd, that sacred tie,
Her soul may sorrow nurse;
And all her hop'd, her promise'd bliss,
Proves an unchanging curse.

But where no mercenary views,
The lover's actions move;
There souls congenial live in peace,
And Hymen's pleasures prove.

Not time impairs the virtuous flame,
Nor cares their sweets annoy;
Time but exalts imperfect bliss,
And care increases joy.

Tho' fortune with malignant smile,
May bid their sorrows flow;
Yet love shall heal the ranking wound,
And banish every woe.

So orbs from rectilinear paths,
Th' attractive law restrains;
Although the centrifugal force,
The impetus remains.

June 2d, 1819.

P—.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE SIGH.

Yes, Sweet are the breezes of spring,
That are wafted o'er meadows and groves;
But sweeter the zephyrs that wing
A sigh from the bosom that loves.

The Nightingale's heart-melting cry,
Or the tenderest moan of the Dove,
Are nought to the soul-thrilling sigh,
When heav'd by the maid that I love.

A smile or a glance may confine,
And torture the heart that believes;
But a sigh is an impulse divine—
A token that never deceives.

ANSON

[J] We are willing to confess, that an order for the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet*, whether verbal or written, never fails of imparting to us a pleasurable sensation. But when this pleasure is heightened by the embellishments of poetry, wit, and genius, as in the present instance, we think that our fair readers have a right of participation. Under this impression, we publish the following *poetical epistle* from a gentleman in Massachusetts, substituting for his real name, the signature of *Jaques*.

To the Editor of the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet*.

"Would you desire better sympathy?"

Faldaff's letter to Mrs. Page

Dear Sir—Full oft the ties that bind,
In life's rude combat, mild to mind,
Are wrought by chance or odd event,
From thread of whim or accident.
For life's a thing of whim—and, therefore,
But little boots the why or wherefore,
Or whence, the ties that bind together—
So they be proof 'gainst wind and weather.

I've heard that thou'rt about to issue,
Of Fancy's variegated time,
A weekly Literary Paper;
O'er which the beams of genius' taper
Brightly, its whispered, will be shed—
Well, prosperously be it sped;
Happy the lot of wight whose trade is
To deal amusement to the Ladies.
Would that such lot had fallen to me:
Well, go thy ways—there's sympathy.

I've heard that thou art one, whose mind,
By earthly shackles unconfin'd,
Can soar above, or dive below,
Where Fancy's richest treasures glow:
To "airy nothings" can impart
"A name," a charm, to warm the heart;
At twilight hour, on green bank strolling,
Thine eye "in a fine frothy rolling,"
That thou canst deftly "body forth,"
The beauteous forms of heaven and earth,
And charm the world's admiring view,
With beings dight in rainbow hue.

Now, tho' I do not boast the skill,
The power, to wield the grey-goose quill
With such effect, yet do I love
Along the Muses' haunts to rove;
Rapt by the Mirel's heavenly lay,
A fittest wanderer, to stray
On flowery banks, by crystal fountain,
Through sunny vale, o'er rugged mountain;
To view through Fancy's vista bright
Of Fairy land the shade and light;
At midnight hour, in moonlight dell,
To list the tones of airy shell,
And feel the power of poetry
Deeply—go to; there's sympathy.

I've heard that thou, life's ups and downs,
The smiles of Fortune, and her frowns,
Hast proved, with various success;
Hast learn'd life's worth—its nothingness.
Like Bards of every age and nation,
Who dealt in moonshine speculation,

Thou'lt learn'd that Fortune seldom sheds
Her smile upon those luckless heads
Around whose brow the laurel wreath
Sheds fragrance from the Muses' breath.
The wight, who round Parnassus strays,
Shall never bask in Fortune's rays.
Now, but reverse this proposition—
If it hold true in that condition—
That he, whom Fortune's frown oppresses,
Shall share the Muses' warm caresses—
Then might your humble servant claim
'Mongst rhyming wights his share of fame.
For be hath proved each turn and freak
That Fortune, in her spite, might wreak;
Hath often mark'd her ebb and flow,
And little woe'd what wind might blow.
An errant knight in Fancy's field,
Fit weapon all unskill'd to wield,
Adventures marvellous and rare,
With giant, dwarf, and lady fair,
He hath achieved; and might again,
In earnest true Quixotic vein,
Such fortune hath betided thee;
Desire you better sympathy?

In downright English—please to send
Your Paper to your unknown friend,
And be—although 'tis seldom found
That gold and silver much abound
In pocket of your rhyming wight—
Will send you *quid pro quo*, outright.
Your Paper I much wish to see,
And yet the cash—there's sympathy.
May 20th, 1819.

JAQUES.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO JULIA.

Those eyes, where azure lightnings play,
Those tresses bound in dazzling braid,
Are emblems of the sovereign sway,
That Heaven entrusts to lovely maids.

A beauteous girl's the book of life,
Each hour a fairer leaf unfolds;
And in a world of storm and strife,
'Tis sweet to con the words it holds!

No volumes that the sages pore,
Such pure, such hallowed precepts boast;
Who once but reads them must adore,
Who knows them best, will prize them most.
July, 1818. G. F. B.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rinaldo D. is entitled to our thanks; we shall profit by his kindness in our next.

J. A. Z. may receive his MS. by calling at, or sending to, the office of the Cabinet.

New-York Fashions for June, shall appear in our next.

LITERARY.

"The Vampire," a Tale, by Lord Byron, has been recently published in this city, and was, like his Beppo, no doubt, written on the spur of the

moment, as a catch-penny production, intended to replenish his Lordship's pocket, who has found travelling and the pleasures of Italy somewhat expensive. The Vampire possesses no merit, unless it be meritorious to frighten young ladies out of their wits, and make them afraid to sleep alone; which, by the way, may produce the good effect of promoting matrimony, "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

"Hesitation, or to Marry or not to Marry," a new novel, has been recently published. It is from the same pen which produced the "Balance of Comfort."

Salomundi, a new story, by Lancelot Langstaff, Esq. is announced.

A new paper is established at Saratoga Springs, by Gideon M. Davidson, entitled the *Saratoga Sentinel*.

Byron's Giaour has been translated into Italian by Pellegrino Rossi.

Tales of My Landlord have been translated into French, and are considered by the Parisian critics inferior only to Fielding's novels. A third series has been announced in England and is daily expected here. Guy Mannering, Rob Roy, The Heart of Mid Lothian, and the Black Dwarf, have been successfully dramatized.

Imagination, the *Maniac's Dream*, and other poems, by H. T. Farmer, M. D. have been lately published.

Human Life.—M. Thomas, of Philadelphia, has reprinted a new poem, entitled, "Human Life," by Rogers, author of "Pleasures of Memory."

"*Beauclaire*," a tragedy, from the pen of the celebrated Shiels, the author of the *Apostate*, has been lately performed here, and has become a favourite with the lovers of dramatic poetry.

Two Dwarfs, a brother and sister, have been exhibited during the present week, at the American Museum, where they are still to be seen. They are certainly great curiosities for such small beings. Miss Caroline is 20 years of age, three feet high, genteelly built, and of very engaging manners—she is an excellent singer. Master Edward is sixteen years of age, and precisely the height of his sister, and sings remarkably well.

Salt water Bath.—We hope that our fair readers will, for their own sakes, patronize the *Salt Water Floating Bath*, at the foot of Murray-street. Health and pleasure both invite them. The refreshment of a cool bath, at this season, can only be conceived by those who have enjoyed it; and why should the sports of swimming, as well as the utility of that art, be confined to one sex? The ladies have now a fine opportunity of acquiring that graceful and beautiful accomplishment, as the whole bath is devoted to them on every Monday, from sunrise until three o'clock, and at all other times, their own apartments as usual. The baths are so constructed, that bathers may have any depth of water they please, from 2 to 6 feet, mixing children of all ages, and giving every opportunity to acquire the art of swimming. Shower Baths as usual.

Chatham Garden is certainly a charming resort for our citizens, on the evenings which succeed these sultry days. The paths, arbors, and vistas, are handsomely arranged; the fountain in the centre, cools and refreshes the whole place; the music is exquisite, and the refreshments of the

first quality. Ladies residing at a distance from the Battery, will find *Chatham Garden* an agreeable substitute.

ROBERTSON'S BENEFIT

Takes place this evening, when we hope and trust, that the theatre will exhibit a brilliant assemblage of beauty, taste, and fashion. His selections are excellent, as will be seen by referring to the bill; and when we take into consideration his merits as an actor, and his claims as a native citizen, how can we doubt of his success?

MISS JOHNSON'S BENEFIT

Will take place on Monday evening. The name alone, of this amiable young lady and excellent actress, is sufficient to ensure a full and overflowing house.

FRITCHARD'S BENEFIT.

Mr. Fritchard is about taking leave of the New-York stage, and of his New-York friends. On Wednesday evening he takes his *farewell benefit*. Who that has admired him in all the various walks of the drama, from *Lear* and *Othello*, down to servants and country boys, can withhold their testimony of his merits? He is a general actor, though his *tragedy* is evidently the line for which he is best adapted. Persons who are in the constant habit of visiting the theatre, can testify to his industry and perseverance; for such persons have seen him, for six successive evenings, perform his play and farce, making twelve different characters to be studied in a week. Shall not superior talents, and persevering industry, be rewarded? We hope so.

On the present occasion Mr. F. will appear in the character of Orsino, in the tragedy of *Alphonso*, and in the afterpiece, which is the *Broken Sword*, he will personate his original character, in which he first won a wreath of fadeless laurel.

MR. PECKENINO.

This wonderful artist deserves patronage and encouragement, and ought to receive it from every friend of genius. He is a young Italian, recently arrived in this country, and possesses a *genius peculiar to himself*. He delineates the human countenance with pen and ink, and the production as far surpasses our best and finest *copper plate engravings*, as the latter surpasses common wood cuts. He has already executed most accurate miniature likenesses of Clinton, Franklin, and Washington—we enumerate them in the order in which they were executed. They excite the admiration and astonishment of all who have seen them; and if any of our readers will honour us with a call at the office of the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet*, they may obtain a sight of Washington, which is left with us for that purpose. It possesses a richness and softness, which no copper plate engraving can exhibit, and we pledge ourselves to prove, that it was executed solely with pen and ink.

Mr. Peckenino has recently yielded to the solicitations of his admirers, and attempted the *graver*. The result is beyond the hopes of his warmest friends; for in a few weeks from the first time he took the graver in his hand, he has produced a *Napoleon*, which will lose nothing by a comparison with any other extant.

C. S. VAN WINKLE, PRINTER,
No. 101 Greenwich-street.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1819.

[No. 6.

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;
AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 154 Broadway;

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

PAYABLE QUARTERLY.

LEOCADIA,

A SPANISH HISTORY.

[Concluded from our last.]

During this time, Don Lewis, his wife, and daughter, having been informed of the accident, Leocadia ran into the street, and, as the tears streamed from her eyes, called aloud for her son. Her father followed her, and in vain conjured her to be silent; the people joined in their lamentations, and every one was eager to point out the road which the old cavalier had taken. They pursued him with hasty steps; and being arrived at his house, ran up to the apartment where the child lay, under the hands of the surgeon, who was dressing his wound. Leocadia folded him in her arms, and anxiously inquired whether the wound was dangerous; and being assured of the contrary, her exclamations of grief were succeeded by demonstrations of joy, equally extravagant. While she was thus giving vent to the pleasing effusions of maternal tenderness, Don Lewis and his wife returned thanks to the old cavalier for his kindness and humanity; they told him that the child was the son of a distant relation, and that having had him in their house from his infancy, their daughter had conceived as great an affection for him as if he were her own.

When the fears of Leocadia for the safety of her child had subsided, she set herself down on the bedside, and cast her eyes around the room; but what was her surprise, when she saw the same furniture, and the same pictures, as the light of the moon had once discovered to her

sight! She perceived the same oratory from whence she had taken the crucifix; the tapestry was the same; in short, every thing bespoke the fatal apartment in which her chastity had suffered so gross a violation.

The dreadful recollection overpowered her spirits, already exhausted by too violent exertion; the colour forsook her cheeks, and she sunk senseless on the floor. Her parents ran to her assistance; and having, by the usual applications, restored her to her senses, immediately conveyed her to their own house. She would fain have taken her child with her, but the old cavalier was so earnest in his entreaties for him to remain where he was, till his health should be perfectly re-established, that they could not resist his solicitations.

As soon as they were alone, Leocadia communicated to her parents the observations she had made, and assured them that the house they had just left, was certainly the residence of her ravisher. Don Lewis instantly went to obtain every species of information which the importance of the subject demanded. The result of his inquiries was this—That the old cavalier's name was Don Diego de Lara; that he had a son called Rodolpho, who had passed the last seven years at Naples, where his manners had undergone such a total change, that, from being the most irregular and unprincipled young man in Toledo, he had become a model of prudence and virtue; and that the beauty of his person, joined to his mental accomplishments, rendered him the most desirable man, for a husband, of any in Castile.

Don Lewis and his wife no longer doubted but that Rodolpho was the man who had dishonoured Leocadia. But could they flatter themselves that he would repair the outrage he had committed, by espousing the daughter of a person, who, though he could boast of a noble descent, and a spotless reputation, had the misfortune to be the poorest nobleman in Toledo? No, he did not encourage such pleasing hopes; all his thoughts, therefore, were bent on re-

venge. But Leocadia, beseeching him to leave the management of this intricate affair wholly to her, and not to interfere till she should require his interference, he was induced, though not without great reluctance, to comply with her request. She now reflected, therefore, on the best mode of reconciling the dictates of prudence, with the preservation of her honour. Her child still remained at Don Diego's; and that worthy old man paid him every possible attention. His wound wore a favourable appearance; and his mother, together with Don Lewis and his wife, passed whole days in his room.

One day, as Leocadia was alone with Don Diego, who held her son in his arms, and caressed him with all the fondness of a parent, she could not refrain from bursting into tears; when Don Diego pressed her with such friendly anxiety to declare the cause of her grief, that, being unable to withstand his solicitations, she related, with a heavy heart and dejected countenance, every thing which had happened in his house; and, in proof of her assertions, produced the crucifix, which Don Diego immediately recollected. She then threw herself at his feet, and exclaimed—"Though your son has dishonoured me, I cannot refrain from embracing your knees; though your son has condemned me to disgrace and misery, I cannot withhold my love from you; I cannot but esteem you as the best of fathers."

The child, seeing his mother cry, wept from sympathy; and Don Diego, unable to resist such an affecting sight, raised up Leocadia, pressing her and her son alternately to his bosom, swore that Rodolpho should either marry her, or remain single during his whole life. In consequence of this declaration, he wrote to his son the very next day, commanding him to repair to Toledo without delay, in order to celebrate his marriage with a lady he had chosen for his daughter-in-law. Rodolpho obeyed the summons, and arrived at his father's house; who, after the first congratulations were over, began to talk of his approaching nuptials.

He expatiated greatly on the riches of his destined bride, but concluded by showing a hideous picture, which he had drawn on purpose, and which could not fail to excite disgust. Rodolpho, accordingly, shuddered at the idea of marrying such an object of deformity, and attempted to remonstrate with his father on the impossibility of obeying his commands; but Don Diego assuming an air of severity, told him, that fortune was the only point worthy of consideration in a matrimonial connexion. Rodolpho, however, declaimed with great eloquence against a principle so destructive of human felicity; adding, that it had been his constant prayer to Heaven to find a wife, endued with prudence and beauty, whose fortune he might make, in return for the happiness he was sure to derive from her society.

Don Diego, dissembling his joy at the promulgation of sentiments so congenial with his own, was proceeding to combat the doctrine advanced by his son, when a servant announced Donna Maria, Leocadia, and her child, who had come to sup with him. Never did Leocadia appear so lovely; it seemed as if the native graces and beauty of her person had received the aid of supernatural embellishments. Her charms dazzled the eyes of Rodolpho, who eagerly asked his father who that divine creature was? Don Diego pretending not to hear him, advanced to the ladies, and was grieved to see a deadly paleness overspread the face of Leocadia, to feel her hands trembling within his own, and to perceive that the sight of his son had almost deprived her of her senses. Her utmost efforts were inadequate to support her courage on this trying occasion; she fainted, and Rodolpho ran to her assistance with an enthusiastic ardour that charmed his worthy parent.

At length she recovered, and supper was served; during which the eyes of Rodolpho were invariably fixed on Leocadia, who scarcely dared to look up; she spoke little, but her words were expressive of her sense, and were pronounced in a melancholy tone, which augmented the pleasure Rodolpho experienced in listening to them. Her child was seated by the side of his father, and by his insinuating looks and innocent caresses, attracted his attention, and gain-

ed his friendship, so far as to extort a remark, that the father of such a child ought to esteem himself a happy mortal.

After supper, Rodolpho, stricken with the charms of Leocadia, took his father aside, and told him, in a respectful but decisive manner, that nothing should ever induce him to marry the person whose portrait he had shown him. "You must though," replied the old man—"unless you prefer the young and noble lady with whom you have just supped." "O, gracious heavens!" exclaimed Rodolpho, "would she but deign to accept my hand, I should be the happiest of men!" "And I the happiest of fathers—if my son, by such an alliance, could atone for the crime which has polluted his honour!"

He then told Rodolpho all he knew; and drawing the golden crucifix from his bosom—"There, my son," said he, "there is the witness and the judge of that horrible outrage which your blind obedience to a vicious impulse induced you to commit; a judge who will not forgive you, till you shall have obtained the forgiveness of Leocadia." The blush of conscious guilt now tinged the cheek of Rodolpho, who ran to throw himself at Leocadia's feet—"I have deserved your hatred and contempt," exclaimed he; "but if love the most respectful, if repentance the most sincere, can be deemed worthy of pardon, do not refuse to bestow it on me. Consider, that a single word from your lips will either render me the vilest and most wretched of men, or the most tender and happiest of husbands."

Leocadia was silent for an instant, while her eyes, overflowing with tears, were fixed on Rodolpho; then turning to her son, she took him in her arms and delivered him to his father. "There," said she, with a feeble voice, "there is my answer! May that child render you as happy as he has made me miserable!"

A priest and two witnesses being immediately sent for, these fortunate nuptials were celebrated that very night; and Rodolpho, restored for ever to virtue, experienced this important truth—that real happiness can only be found in lawful love.

In vain does the worshipper of fire adore it for a hundred years; it will still consume him when he falls into it.

Selected for the Ladies' Literary Cabinet.

ESSAY ON LITERATURE,

FROM ITS ORIGIN TO THE PRESENT TIME.

Man becomes powerful, virtuous, and happy, in proportion as he is illumined by knowledge; and other circumstances being equal, is weak, wicked, and miserable, in the exact degree of his ignorance. Science arms the finger of the dwarf with gigantic force; compels the libertine to tear with sudden emotion the roses from his brow, and dash the cup of enchantment from his lips; and deprives want, captivity, and disease, of their most effective powers.

In the earlier ages of society, when men had only a small stock of knowledge among them, and but very slender means of diffusing it, a petty intellectual superiority often gave to individual priests, poets, and orators, the absolute dominion over social life, and the greatest power over unformed minds; and the difficulty of disseminating their learning, and their artful concealment of it, were among the chief causes which enabled them to form themselves into casts and incorporations; usurping the greatest share of power, honour, and emolument, which their nations had to bestow. The advancement and propagation of knowledge in Greece, produced schools of Philosophers, who, with finer claims, aspired to contend for the honours and authority of the priesthood; and, for a time, exerted a mighty and beneficial influence over the affairs of men. Discussions in the sovereign assemblies of popular governments, and practice in the conducting of their public transactions, raised multitudes of orators and statesmen, who divided with the priests and philosophers the advantages resulting from the cultivation and expansion of the mind. At Rome, the accumulation of laws and decisions, by degrees, gave rise to the class of lawyers, whose powers and pretensions were likewise founded on their learning; and the industry and artifices with which they mystified, improved, magnified, or concealed it. Deceit and dissimulation attain their objects upon ignorance.

While these several orders arose, one after another, and by the advantages of superior science, became the lords, the guides, the benefactors, or the tyrants of

civil life, the knowledge of the common body of men was at the same time increased; and happier means were invented among them for its communication. Rude scratches upon wood or stone, gave place to engravings upon plates of metal, and tablets of wax; and these again to the use of parchment, reeds, or quills, or colouring liquids. Paintings, and their abbreviations, hieroglyphics, had been long before invented; and being improved and abridged into one alphabet, formed a much more convenient system of written signs of speech. Libraries were collected; and copies of books were industriously multiplied. In the mean time, the lecture, the debate, and the oratorical harangue, were even more diffusive means than books for the dissemination of the learning and science already collected. By the joint efficacy of all these causes, not only particular classes in society, but mankind in general, were, in the process of time, considerably enlightened and improved; in Greece, and throughout the Grecian dominions; at Rome, and through the Roman dominions. But unfortunately, that taste and science which were so prevalent at Athens and Rome, were at length lost, like a drop of water in the burning desert, by being scattered over the vast compass of the Roman empire.

These were the learned orders which arose in the ages of ancient history, to guide and govern the rest of mankind. By the natural competition with one another, and by the use of various methods of mutual communication, these orders involuntarily, unavoidably, yet by slow degrees, disseminated their knowledge through the general mass of society, to the great diminution of their own relative importance.

Ages of barbarism and ignorance ensued. Knowledge was again, for awhile, confined exclusively to the priesthood, and they acquired the influence of divinities over the people. But the smooth spark kindled at length—the spring of mind seemed to recover its elastic energy, and burst forth upon the world with astonishing strength. A new flood of light was poured over Europe; invention arose upon invention; discovery succeeded discovery: the focus of scientific illumination was continually enlarged, and the spread of knowledge was

rapid and extensive. To give these late years a superiority over those which preceded them, hardly inferior to that which men enjoy over the non-articulating brutes in the use of articulate language, for the communication of ideas, the Art of Printing was, by happy chance, or wonderful ingenuity, added to those means of mutual communication which mankind before possessed. An art which, at that time, unfettered the mind from the iron grasp of priestcraft; which unlocked the golden stores of intellect, and delivered them with a liberal hand to the poor, the ignorant, and to those who, for the sake of it, thirsted after intellectual excellence; and still continues to illuminate the world by ushering into it the productions of genius.

After this art was so happily invented, a few printers, within a very few years, multiplied the copies of those books which they were induced to make the first specimens of their art, more than could have been produced by all the writers in all the scriptoria of all the monasteries then in Europe. Popular legends and books of devotion were first poured from the infant press, in astonishing abundance. But the valuable relics of enlightened antiquity were soon preferred to the crude effusions of monkish ignorance and fatuity. Those writings which had been the admiration of the most illustrious ages of Greece and Rome; those sacred books which priestcraft had studiously hidden from vulgar eyes, in order to check intellectual improvement, and a discovery of their own imposture, were now multiplied by the art of printing, and diffused by traffic, till they became the objects of an ardent enthusiasm, which claimed them with an impatience that would endure no denial, and seized them as the only lights of the world. Whatever those in power attempt to extirpate, becomes an object of curiosity among the people.

Commentaries were at length produced to illustrate, and imitations to rival them. Contemporary history was preserved and made public, in letters and in memoirs. For the amusement and instruction of the vulgar, ballads, legendary fictions, manuals of morality and devotion, were industriously circulated. Poetry, romance, and the scenes of the drama, for a time, became the fashionable

entertainment of the great, the polished, and the gay. The learned too, at length ventured to attempt a particular application of the ancient philosophy to the system of modern government and manners. From illustration, imitation, application, and improvement, they proceeded to invention; and dared to explore those paths, which remained untrod by the ancients before them. All these effects were produced in rapid succession, by the exercise, soon after its invention, of the art of printing, and by the dissemination of knowledge which it necessarily occasioned.

In this stage of the diffusion of information by printed books, periodical publications began to be employed, in order to preserve and commemorate the contemporary history of the age as it passed. In Germany, England, France, and Italy, occasional gazettes, or annual, monthly, or weekly histories of the times, were published by the respective governments of those countries, or by private individuals. Political and religious dissections called forth immense multitudes of fugitive pamphlets. The number of scholars, authors, readers, printers, and booksellers, was considerably augmented. The presses groaned with incessant labours. Every month, every week, poured forth new publications upon almost every branch of literature and science. Newspapers, magazines, and reviews, were at length established in that form, and under those circumstances of periodical publication, in which they still continue to delight and instruct us.

Morality, news, criticism, and almost every thing that could be included in a literary miscellany, came to be retailed in magazines. In the progress of the eighteenth century, newspapers, reviews, magazines, registers, essays, moral or political, periodicals of every species and in every form, were exceedingly multiplied over all Europe; and the present age possesses them to a number, and with a degree of success, which would be absolutely incredible, were the facts less certain and universally known.

Nor have periodical works alone been multiplied during the last and present age. It is impossible to estimate the number of works of the pen and the press which are continually made public in Europe and other parts of the world.

It is with knowledge as it is with the accommodations which industry and luxury provide for common life; the acquisition of new conveniences and gratifications still teaches us to feel new wants and new desires; the more we gain, the more we wish to gain; the more the knowledge which is communicated to man, so much the more is his passion for inquiry inflamed. Nor is this feeling to be suppressed, as it tends to the advancement, civilization, benefit, improvement, and enlightening, of the whole human race.

Still, as books of all sorts have been multiplied, the circle of readers is enlarged; the demand has been augmented; and the success of one book, instead of preventing, has very often favoured the success of another. Rivals and competitors have mutually contributed to each other's fame and general reception; even criticism itself has often saved the objects of its bitterest asperity from oblivion, more anxiously to be deprecated by authors than damnation.

In latter years, the sciences of chemistry and jurisprudence have evidently been the most advanced and understood. The knowledge of theology too, has been much simplified and improved. Mathematics, geography, and astronomy, have been eminently conspicuous in improvement during the last and present age. The sciences of matter and mind, meanwhile, are slowly, gradually, yet effectually advancing; and what of these is diffused, contributes much to enlighten and benefit mankind. The useful and fine arts too, have had many advocates during late years; and, whilst the sciences contribute to expand the mind, the arts contribute to the comforts and amusements of life.

We cannot contemplate the nature of man, the circumstances with which he is surrounded, and the general history of literature, without considering him as a being capable of mental improvement, and which I would have understood to be the business, end, and object of his existence. Cold and cheerless, indeed, are those systems which represent man as a retrograde being, his knowledge becoming corrupted, civilization decreasing, and himself proceeding to ignorance and barbarism. Where, (I would ask the supporters of those systems,) was intel-

lectual excellence amongst the uncivilized nations of antiquity? Amongst the rude Arabs, the Jews, the Turks, and other eastern people? Where existed the useful arts and inventions so fully developed during the last three or four ages? Were such a system correct, the useful arts must be entirely forgotten; the number of books must diminish instead of increase; knowledge must be obliterated from the minds of men; science must be banished; and intellect itself be enveloped in the general oblivion!

Spurious, too, are those principles which tend to prove that the only happiness man can enjoy is in ignorance, and support the old adage—

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise,"

by a variety of sophistical arguments. But before they tell us that "it is a folly to be wise," let them prove that "ignorance is bliss." Ignorance must certainly have great charms to such pretended philosophers, that they will not quit it even for the delights of wisdom itself. They never can attain to any degree of mental excellence; and, consequently, are the weakest of men; whatever miseries are occasioned by knowledge are caused by mental weakness; their minds are too feeble to discover, that true happiness consists in the enlargement and strength of intellect of an individual. Of this they have no idea; they have not "drank deep" enough of the fountain of wisdom, and they thence conclude, that "ignorance is bliss!"

Man has a quality peculiar to himself, that of collecting knowledge, of amassing information, of possessing, in fine, an aggregate existence, and this is the business and ultimate object of his life. Under this view, man lives not for himself alone, but to improve and benefit ages yet to come! To this end, all the poets, the wits, the philosophers, have existed—to be of service to those geniuses who came after them; and so knowledge goes on progressively, each age improving on the former one, till all shall become wise, virtuous, and happy, to receive pleasure only from mental gratifications.

RINALDO D.

A man of letters whose manners are irregular, resembles a blind person carrying a flambeau, with which he enlightens others, without being able to enlighten himself.

Desultory Selections,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

A LADY'S RETICULE.

Although we have no right or inclination to *ridicule*, or to meddle, *officiously*, in any manner, with "matters and things" appertaining solely to the ladies, we still feel it a pleasing duty to set them right in any little points on which they may be mistaken. With this view, we copy from a Southern paper the following definitions, by which they may learn to pronounce correctly the name of that little work-bag which has, within a few years, become an indispensable appendage to a full-dressed lady:

Reticulum.—A Latin word which signifies a net; also a net-work cap with which the Roman ladies covered their hair; also a little bag of lawn having small holes filled with roses for a nosegay; also a twig basket made like a net, to carry meat and other things.

Reticule.—A French word, derived from the Latin word, *Reticulum*, and signifying the same things, but applied, now-a-days, to the little net work-bag, in which modern ladies carry the things which their grand-mothers carried in their pockets.

Ridicule.—An English word, signifying *Ridiculous*, and which is, ridiculously enough, applied to the little net work-bag, called *Reticulum* in Latin, and *Reticule* in French, and which has no name in English. These definitions are given for the benefit of American ladies, who, not understanding Latin and French, and the derivation of hard words, have fallen into great errors in the pronunciation of the French word *Reticule*.

BONAPARTE.

We have never heard of a general who possessed the love and confidence of his soldiers like Bonaparte. Acquainted with every avenue which leads to the human heart, he seldom failed of improving that knowledge to his own advantage. Without the love of his army he could have done nothing—with it, every thing. To secure this love, he would, therefore, occasionally descend to their level, enter into their feelings, flatter their sentiments, and excite their ambition.

While Bonaparte was First Consul of France, a horse grenadier committed suicide, in consequence of being disappointed in love. Such an incident would have passed unnoticed in any other army. But Bonaparte seized the occasion to convince them that he did not consider a

soldier's love beneath his notice; but that, like a tender parent, he was continually watching over his beloved children, to shield them from error and to promote their happiness. The following Order of the Day was issued by his express direction:

Order of the 22d Floreal, year 10.

The Grenadier Groblin has destroyed himself in consequence of a love affair. He was otherwise a respectable man. This is the second event of the kind which has happened in the corps within a month.

The First Consul has directed, that it shall be inserted in the order of the day of the guard, that a soldier ought to know how to subdue sorrow and the agitation of the passions; that there is as much courage in enduring with firmness the pains of the heart, as in remaining steady under the grape-shot of a battery. To abandon one's self to grief without resistance, to kill one's self in order to escape from it, is to fly from the field of battle before one is conquered.

(Signed) *BONAPARTE, First Consul.*
A true copy, *BESSIERES.*

LOWNESS OF SPIRITS.

The following has been handed us as a valuable recipe for this disagreeable complaint, and we publish it for the benefit of "all whom it may concern."

Take one ounce of the seeds of resolution, properly mixed with the oil of good conscience, infuse into it a large spoon full of the salts of patience—distill very carefully a composing plant called "others' woes," which you will find in every part of the garden of life, growing under the broad leaves of disguise—add a small quantity, and it will greatly assist the salts of patience in their operation—gather a handful of the blossoms of HOPE, then sweeten them properly with a syrup made of the balm of Providence; and if you can get any of the seed of true friendship, you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered; but you must be very careful to get the true seed, as there is a weed that very much resembles it, called self-interest, which will spoil the whole composition. Make the ingredients up into small pills, which may be called pills of comfort—take one night and morning, and in a short time the cure will be effectually completed.

MANUSCRIPT BIBLE.

A Hebrew Bible, supposed to be written in the 5th century, and for a long time deposited in the library at Constantinople, beautifully written on vellum, has been conveyed to London. After the fall of the Greek Empire, it was kept at Vienna, until the French entered that capital, from whence it was carried to Paris and sold to Mr. Watson, the pro-

prietor. The learned esteem it as unique, and extremely valuable.

THE BENEVOLENT TAR.

The following anecdote, published in the New-York Evening Post, is too good to be lost, and we, therefore, select it for the amusement of our readers:

An honest tar called at the House of Industry a few mornings since, and inquired for sailor's shirts. He preferred linen stripes, but said what the ladies showed him would do, and asked what was the damage. On the ladies requesting him to recommend the institution to his brother tars, as the intention of it was to assist the poor, he replied, "I know it, I know it; I have been looking for the place some time, but could not find it"—then laying down four dollars, which was seventy-five cents more than asked, he was hastening out of the room. On being called to take his change, "Excuse me, ladies," said he, wiping his sun-burnt face, "I wish you success; I am growing old, but can yet earn a living." There was something so noble, and at the same time so modest, in the manner of this sailor, that words cannot express it. The effect was, that all the ladies were melted into tears.

MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

Mr. Hansten, professor of astronomy in the University of Christiana, has published, recently, several interesting observations on the irregularity of the Magnetic Needle. He has been a long time occupied on the subject, and has finally come to the conclusion, that there are four Magnetic Poles, or two Axes, which form angles of 28 to 30 degrees with the axis of the earth. These axes vary in their position every year, and thus occasion the variations of the compass. Of the two North Poles, one is near Hudson's Bay, the other north of Siberia, in the neighbourhood of Nova Zembla; one South Pole below New-Holland, in the Indian Ocean, and the other a little west of Terra del Fuego, in the Pacific.

THE EFFECT OF MUSIC.

In modern story, instances sometimes occur of the amazing change that has been wrought on the passions by the power of music. A remarkable relation of this kind is in Prince Cantimir's History of the Turks, as the passage is cited in a translation of a late ingenious French traveller's voyage into Greece: "Sultan Amurath, that cruel prince, having laid siege to Bagdad and taken it, gave orders for putting 30,000 Persians to death, not-

withstanding they submitted and laid down their arms. Among the number of these unfortunate victims was a musician. He besought the officer who had the command to see the sultan's orders executed, to spare him but for a moment while he might be permitted to speak to the emperor. The officer indulged him in his intreaty; and being brought before the sultan, he was permitted to exhibit a specimen of his art. Like the musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltry which resembles a lyre, and has six strings on each side, and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones and exulting sounds which he drew from the instrument, joined to the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, rendered the prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul. He even suffered him to proceed, until, overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity and relented of his cruel intention. In consideration of the musician's abilities, he not only directed his people to spare these among the prisoners who yet remained alive, but also to give them instant liberty."—*Guy's Let. on Greece*, vol. iii. p. 85.

' Housewife's Manual.

NEW YELLOW DYE.

A Chemist of Copenhagen has discovered a means of producing a lively yellow colour for dyeing cloth. He gathers the tops of potatoes, when ready to flower, presses the juice, mixes it with more or less water, and suffers the cloth to remain in it during 24 hours. He then dips it in spring water. The cloth may be either of wool, silk, cotton, or flax. By plunging the cloth thus tinged with yellow into a vessel of blue, a beautiful and lasting green is obtained.

RANCID BUTTER.

Butter that has become rancid, may be purified, and its primitive sweetness restored, by the following simple process: Melt it by a slow fire in a well glazed earthen vessel; which put to soft water, working them together, and when it is cold, take away the curd and the whey.

at the bottom; do it a second and a third time in rose-water, always working them very well together. The butter thus clarified will be of the sweetest delicious taste.

WATER FOR WASHING.

It will, perhaps, be useful to mention, that families would find a material saving if they were to use common Soda, or potash, dissolved in soft water, afterwards mixed in hard water, if they have no other, before they have their linen washed; the quantity of soap will not only be diminished by meliorating the hard water, but the colour of the linen really improved.

HOUSE FLIES.

These troublesome little insects may be effectually destroyed without the use of poison. Take half a teaspoon full of black pepper in powder, one teaspoon full of brown sugar, and one tablespoon full of cream, mix them well together, and place them in the room on a plate where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

REAL VAMPIRES.

Many antiquated edifices in this city (and some modern ones too) are often, at the silent and ghostly period of midnight, *haunted* by a host of *vampyres*, which, like the locusts of Egypt, penetrate even into our very *beds*; and, thus stealing on the unguarded hours of defenceless sleep, glaze their savage appetites with the purest blood that circulates in the cerulean veins of youth and beauty; nor is childhood or old age exempt from their bloody and merciless attacks. No amulet or charm, that has been yet discovered, is powerful enough to exorcise the intruders; and it is doubtful whether the clergy themselves could lay them quietly in the *Red Sea*, unless the colour of its name should allure them thither. These are the Vampyres that would be worthy of a *Byron's* pen. *Ladies*—what will that person merit from your hands, who will furnish you the means to expel these monsters from your chambers, and prevent their intruding on the sanctity of your retirement? An *American farmer* is the happy man who will thus insure your gratitude, and the following is his receipt; which we offer you in his own language: "Make a decoction of sassafras bark or root, not so

strong as to stain the furniture, and scald the wainscoting of your rooms, once a year, and I will engage a *bug* [he means a *vampyre*] will never enter it."

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

The public will, probably, have noticed the advertisement of Mr. SMALL, announcing the publication of the first volume of "Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society." The greater part of this volume is an account of the History, Manners, and Customs of the Indian Nations, who once inhabited Pennsylvania and the neighbouring states, by the Rev. John Heckewelder, of Bethlehem. From this interesting volume, we extract the following Anecdote, which we think cannot but gratify our readers; it occurs at page 313 of the volume.

Seating myself once upon a log, by the side of an Indian, who was resting himself there, being at that time actively employed in fencing in his corn field, I observed to him that he must be very fond of working, as I never saw him idling away his time, as is so common with the Indians. The answer which he returned made considerable impression on my mind; I have remembered it ever since, and I shall try to relate it as nearly in his own words as possible.

"My friend!" said he, "the fishes in the water, and the birds in the air and on the earth, have taught me to work; by their examples I have been convinced of the necessity of labour and industry. When I was a young man I loitered a great deal about, doing nothing, just like the other Indians, who say, that working is only for the whites and the negroes, and that the Indians have been ordained for other purposes, to hunt the deer, and catch the beaver, otter, racoon, and such other animals. But it one day so happened, that while a hunting, I came to the bank of the Susquehanna, where I sat down near the water's edge to rest a little, and casting my eye on the water, I was forcibly struck when I observed with what industry the *Mecchigulegus** heaped small stones together, to make secure places for their spawn, and all this labour they did with their mouth and bodies without hands!

"Astonished, as well as diverted, I lighted my pipe, sat awhile smoking and looking on, when presently a little bird

not far from me raised a song which enticed me to look that way; while I was trying to distinguish who the songster was, and catch it with my eyes, its mate, with as much grass as with its bill it could hold, passed close by me, and flew into a bush, where I perceived them together busy building their nest and singing as they went along. I entirely forgot that I was a hunting, in order to contemplate the objects I had before me. I saw the birds of the air and the fishes in the water working diligently and cheerfully, and all this without hands! I thought it was strange, and became lost in contemplation! I looked at myself, I saw two long arms, provided with hands and fingers besides, with joints that might be opened and shut at pleasure. I could, when I pleased, take up any thing with these hands, hold it fast or let it loose, and carry it along with me as I walked. I observed, moreover, that I had a strong body, capable of bearing fatigue, and supported by two stout legs, with which I could climb to the top of the highest mountains, and descend at pleasure into the valleys.

"And is it possible, said I, that a being so formed as I am, was created to live in idleness, while the birds, who have no hands, and nothing but their little bills to help them, work with cheerfulness, and without being told to do so? Has, then, the great Creator of man, and all living creatures, given me all these limbs for no purpose? It cannot be; I will try to go to work. I did so, and went away from the village to a spot of good land, built a cabin, enclosed ground, planted corn, and raised cattle. Ever since that time I have enjoyed a good appetite and sound sleep; while the others spend their nights in dancing, and are suffering with hunger, I live in plenty: I keep horses, cows, hogs, and fowls; I am happy. See! my friend; the birds and fishes have brought me to reflection, and taught me to work!"

Some years ago, a person requested permission of the bishop of Salisbury to fly from the top of the spire of that cathedral. The good bishop, with an anxious concern for the man's spiritual as well as temporal safety, told him, he was very welcome to fly to the church, but he would encourage no man to fly from it.

* See Fish.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO A FRIEND.

Yes, I must go, 'tis fate's decree
That I from those I love must sever;
Yet can I ever cease to be
Thine own dear friend? Oh, never, never!

Thy kindness soothes thy converse charms,
They bind my heart to thee forever;
Then can I, midst surrounding harms,
Forget that kindness? Never, never!

I've seen each treasure'd joy depart,
Each link of fond affection sever;
But that which binds thee to my heart,
And can it break? Oh never, never!

HARRIET.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO MRS. S.—F.

On her telling the Author she should shortly quit
England for India.

Oh! fairest, if thy heart retains
One light, one lingering trace of me,
Remember him in India's plains,
In England's vales who worships thee!

The heart nor time nor distance heeds,
The soul can trust the bounds of each;
On cherish'd thought it fondly feeds,
And soars—without the wings of speech.

But not, not yet, those orient climes,
Shall snatch the star from Britain's skies;
The charms that prompt my careless rhymes,
For months may still enchant my eyes!

Then roll, ye hours! In slowest flight,
Too soon will ye have reach'd thy goal;
Time seldom sends me hours so bright,
Or bows me to such sweet contact!

May, 1814. G. F. B.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

I saw a Mother! In her arms
Her infant child was sleeping;
The mother, while the infant slept,
Her guardian watch was keeping.

Around its little tender form
Her snow-white arm was flung;
And o'er its little infant head
Her bending tresses hung.

"Sleep sweetly on, my darling babe,
My own, my only child!"
And as she spoke the infant woke,
And on its mother smiled.

But, oh! no fondly answering smile
The mother's visage graced,
For she was blind, and could not see
The infant she embraced.

But now he lipt his mother's name,
And now the mother press'd
Her darling, much-lov'd baby boy,
Unto her widow'd breast.

But sudden anguish seized her mind,
Her voice was sweetly wild;
"My God," she cried, "but grant me sight,
One hour! to see my child!"

"To look upon its cherub face,
And see its father's there;
But pardon, if the wish be wrong,
A widow'd mother's prayer!"

And as she spoke, her anguish grew
More louder and more wild;
And closer to her aching breast
She clasp'd her orphan child.

Providence, June 28th, 1819.

E. R. Y.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

SPEECH

Of the King of Rithshah, (now Hampton,) to
Captain John Smith and his companions, on their
arrival there.

"Brothers, these hills and boundless wood,
Had long unseen by white men stood;
Our father, lord of earth and heaven,
To us the heritage had given;
And daily from the clear blue sky,
Looked down with fond parental eye,
As in his glorious course he prest,
Well pleas'd to see his children blest.

"Across, brothers, white man's huge canoe,
Beyond the world of waters flew;
We met the pale man peacefully,
Welcom'd him to our dwellings free.
We gave him water, gave him food,
Our warriors led him through the wood;
We bade him choose his wigwam near,
And live with us as brother dear.

"The pale man's steel bath tasted blood,
And where our warriors' city stood,
Are desolation now and woe;
Shall we revenge it, brothers? No.
Your friends are far, my warriors stand
Without, bow ready in the band;
But never may the red man's eye
Look calmly on such peridy.

"Brothers, your hands! come hunt the deer,
Come, life sustaining food is near;
Our warrior men shall point the spring
Pure in the greenwood insuing.
For wives, behold our maiden train;
For homes, choose all this boundless plain;
Shall red men draw on you the bow
When I forbid them? Brothers, no.

"But, brothers, if the red men feel
Again the weight of murderous steel,
Such deed of foul ingratitude
Can only be wash'd out by blood;
Not one of us your warrior train
Shall live to see the fight again."

* Scruton, burnt by the preceding colony.

They gave their hands in token fair,
And ratified the covenant there;
Then in deep files of warriors dark,
Threaded the woodlands to their bark;
Soon as returned the captain's boat,
The merry drum gave welcome note;
Thundered the loud artillery,
The smoke ascended to the sky;
The savage thousands lined the shore,
And ey'd the dark ship bounding o'er
The dimpled bay, "so lovelily
She hewen'd from the gazing eye,
With wings outspread; her even way
She kept, till lost in distance gray.

Well might the credulous multitude,
Who in their native forests stood,
Deem her a thing of life that spoke,
As round the eddying smoke-wreaths broke;
Might well those unparfaced strangers deem,
As angels sprung from parent beam,
With polished men and arms of fire,
Sent to them from that mighty sire.

M.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

SONG.

SIN' WILLIE'S FAR AWA'.

(Air—Molly Ashton.)

Adown yon sloping banks we green,
The banks o' bonnie Ayr,
Among their flow'rs I lie at e'en,
An' dream o' hae see fair.
Alas! my head the mavis sang,
Another frae the shaw;
But I could na bide the cannie bird,
Sin' Willie's far awa'.

I pluck'd a daisy frae his stem—
It tuk'd me sweet an' fair!
"We flow'ret o' the morning's gem,
My bosom thou shalt share;"
But, quick my thoughts return'd ance mair
To him, that's gone awa';
An' I could na bide the modest flow'r,
Sin' Willie's far awa'.

Thou wimplin stream, gay, bonnie Ayr!
Right weel I lo'e thy sight,
But, ah! thou leuk'st na half see fair—
Thou leuk'st na half see bright!
Thy blooming braes seem nae green—
Thy flow'rs are faded a',
Sin' my true love has gone to sea,
Sin' Willie's far awa'.

HENRY.

TEARS AND SMILES.

Some say that a woman is lovelier far,
When a tear dims her love-beaming eye;
But so—let me see her beam forth like a star,
Render'd bright by the smile that is nigh.

And yet, I confess, that their tears have a pow'r,
To mould us however they choose;
For, ah! who could see the poor rose in a show'r,
And the shelter of pity refuse!

* Hampton Roads.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Traveller, and some other communications, have been received, and are under consideration.

Want of room compels us to postpone the favour of *S. of New-Jersey*, until our next.

S. W.'s "numbers badly wrote in rhyme," would neither edify nor amuse our fair readers.

A Subscriber's favour shall not be forgotten.

We hope to hear again from our Providence correspondent.

TO READERS.

We have been disappointed in procuring the "New-York Fashions for June," as promised in our last. We should feel under great and lasting obligations to any lady who will furnish us with a description of the most fashionable female dresses worn in this polite city.

The sixth chapter of *Magnanimity*, is omitted this week for want of room, and so are a variety of articles prepared for this number.

We are promised a Review of the *Vampyre* for our next, and also a description of the Isle of Wight.

LITERARY.

King's Anecdotes.—A new work, entitled, "Political and Literary Anecdotes of his own times, by Dr. William King," is advertised for sale by the Booksellers of this city.

A Year and a Day.—A new Novel bearing this title has just been published in this city.

Hermits in America.—A work has recently been published, entitled, "The Hermit in America, or a Visit to Philadelphia," containing some account of the human Lereches, Belles, Beaux, Coquettes, Dandies, Collition Parties, Supper Parties, Tea Parties, &c. &c. of that famous city, and the Poets and Painters of America; illustrated with four engravings, and edited by Peter Aitall, Esq.

Parental Duties.—A small work has been recently published, entitled, "Reciprocal Duties of Parents and Children," by Mrs. Taylor, author of *Maternal Solicitude*, Practical Hints, &c. &c.

Hare's Galvanism.—The work here alluded to, and which is for sale by the Booksellers of our city, is entitled, "A New Theory of Galvanism," supported by some experiments and observations made by means of the Calorimeter, a new galvanic instrument; also, a new mode of decomposing Potash, extemporaneously read before the academy of natural sciences in Philadelphia, by Robert Hare, M. D. professor of chemistry in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, &c. &c.

French Spelling Book.—Those of our young readers who wish to acquire the French language, may be pleased to learn, that a work is now offered for sale in this city, entitled, "An Abridgement of the Logographie, Emblematique French Spelling Book, or French pronunciation made easy." A system by which a child of only four years, of ever so indifferently capacity, and entirely unacquainted with the alphabet, will, in a few months, read French with fluency, and correctness of pronunciation. By Mrs. C. Shedden.

Spanish America.—This interesting section of the Globe ought to be better known than it has hitherto been; we, therefore, recommend to our readers a new work, for sale by our Booksellers, entitled, "Spanish America, or a Descriptive, Historical, and Geographical Account of the Dominions of Spain in the Western Hemisphere, continental and insular." Illustrated by a Map of North and South America and the West India Islands, and an engraving representing the comparative altitudes of the Mountains in those regions. By R. H. Bonycastle, Captain in the corps of Royal Engineers.

Montgomery's New Poem.—Messrs. Kirk and Mercier have now in press, "Greenland," a Poem, by James Montgomery, with other Poems, in the same volume, viz. *Hope, a Mother's Love, the Time Piece, Stanzas to the Memory of the Rev. T. Spencer, Irel in captivity, Human Life, the Christian Irel, the Visible Creation, the Crucifixion, Christ's Passion, Christ's Triumph, Saints in Heaven, the Bible, the Christian Soldier, on the Royal Infant, a Midnight Thought, a Night in a Stage Coach, the Reign of Spring, the Reign of Summer, Incognita, the Little Cloud, and to Britain*.

PARKER'S BENEFIT.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker have advertised to take a Benefit this evening at the Theatre. The selections they have made to entertain their friends, are judicious, and peculiarly attractive. The tragedy of *Jane Shore* is calculated to display great playing, and calls forth the first talents of our *Corps Dramatique*. *La Piqueuse* is an excellent pantomime, and never fails of attracting a good house. We are, therefore, justified in anticipating, that Mr. and Mrs. Parker will have a real Benefit, notwithstanding the lateness of the season and the heat of the weather.

"*Jack the Piper*," is a *New Ballet*, founded on the old English Ballad of the same name, and from what we have heard of it, will cause the lovers of fun to crack their sides with laughter.

A variety of *Songs and Fancy Dances* are to be introduced, and every arrangement made to give pleasure and satisfaction to the public.

Richmond Theatre.—A new Theatre was opened in Richmond, Vir. on the 28th ult. The city authorities would not permit the company to perform by candle and lamp light, through fear of fire, and the performance was, therefore, advertised to commence at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Pleasure Excursions.—The *Ferry at Williamsburgh* is now on the most perfect footing of accommodation; and those who ride on Long-Island for pleasure and health, will find in that vicinity much to delight the eye; fine prospects of land and water, good roads, and handsome cultivated farms. Long-Island is now covered with verdure, and the breeze is loaded with the odour of the fields.

Saratoga Springs.—A new and splendid boarding house, called, "The Pavilion," has been opened at Saratoga Springs, by Mr. Nathan Lewis, who formerly kept the house at the same place, now occupied by Messrs. Andrews and Putnam.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, the 10th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Mervin, Mr. James K. Sylvester, to Miss Sarah Parker, both of this city.

At Ithaca, (N. Y.) by A. S. Johnson, Esq. Mr. Augustin P. Searing, of the firm of Mack & Searing, (formerly printers of this city,) to Miss Delia Butler, daughter of Comfort Butler, Esq.

That love's a flame which warms the breast,

Two gentle hearts endearing,

The lovely Delia can attest,

For she has got a Searing.

Augustin, too, must feel the glow,

Though language may be dumb for it,

For 'tis a Butler's task, we know,

To furnish drops of Comfort.

At Cutbogue, (N. Y.) on Wednesday evening, the 9th ult. by the Rev. Luther Thompson, Mr. Conkling Cleveland, of Southold, to Miss Sally Hubbard, of Mattituck, eldest daughter of Nathaniel Hulbard, Esq.

In Franklin county, Tennessee, Gen. Calvin Jones, of Raleigh, to Mrs. Temperance Jones, widow of Dr. Jones, and daughter of Maj. William Williams, of Franklin.

In Virginia, on the 13th ult. by the Rev. Thomas M. Henley, of Essex, the Rev. Hopkins Pittman, of Caroline, aged 74 years, to Mrs. Phoebe Adams, of King and Queen, aged 72 years. The mother of this lady is yet living, and enjoying most excellent health, none of her faculties having failed. She was united in the solemn ties of wedlock to Mr. James Bates, of King and Queen county, about the year 1725—and she has now about 80 living descendants.

DIED.

On the 11th inst. after a short but painful illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Lamb, a native of Boston, aged 72 years.

On the 11th inst. Imah Shaw, late of Halifax, N. S. and fourteen years a member of the house of assembly in that province, for the township of Granville, aged 56 years.

On the 11th inst. Mr. John Journey, aged 40 years, a respectable inhabitant of this city.

On Saturday last, Capt. James Sinclair, an old and respectable shipmaster.

On Sunday last, Mrs. Sally McKimie, wife of Kenneth McKimie, aged 24 years.

On Tuesday evening, after a lingering illness, Mr. John Gedney.

At Auburn, (N. Y.) Miss Mary Becker, aged 16 years.

At Union Springs, (N. Y.) Mr. Alpheus Lyon, a respectable mechanic, aged 25 years.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Bernard Buchanan, of Glasgow, Scotland, on his way home from Jamaica, where he had been for the recovery of his health; Mrs. Jane Allison Latta, wife of Mr. Robert Latta, merchant, of Yorkville, South-Carolina; and Mrs. Esther Izard, relict of Ralph S. Izard, Esq.

At St. Jago de Cuba, on the 11th ult. Mr. Thomas C. Murray, second son of John B. Murray, Esq. of this city, in the 23d year of his age.

C. S. VAN WINKLE, PRINTER,
No. 101 Greenwich-street.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1819.

[No. 7.]

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,
CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;
AND AT
L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S
BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
No. 164 Broadway;
AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
PAYABLE QUARTERLY.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER VI.

THE human heart is ever prone to shrink from a close and critical inspection; because there exists in every one a consciousness of defects which vanity and self-complacency may vainly endeavour to remove. The best of mankind have their foibles, their weaknesses, and their follies; and it is a merciful trait in the economy of Providence, that no human being possesses the power of drawing aside the veil of the mental temple, and impudently making himself master of his neighbour's thoughts. Did such a power exist, the freedom of will would be destroyed, and the *sanctum sanctorum* of the human mind constantly profaned by the unhallowed intrusion of idle or malicious curiosity. But this consecrated depository is closed to all. Friendship, in the gentlest accents, may plead for admission—and plead in vain. Nay, even the sacred passport of conjugal love, is here limited in the extent of its powers, for there is always some secret corner of the soul to which it will never obtain admittance. One eye alone can survey the secrets of this chamber, and that one is divine.

An epistolary correspondence between two friends who are sincerely attached to each other, is generally supposed to be deputed of all disguise. But this supposition is erroneous. No human being ever laid his heart upon paper, for the inspection of his dearest friend. No penitent, though humbled to the dust by

a consciousness of his imperfections, ever made a *genuine unreserved confession* "to ears of flesh and blood." To Heaven alone can we with confidence open the whole soul. At the footstool of Divine Mercy, and only there, can we be induced to deposit the great budget of our offences, without evasion and without disguise. But in our most confidential communications with each other, the wily genius of Self-love stands at our elbow, and with ready pencil tinges every imperfection with the hues of virtue, or conceals them in the shade of some prominent quality more gaudy than excellent.

An assent to these propositions, however, will not interfere with an admission of the fact, that in the development of character, much assistance can be derived from private letters; for, in the intercourse of friendship, there is often much less reserve in a written than in a verbal communication. The tongue of sensibility, we know, is frequently fettered by the glance of an expressive eye; but solitude affords no such impediment to the freedom of the pen. We, therefore, conclude, after making every due allowance for the influence of a species of hypocrisy from which humanity is inseparable, that the confidential epistles which passed between Woodville and his friend Flanders, will throw more light on their respective characters, than will a mere narrative of the actions and incidents of their lives.

A few months previous to the period at which this history commences, Flanders had removed to Worcester, where he was rapidly rising to eminence in the profession he had chosen. An uninterrupted correspondence subsisted between Woodville and himself, and he was, consequently, acquainted with his friend's unfortunate attachment for the betrothed wife of Edgar Fitz-James. He had written him a friendly but expostulatory letter on the subject, endeavouring to persuade him to relinquish a vain pursuit, and gently upbraiding him for attempting to seek self gratification, at the expense of another's happiness. The answer of

Woodville was couched in the following terms:

"Boston, April 20, 1806.

"Is it possible, my dear friend, that you can be sincere in the expression of sentiments which are so directly opposed to the liberal and enlightened opinions which we have both espoused? We live on this variegated globe but once, and shall we permit this one poor little life to be embittered by any evil which we can possibly obviate or remove? Could we renew the lease of existence at pleasure, and have these frail tenements of clay as often rebuilt for our accommodation, there would be plausibility in the doctrine of suffering for the sake of others. But as this is not the case, it must surely be a *duty* which each one owes himself, to remove every impediment which he may encounter in the path which leads to the goal of his wishes. What constitutes happiness but the consummation of our wishes? and where two unfortunately aim at the same object, which one only can enjoy, what should induce either of them to relinquish his claim? It is a fair race for a contested prize—a game of hazard—and if the *loser* is unhappy, it is his *misfortune*—not the *winner's* fault.

"I love Sophia. Not to obtain her will render me miserable. Tell me, then, whose happiness shall I consult? Another's, in preference to my own? I have not now so much of the christian in me. The hungry child that gives his bread and butter to another deserves to cry in vain for his supper.

But Sophia, you will say, is not mine, and you have more than once expressed your doubts of my success in attempting to win her affections. But you are mistaken. Her heart is wholly mine; and the only obstacle to be removed is her engagement with the cold, calculating, inanimate mass of frigidity to which she is affianced. His heart will never break, unless it cracks like an icicle, for he does not possess a soul susceptible of the burning raptures of love. She belongs to me by consanguinity of character, habits, manners, sympathy—every thing—

and mine she shall be, or I have studied the female heart in vain. But attend, while I recapitulate a chain of incidents which have kindled my hopes afresh, and placed me on the high road to Elysium."

[Woodville here gives a description of his first and second interview with Sophia, as already related.]

"Thus, every thing succeeded to my wishes; for if her's were not the tears of genuine affection—of affection for me—then I am no judge of the female heart—a subject which, you know, I have attentively studied from the age of fourteen to the present hour. Convinced that nothing but another long separation could erase from her bosom the impression I had there imprinted, I now began to devise the means of preventing such an event. In this, also, I have been more fortunate than I could expect. By means of an artful letter, addressed to the aunt, (who, by-the-by, is a most worthy woman,) I have become almost an inmate of her family. Disguised under the privileged character of a brother, I now enjoy the most free and unreserved intimacy with the object of all my hopes and wishes; and though I am careful to say nothing as a lover, I assure you that I am not deficient in fraternal tenderness. More than once have I drawn from her the sweet confession, that she knows not which of her three brothers she loves the most; and if I do not, between this and the first of May, draw from her lips a confession still more sweet and encouraging, I shall believe with you, that I possess more vanity than discretion.

"I have already attended her to the Theatre, Museum, and other public places of amusement. It is true that her cousin Selina has always been of the party; but I have had a thousand opportunities (created by the various objects of our contemplation) to express sentiments which I am confident were neither misunderstood nor thrown away. On the whole, I have every reason to repeat, that "her heart is wholly mine," and that she is now only studying the most delicate mode of breaking with Fitz-James. She may, however, give herself no trouble on this head, for as soon as I can raise funds for defraying the necessary expenses, I shall fly with her from

New-England, and unite my destiny to her's in a state where the puritanical form of "advertising our loves" is not required by law.

"In my next I will tell you more; but in the mean time believe me to be, as ever,

"Your's, sincerely,

"S. WOODVILLE.

"Thomas Flanders, Esq."

[To be continued.]

THE FIRST AMOUR OF HENRY IV.

BY M. DE JOUT.

The Prince de Bearn, (afterwards Henry IV.) had not reached his 15th year when Charles IX arrived at Nerac, in 1566, to pay a visit to the court of Navarre. The fortnight he passed there was distinguished by games and fetes, of which young Henry soon became the hero and the ornament.

Charles IX was fond of archery; and as it was intended to afford him this diversion, it was shrewdly conjectured that none of the courtiers, not even the Duke of Guise, who exceeded in the exercise, would have the imprudence to show himself more skilful than the king. Henry, then called Harry, stepped forward, and at the first shot struck the orange which had been placed as the mark. According to the laws of the game, it was his turn to begin again, but Charles opposed him, and repulsed him with displeasure. Henry drew back a few paces, and drawing his bow, aimed the shaft at the breast of his adversary. The king immediately took shelter behind some of his fat courtiers, and ordered others to remove his dangerous little cousin from his presence.

Peace having been restored, the game was renewed on the following day, but Charles found some excuse for staying away. The Duke of Guise, on this occasion, struck the orange and divided it. As they had no more oranges, the young prince snatched a rose which was worn by a pretty girl among the spectators, and placed it as a mark. The duke shot first, but missed it; and Henry, who followed, striking the centre of the flower, returned it to the pretty damsel without taking out the arrow, which served as a stalk to the rose. The confusion which overspread the countenance of the young villager, and which enhanced her beauty,

communicated itself to him who was the cause of it; and the looks which by stealth they exchanged, were the first indications of the new course of life they were now to commence.

When Henry returned to the castle, by questioning those who surrounded him, he learned that this pretty girl was named Floretta, that she was the daughter of the gardener of the castle, and that she lived in a small house* near the extremity of the stables. From that day, gardening became the passion of young Henry; and he chose a spot, a short distance from a fountain, to which he knew Floretta resorted many times in the course of the day. He surrounded it with a trellis, made plantations, and worked with the more ardour because he was assisted by the father of Floretta, whom, twenty times a day, she either had occasion, or pretended to have occasion, to see.

If I were writing an *historical romance*, I should have the liberty of arranging or of inventing a thousand little incidents; but I am telling an anecdote, and I shall, therefore, confine myself to the relation of the principal facts. In less than a month Harry declared himself to Floretta; they loved each other extravagantly, and as yet were ignorant why they loved; but they made the discovery one night at the fountain. Floretta had come there rather late; the air was clear; the murmuring of the water, and the song of the nightingale, charmed the whole forest into silence. What passed between the young prince of fifteen and the young damsel of fourteen, I need not relate; all I can say is, that on returning from the fountain the young damsel leaned on the arm of the young prince, and the young prince de Bearn carried the pitcher on his head. They separated at the gate of the park; the one returned gayly to the castle, and the other wept when she once more entered her modest retreat.

Floretta's father did not observe that from this day his daughter went later than usual to the fountain; but the tutor of the young prince, the virtuous La Gaucherie, perceived that his royal pupil always found a pretext for escaping at a particular hour, and that in the finest weather his hat was constantly sprinkled

* This house is still standing, and gardening tools are now deposited in it.

with water. This circumstance roused the watchfulness of the sage mentor, and following the young prince at a distance unobserved, he arrived near enough, and soon enough, to discover that he had come too late. As he was convinced, with Fenelon, that flight is the only remedy for love, without remonstrance he announced to Henry that they must return on the following day to Paw, from whence they should proceed to the *Interview at Bayonne*.*

The instinct of glory, and, perhaps, that of inconstancy, already spoke to the heart of Henry the necessity of a first separation, which he ran with tears to disclose to Floretta, yet found something, unknown to himself, at the bottom of his soul, to render it less painful. But how shall I paint the agony of the innocent and tender Floretta? In the last moments of departing happiness, she beheld all the miseries of the future. "When you leave me," said the fond girl, choked by her tears, "when you leave me, you will forget me, and then I can only die." Henry consoled her, and vowed eternal love, which Floretta only should possess. "Look at this fountain," said she, at the moment when the clock recalled the prince to the castle, and gave the signal of departure, "absent, present, you shall find me always there—always there!" she repeated, with an emphasis and expression which he never forgot.

The fifteen months which passed before the return of Henry to the castle of Agan, had roused, in the bosom of the young hero, virtues incompatible with the purity of his first love, and the maids of honour of Catharine de Medicis were intrusted with the task of effacing from his memory the image of poor Floretta. She, more grieved than surprised at a change which she had foreseen, did not strive against the evil she had predicted, and only sought to resign herself to her fate. She had often seen the prince de Bearn walking in the neighbouring woods with Mademoiselle d'Ayelle, and one day could not resist the desire of throwing herself in their way. The face of Floretta, rendered more beautiful and touching by her sorrow and paleness, awoke in the heart of the young prince a tender

recollection. Next morning he went alone to her cottage, and appointed a meeting with her at the fountain. "I will not fail at eight o'clock," said she, without raising her eyes from her work. Henry hastened away immediately, and awaited with all the impatience of his first attachment (which one look of Floretta had revived in his bosom) the appointed hour. The clock struck, he quitted the castle by a secret gate, and passed along the skirts of the wood, fearing lest he should meet any one in the avenues. He reached the fountain, but did not see Floretta; he waited for some minutes, while the rustling of every leaf made his heart palpitate; he paced backwards and forwards, and then paused; he approached the fountain, and beheld a small stick planted on the very spot where he had sat so often with Floretta. It was an arrow; he recognised it; the withered rose was yet fixed upon it, and a paper was attached to its point. He seized it, and endeavoured to read it, but daylight had departed. With beating heart and troubled mind, he flew back to the castle, and opening the billet, read these words:

"I told you that you should find me at the fountain: perhaps, though you passed near, you did not see me. Return and be more careful in your search. You no longer loved me! It was inevitable! Pardon me, Heaven!"

These words made Henry distracted; the palace re-echoed with his cries. Surrounded by servants with torches, he arrived at the fountain. Why should I dwell on the melancholy particulars? The body of the innocent and hapless damsel was drawn from the bottom of the deep basin into which the waters fell, and was buried between two trees that yet are standing.

ANTICIPATED MISFORTUNES.

The misfortunes which may arise from the occurrence of unhappy incidents, should never be suffered to disturb us before they happen; because, if the breast be once laid open to mere possibilities of misery, life must be given a prey to dismal solitude, and quiet must be lost forever.

Desultory Selections, AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

The following pertinent reflections emanated from the fertile mind of Paul Allen, Esq. the editor of the *Baltimore Morning Chronicle*. If our readers are as highly pleased with them as ourselves, they will applaud us for the selection. After speaking of the present promising state of Europe, as respects vegetation, he thus proceeds:

It is almost impossible, in a case like the present, to avoid the reflection, what a wonderful disparity there is between the works of God and the works of man. While stock is raising and falling at every hour, while alternate joy and despondence occupy the human mind, in the contemplation of these vicissitudes, the great and harmonious order of divine Providence moves silently on; unaffected by human hopes or by human fears, the bosom of the earth is presented to the fostering glances of the sun—verdure clothes the fields; the trees, decorated in all the hues of the rainbow, resound with the songs of nature's musicians; life, hilarity, joy, and transport, abound every where, but in the habitations of men. Here we are compelled to witness the reverse of this brilliant spectacle; man, formed in his Maker's image, seems in some measure an outflow from the harmony of his works—he stands amidst green fields and smiling ornaments surrounded by beauty, by fragrance, and by song, silent, sullen, and dejected—the share of ten thousand fears, real or imaginary, he beholds all the abundance of Divine Providence, and folds his hands in despair.

In the midst of such striking testimony, we do not need even the evidence of divine revelation, to prove that paradise is no longer the abode of man; a paradise blooms around him now; he is environed by beauty, and by fragrance, and his cheek is clouded with despair. Eden has no longer any charms for that being who was originally appointed its lord. And from whence arises all this gloom and all this despondency? Has a merciful Creator denied to his representative on earth, that capacity of enjoying his bounties, that he has imparted with such munificence to beasts and to birds? Has he sought such a table of dainties in the presence of man, and denied to him, and to him only, the powers of enjoyment? No! He only, of all the living works of Heaven, has been ungrateful—he has turned his back on the paradise of God—he has become a voluntary exile from Eden's bowers. He is now the victim of cares and anxieties, that beauty cannot soothe, song cannot alleviate, or fragrance steep in the dew of oblivion. Such is the testimony that nature affords independent of all revelation, that man is, indeed, in a fallen state—that he no longer inhabits the paradise of God. How often, in this perverted state of mind, does he seem to indulge a fend-like joy in disturbing the harmony of Divine Providence! How often is the field of battle moistened with human blood, instead of Heaven's refreshing dews! We will suppose, for

* Where the destruction of the Protestants was determined upon.

a moment, that the same zeal, and industry, and courage, and science, had been exerted for the preservation, that there has been for the destruction, of the human species—What advances would have been made to soothe the pains of sickness, and to have blunted the arrows of death? These, however, are mere poetic visions—forms of ideal beauty that present themselves to the imagination, to show their loveliness, to tantalize, and to vanish. Man, since his departure from Eden, cannot bear those glimpses of paradise. He makes the earth that he inhabits, the counterpart of his own heart, the receptacle of fierce, bloody, and inexorable passions, only to be gratified by pains as unlimited as the blessings of his Creator.

In fact, it may be remarked, that all the influence of manners, all the terrors of criminal justice, all the temporal and eternal rewards of virtue, and punishments of vice, can but impose very feeble restraints upon the wickedness of man: so deep is the principle of evil fixed in the human heart, so much has it corroded even our best actions and motives. In short, if we deny the depravity of our species, it leads to this conclusion, that man is placed by the Deity in this external paradise, and that he has at the same time denied him that capacity of enjoyment, that he has imparted to a swallow and to a butterfly.

HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

The late Emperor of Germany was very desirous to converse with Mr. Howard, and have his opinion of his hospitals and gaols. Mr. H. did not like to comply with the then established etiquette of the Imperial Court, a kind of genuflection on being presented, and in the most polite manner begged to be excused waiting on the emperor, thinking it right to bend the knee to God alone. The emperor, however, waived the ceremony, (which was abolished by edict in six weeks after Mr. H. left Vienna,) and received Mr. H. in his cabinet, and had a conversation with him for some hours. Mr. H. frankly told the emperor his opinion of the hospitals of Vienna, which he did not think were well managed and spoke very much against some dungeons in several of the prisons of that city. The emperor was not very much pleased at this, and said, "Sir, why do you complain of my dungeons? Are you not in England hanging up malefactors by dozens?"—"Sir," replied Mr. Howard, "I should rather be hanged in England than live in one of your dungeons." The emperor afterwards said to an Englishman at the Court of Vienna, "En vérité, ce petit Anglois n'est pas flatteur."

Dr. Darwin's very beautiful lines in

praise of Mr. H. in the Botanic Garden, were mentioned to Mr. Howard, and he was asked whether he had read them. He replied, he had not; and that no person could disoblige him so much as to mention him in any publication whatever.

The following are the lines in Dr. Darwin's Poem referred to in the above conversation.

So, when Contagion, with inephitic breath,
And wither'd Famine urg'd the work of death,
Marseilles' good Bishop, London's generous Mayor,
With food and faith, with medicine and with prayer,
Raid'd the weak head, and stay'd the parting sigh,
Or with new life return'd the swimming eye.

And now, Philanthropy! thy rays divine
Dart round the globe from Zembla to the Line,
O'er each dark prison plays the cheering light,
Like northern lustres o'er the vault of night.
From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crown'd,

Where'er mankind and misery are found,
O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,
Thy Howard journeying seeks the house of woe.
Dowse many a winding step to dungeons dank;
Where Anguish waits aloud, and fetters clank;
To caves bestrew'd with many a mouldering bone,
And calls whose echoes only learn to groan;
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose,
No sunbeam enters, and no reftly blows;
He treats, unconsul'd of fame or wealth,
Profuse of toil, and prodigal of health;
With soft assuasive eloquence expands
Power's rigid heart, and opens his clenching hands;
Lends stern eye'd Justice to the dark domains,
If not to sever, to relax the chains;
Or guides awaken'd Mercy through the gloom,
And shows the prison, sister to the tomb!
Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife,
To her fond husband, liberty and life!

The spirits of the good who bend from high,
Wide o'er these earthly scenes their partial eye,
When first, array'd in Virtue's purest robe,
They saw her Howard traversing the globe;
Saw round his brows her sun-like glory blaze
In arrowy circles of unwearied rays;
Mistook a mortal for an angel guest,
And ask'd what seraph-foot the earth imprint.

Onward he moves! disease and death retire,
And murmuring demons hate him, and admire.

WRITING INK.

The following is Mr. Ribancourt's receipt for making Writing Ink:

Take eight ounces of Aleppo galls, in coarse powder; four ounces of logwood in thin chips; four ounces of sulphate of iron, (green copperas;) three ounces of gum Arabic, in powder; one ounce of sulphate of copper, (blue vitriol;) and

one ounce of sugar candy. Boil the galls and logwood together in twelve pounds of water for one hour, or till half the liquid has been evaporated. Strain the decoction through a hair sieve, or linen cloth, and then add the other ingredients. Stir the mixture till the whole is dissolved, more especially the gum, after which, leave it to subside for 24 hours. Then decant the ink, and preserve it in bottles of glass or stone ware, well corked.

The following will also make a good ink: To one quart of soft water add four ounces of galls, one ounce of copperas roughly bruised, and two ounces of gum Arabic. Let the whole be kept near the fire a few days, and occasionally well shaken.

Red Writing Ink is made in the following manner:—Take the raspings of Brazil wood a quarter of a pound, and infuse them two or three days in vinegar. Boil the infusion for an hour over a gentle fire, and afterwards filter it while hot. Put it again over the fire, and dissolve in it, first, half an ounce of gum Arabic; and, afterwards, alum and white sugar, each half an ounce.

Sympathetic Inks are such as do not appear after they are written with, but which may be made to appear at pleasure, by certain means to be used for that purpose. A variety of substances have been used for this purpose; among which, the best are the following:

Dissolve some sugar of lead in water, and write with the solution. When dry, no writing will be visible. When you want to make it appear, wet the paper with a solution of alkaline sulphuret, (liver of sulphur,) and the letters will immediately appear of a brown colour. Even exposing the writing to the vapours of these solutions, will render it apparent.

2. Write with a solution of gold in aqua regia, and let the paper dry gently in the shade. Nothing will appear; but draw a sponge over it, wetted with a solution of tin in aqua regia, the writing will immediately appear of a purple colour.

3. Write with an infusion of galls, and when you wish the writing to appear, dip it into a solution of green vitriol, and the letters will appear black.

4. Write with distilled sulphuric acid,

and nothing will be visible. To render it so, hold it to the fire, and the writing, &c. will answer the same purpose, though not so easily, nor with so little heat.

Green Sympathetic Ink—Dissolve cobalt in nitro-muriatic acid, and write with the solution. The letters will be invisible till held to the fire, when they will appear green, and will again completely disappear when removed into the cold. In this manner they may be made to appear and disappear at pleasure.

A very amusing experiment of this kind is, to make a drawing representing a winter scene, in which the trees appear devoid of leaves, though put on with this sympathetic ink; then, upon holding the drawing near to a fire, the leaves will begin to appear in all the verdure of spring, very much to the surprise of those who are not in the secret.

Female Biography.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. FRANCES BROOKE.

This lady, whose maiden name was Moore, was the daughter of a clergyman, and the wife of the Rev. John Brooke, Rector of Colney, in Norfolk; of St. Augustine, in the city of Norwich; and Chaplain to the Garrison of Quebec. She was as remarkable for her gentleness and suavity of manners as for her literary talents. Her husband died on the 21st of January last, and she herself expired on the 26th of the same month, at Sleaford, where she had retired to the house of her son, who had preferred in that country. Her disorder was a spasmodic complaint.

The first literary performance we know of her writing, was "The Old Maid," a periodical work, begun November 15, 1755, and continued every Saturday until about the end of July, 1756. These papers have since been collected into one volume twelve. In the same year (1756) she published "Virginia," a tragedy, with Odes, Pastorals, and Translations, octavo. In the preface to this publication she assigns as a reason for its appearance, "that she was precluded from all hopes of ever seeing the tragedy brought upon the stage, by there having been too lately on the same subject." "If her's," she adds, "should

be found to have any greater resemblance to the two represented, than the sameness of the story made unavoidable, of which she is not conscious, it must have been accidental on her side, as there are many persons of very distinguished rank and unquestionable veracity, who saw her's in manuscript before the others appeared, and will witness for her, that she has taken no advantage of having seen them. She must here do Mr. Crisp the justice to say, that any resemblance must have been equally accidental on his part, as he neither did, nor could, see her Virginia before his own was played; Mr. Garrick having declined reading her's till Mr. Crisp's was published." Prefixed to this publication, were proposals for printing by subscription, a poetical translation, with notes, of *Il Pastor Fido*, a work which was, probably, never completed.

In 1763 she published a novel, entitled, "The History of Lady Julia Mandeville," concerning the plan of which there were various opinions, though of the execution there seems to have been but one. It was read with much avidity and general approbation. It has been often, however, wished, that the catastrophe had been less melancholy; and of the propriety of this opinion the authoress herself is said to have been satisfied, but did not choose to make the alteration. In the same year she published "Letters from Juliet Lady Catesby to her friend Lady Henrietta Campley," translated from the French, 12mo.

She soon afterwards went to Canada with her husband, who was Chaplain to the garrison at Quebec, and there saw those romantic scenes so admirably painted in her next work, entitled, "The History of Emily Montague," 4 vols. 12mo. 1769. The next year she published "Memoirs of the Marquis of St. Forliix," in 4 vols. 12mo. On her return to England accident brought her acquainted with Mrs. Yates, and an intimacy was formed between them which lasted as long as that lady lived; when she died, Mrs. Brooke did honour to her memory by an eulogium printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. If we are not mistaken, Mrs. Brooke had, with Mrs. Yates, for a time, some share in the Opera House. She certainly had some share of the libellous abuse which the

management of that theatre, during the above period, gave birth to.

We have already seen that her first play had been refused by Mr. Garrick. After the lapse of several years she was willing once more to try her fortune at the theatre, and, probably, relying on the influence of Mrs. Yates to obtain its representation, produced a tragedy which had not the good fortune to please the manager. He, therefore, rejected it, and by that means excited the resentment of the authoress so much that she took a severe revenge on him in a novel published in 1777, entitled, "The Excursion," in 2 vols. 12mo. It is not certainly known whether this rejected tragedy is or is not the same as was afterwards acted at Covent Garden. If it was, it will furnish no impeachment of Mr. Garrick's judgment. It ought, however, to be added, that our authoress, as is said, thought her invective too severe; lamented and retracted it.

In 1771 she translated "Elements of the History of England, from the invasion of the Romans to the Reign of George II." from the Abbé Millot, in 4 vols. 12mo. In January, 1781, the "Siege of Sinope," a tragedy, was acted at Covent Garden. This piece added but little to her reputation, though the principal characters were well supported by Mr. Henderson and Mrs. Yates. It went nine nights, but never became popular; it wanted energy, and had not much originality; there was little to disapprove, but nothing to admire.

Her next, and most popular performance, was "Rosina," acted at Covent Garden in December, 1782. This she presented to Mr. Harris, and few pieces have been equally successful. The simplicity of the story, the elegance of the words, and the excellence of the music, promise a long duration to this drama. Her concluding work was "Marian," acted repeatedly at Covent Garden with some success, but very much inferior to Rosina.

CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

At the beginning of the revolution, a French emigrant family of distinction resided at Frankfurt. The lady of the house had just laid in, when news arrived that the French had crossed the Rhine, and were rapidly approaching. The fa-

mily was forced to fly. The infant, a girl, could not be taken with them. It was, therefore, put to nurse in a poor family in the village of —, where there is a French colony; and 200 florins were paid for two years board, in which time the family hoped to be able to take away the child. Fate willed otherwise. Nothing further was heard of the family. A rich miller in the neighbourhood offered, when she was ten years old, to take her, and educate her with his children. She remained in the miller's house till she was grown up, when she married a young carpenter, who was poor indeed, but of an excellent character. At the end of last year a commercial house in Frankfort received from France the commission to look after the young woman, and learned what we have stated. In a short time a bill of exchange for 100 louis d'ors, and afterwards another for 40,000 francs, were received. An estate was purchased near the village of B—, and the happy pair rejoiced in the prospect of future comfort. But now the wife was called upon by her parents to leave her husband and return to France, as she was of a great family. But the noble-minded woman, who had learned in Germany German fidelity and probity, answered, that her husband had taken her when she was poor—that she had led with him a happy and industrious life, that now, that some worldly goods were fallen to her share, she would not desert him, and would joyfully give them up again, rather than live without her faithful German husband.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

PEDESTRIAN RAMBLE

THROUGH

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

By George F. Busby, Esq.

Ryde, Isle of Wight, August 6th, 1817.

DEAR —,

Heavy gales detained us at Deal till the 1st inst. but the rising sun of the 3d beheld us anchored off Ryde, between that pleasant spot and Gosport. Here it had been previously determined the vessel should lay to, in consequence of some arrangements we had found it essentially necessary to make in our maga-

zines. For this purpose a despatch from Deal (where a letter to — Place was put into the Post Office) had been forwarded to Mr. F—. But upon maturer consideration, the sense of our committee seemed to be in favour of quicker measures, than the probability of his being at Liverpool appeared to render possible. Through the medium of Richard F—, his brother, (who sails with us as supercargo,) the indispensables have been furnished by a Portsmouth House. So—*cette affaire est finie*.

The time required for the shipment of our stores, presented, to almost the whole of our society, an opportunity of tasting the pleasures of the land. To the right—to the left—the rivalry of nature and art was displayed in a striking and captivating manner: the latter I admire—I adore the former; but, to the generality of my companions, the gayety and bustle of Portsmouth presented attractions not to be resisted by mere flesh and blood. With one gentleman I had contracted an intimacy, rendered, I flattered myself, mutually pleasing by similarity of taste. Twenty years, nearly, had elapsed since he had visited the Isle, and we agreed to make as extended a tour through that romantic dependency as our probable stay in the roads might permit. We descended into one of the boats that were moored along-side the ship, and floated over an expanse of water calm and brilliant as the sea fabled to have given birth to the Cyprian Queen. When we had cleared the vessel, a prospect almost unmatched in beauty and splendour, burst on our view. On the right, the batteries and military works of Gosport and Portsmouth stretched along the Hampshire coast in white and massy magnificence; and, flanked by the shipping at Spithead, could not but forcibly impress the coldest imagination, and kindle in the dulllest heart a glow of patriotism. I trust I am not a mere enthusiast—I felt, and feel, I am not a stoic. Gazing on that majestic scenery, the elation of my heart was indescribable. The unjust, the cruel wars in which, against the sense of her better sons, an infamous ministry had plunged my country, were forgotten—forgotten were the innumerable and silently-endured violations of her constitutional rights: At that moment the greatness and glory of England might

have filled and dazzled a more frigid imagination than mine. To the left, the shores of Wight, clothed with verdure to the edge nearly of the waters, contrasted beautifully with the martial aspect of the opposing quarters. Through the openings of the woods, many a rural mansion, the abode (perchance, the imaginary abode) of peace and felicity, peeped forth from the shades in which it was embosomed. We glided nearer—momentarily the attractions of the Isle developed themselves—eminences of the brightest, softest green, plains of varied verdure, and groves whose shady recesses, partially lit up by the gleams of a meridian sun, wooed us to the enjoyment of their coolness and beauty. Occasionally, the sails of a mill, or the spire of some humble village church, glittered on its grassy elevation, or spoke of the tranquillity and happiness of the dell it blessed and embellished! Over the whole scene, a heaven of cloudless azure spread its brilliant mantle—a dazzling sun illumined the purest of atmospheres—and land, and sky, and water, blended into one glorious panorama, glowed with a thousand tints that tongue cannot utter, nor pen describe.

We landed, but as it was not our intention to stop at Ryde longer than was necessary to view the place, walked up the town, which is situate on a gentle rising, and comprises, beside the main street leading down to the water, a few green lanes, sprinkled with houses, (cottages I should rather say,) each with its little garden. Indeed, there is scarcely a dwelling on the Isle that is not encircled by its own peculiar demesne, of which I doubt not its possessor is as proud as a feudal lord of his ample territories. The Church, a rude, shapeless structure, whose architecture (neither ancient nor modern, Gothic nor Grecian) Palladio and Wren would be puzzled to ascertain, looks like a stone barn; but the new landing place, stone partly, and partly wood, advancing above 500 feet from the shore, and constructed at an expense of nearly 200,000*l.* sterling, really reflects honour on the spirited individuals by whom it was raised, and might constitute the boast and ornament of a more illustrious spot than Ryde.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

VERSES,

To *Madame Fretzot*, on her departure for France,
as a tribute of friendship and sincere regard.

Lady! with too anxious haste,
Thou' fortune lends thee from our eyes,
Thou' soon shall spread one boundless waste
Of ocean arch'd by baseless skies!
And soon, the curling waves to chase
Shall be at evening thine employ;
Thy hope, a husband's fond embrace,
Cheer'd by Achilles, thy manly boy.

Yet, when on yonder distant strand,
Safe in thy lovely, native France,
Wilt thou not, toward this western land,
Oft cast a long, remembering glance?
Wilt thou not give these happy fields
Where late thy searching footsteps rovd',
The richest gems the bosom yields,
A sigh, a tear, for friends below'd?

Yes! thou shalt fondly muse on those
Who, through each swift-revolving year,
Pillow'd thy wearied head's repose,
Or dried, with smiles, the started tear;
Who, soothing, on the glowing breast
Of friendship, lull'd each rising care;
Receiv'd and made the stranger guest,
Wreath'd time with flowers, made exile fair!

Oft, on the many banks of Seine,
Where Pleasure, for her votaries, strews
The sweetest bloomings of her reign,
And bathes them in her purest dew;
Where grandly, 'neath sadder skies,
While songs and trips of feet resound,
The palace frowns—the garden rises—
Where Beauty strays with zone unbind'd!

With thy dear husband shalt thou roam,
With thy high-destin'd, proud Achilles;
And taste the nameless bliss of home,
Which only they may prize, who feel!
Then, wilt thou mark the western star,
Recall lov'd features far away;
Teach him of bosoms warm afar,
Paint scenes enlighten'd by its ray.

That thou may'st sketch their beauteous pride,
With all thy gen'rous truth of soul,
Oh! may the bark securely glide,
And no wild waves impeding roll!
Again, delighted thou'lt explore
Sublime De Dome, or gay Versailles;
Yet there a breath from Hudson's shore
Shall fill thy heart's expanded sails!

And, Lady! when with genial spring,
Charm'd by the cordial, dear S^{pr}ing,
We form our world-including ring,
We'll sigh, to see our empty chair!
Thou, shall affection's pause enure
For her—kind, sensate, sprightly, free;
We'll think wit, pleasure, mid—adieu—
Fretzot! then we'll think of thee.

Of thee converse—too briefly gone,
Thy sweet naïveté—thy manners' charm;
Full many a prayer, with ardent tone,
Shall bless thy name—shall shield from harm!
The morning sun (those sails unfur'd)
Beholds thee tempt the warring swell;
Thou leav'st our guarded, happy world—
Farewell, Fretzot! fare thee well!

May 31st, 1819.

S. OF NEW-JERSEY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

ADIEU TO LOVE.

Farewell! thou little fleeting guest,
I will not urge thy stay;
I will not lure thee to my breast,
Nor frighten thee away.

Yet thou didst find a tender home,
A welcome in my heart;
Then why, oh! wanderer, wilt thou roam,
And act an ingrate's part?

Couldst thou not dwell contented here,
And help to inspire my song?
Or didst thou thy new mansion fear?
A stranger there so long!

Perhaps thou fear'st to dwell alone,
In such a cheerless home;
Since Hope, thy only friend, has flown,
And therefore choose to roam.

But fare thee well, thou fleeting guest!
I will not urge thy stay;
I will not lure thee to my breast,
Nor frighten thee away.

HARRIET.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

LINES

Written on the death of Charles I. Cromwell, who
was drowned on the 30th of November last, in
consequence of falling from the top-gallant-yard
of the ship *Ontario*, during a storm, on her passage
from New-York to Canton.

BY ROLLA.

Hark! for methinks e'en now I hear
The warring waves run wildly high,
Throwing their saline spray—and rear
In awful grandeur to the sky.
Now, with the "mind's lone eye," methinks
(how hard)

I see my brother, on the gallant yard.

Still do I gaze, with fancy's eye,
How plain the gathering clouds appear;
With trumpet-voice they speak—and why
Does terror dark them with such fear!
'Tis but the signal which they throw—and mark.
For "Heav'n's high arch" looks lone and wildly
dark!

Now, high on ocean's rocking breast,
The ship is wildly thrown—each man
To clasp his ally still feels blest,
And nimbly climbs the shroud and arm;
But luckless hour—with hasty steps he runs,
To gain the yard—old ocean's youthful son.

Scarce had he reach'd the dizzy height,
When warring winds, with furious roar,
Swept from top-gallant-yard—with might
They threw him, ocean's son—no more
To catch the rustling cords—without one friend,
Who could to him, their kind assistance lend.

A soul more brave, and one more just,
Ne'er claim'd its birth-place in a youth,
Whose rip'ning years to manhood, burst
With such pure lustre, and with truth
So bright, that even eny's haggard eye
Could trace no faults, but glow'd with virtue's
dye.

Since no fond parent can the tear
Of sacred, tender love, bestow;
Yet shall each brother, sister dear,
Unlock the fount, and as they flow,
Breath out farewell, fond youth—convey thy pray'r,
Shall wing to Heav'n, and plead thy merry
there!

Brooklyn, June 22d.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

ADVICE,

On seeing a young Lady sewing without a Thimble.

Treasures of this enchanting clime,
Whose hearts with soft emotions glow,
To shield your tender hands from harm,
Put on a Thimble when ye sew.

For lo! in early times, they say,
A maid, regardless of her doom,
By some envenom'd needle's thrust,
Was summoned to the silent tomb.

Ah! then beware, ye lovely girls!
Beware the hapless maiden's fate;
Lest, wounded in some fatal hour,
Ye mourn the bard's advice too late.

HUMPHRY MOPSTAFF.

Demi, 17th June, 1819.

WOMAN.

Ye are stars of the night—ye are gems of the
morn,
Ye are dew-drops whose lustre illumines the
thorn;
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
When no beam from your eye lights up peace in
the breast.

And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the
heart,
Till the sweet fit of woman assumes the smart;
'Tis her's o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend.

And prosperity's hour, be it ever confest,
From woman receives both refinement and zest;
And adorn'd by the bays, or enwreath'd with the
willow,
Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pil-
low?

As the rose of the valley when dripping with dew,
Is sweeter in odour, and fairest in hue,
So the glance of dear woman the brighter appears,
When it beams from her eloquent eyes, thro' her
tears.

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Henry's "Green Pease," together with several other poetical fancies, are under consideration.

Larini's request shall be complied with, if we can procure the work to which she alludes.

The chaste and sentimental pen of *Harriet*, we sincerely hope, will "keep moving." She has already become a great favourite with the readers of the Cabinet.

To *Harriet* and *Ann* we return our thanks, and solicit a continuance of her favours.

Sketch Book.—The first number of an elegant new work, has just been published in this city, entitled, "The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. No. 1." We feel no hesitation in recommending it to our readers as the best production of the kind that has ever emanated from the American Press. No. 1. contains 94 octavo pages, handsomely printed, and is sold for 75 cents, by L. & F. Lockwood, 154 Broadway.

City Directory.—Longworth's New-York Directory, for 1819, is just published by Jonathan Olmstead, No. 11 Park. We understand it contains 3,600 more names than last year's edition, and the price is reduced to twelve shillings.

From the Philadelphia Union. BYRON'S VAMPIRE.

The readers of this singular production, as it has been reprinted in this country, will doubtless be perplexed to know what it can mean. They will be disgusted with its glaring improbability, and feel not a little indignant, that Lord Byron should take advantage of his popularity to play upon the good nature of his admirers. The truth is, however, that the tale was not written in earnest; and it was ill-judged in the American publisher to omit that part of the article in the New Monthly Magazine, which gives a history of its production.

It appears, that Lord Byron was one evening in company with two daughters of William Godwin, and a Mr. Shelley. Among other modes of pastime, his Lordship began to read the first part of Mr. Coleridge's *Christabel*, then unpublished; and Mr. Shelley is said to have been so deeply affected that he ran out of the room. After the application of the usual restoratives, Mr. Shelley was brought to his senses; but the incident served to turn the thoughts of the company upon stories of ghosts; and it was finally agreed among them, that each should write a story about those terrific beings. Miss W. A. Godwin, Lord Byron, and Mr. Shelley entered upon the task. The result of Miss Godwin's labours was published sometimes since, under the title of *Frankenstein*. The *Vampire* was Lord Byron's performance; and the editor of the New Monthly Magazine says, he has the tale of Mr. Shelley still in reserve. This explanation cannot help the improbabilities of the *Vampire*; but absurdity ceases to disgust, when it is known that nothing but absurdity was intended.

GRAHAM'S BENEFIT.

This evening, the play of Richard III. will be performed, for the Benefit of Mr. Graham, a gen-

tleman whose correct deportment and assiduous attention to the duties of his profession, entitle him to the consideration of the public. Mr. Maywood will perform the part of Richard, the halting, "Crook'd-back'd Tyrant," who never had a better representative on the American stage. At the conclusion of the play, a new afterpiece will be represented, entitled, *The Battle of Plattsburgh*, written by a gentleman of this city. A variety of choice Song will be introduced, and other entertainments, calculated to give satisfaction to the public.

We hope that Mr. G. will receive the countenance of the public on this occasion, as he deserves every thing alluded to by Pope, in the following line:

"Act well your part—there all the honour lies."

As we have before observed, the business of this gentleman has generally been of a subordinate cast; but he is respectable in the characters allotted him. His *Las Casas*, in *Pizarro*; the *King in Hamlet*—*Captain Cutter*, in the *Jealous Wife*—and several other characters we could enumerate, have, at different times, gained him considerable applause. During the late war, Mr. G. served as an officer in the 13th regiment U. S. Infantry, and obtained the approbation and esteem of his brother officers.

Theatre.—There was near 1,300 dollars taken at Miss Leessag's benefit on Monday evening. The new play was received with distinguished applause, and will be repeated, we learn, on the 5th of July. The troops of the United States made a brilliant appearance. We understand they were from Captain Churchill's company on Bedford's Island.

Richmond Theatre.—It now appears, that it was not the *Theatre*, but the *Circus*, which was not permitted to be opened by candle-light in Richmond. The city authorities refused the Petersburg company permission to give night representations in the *Circus*, but there was no objection made to granting a license to the Managers of the Richmond *Theatre*, and every facility was afforded to its being opened on the 28th ult. at the usual hour, by the Charleston company.

Aeronautic Excursion.—Mr. GUILLE has advertised that he will shortly make an excursion in the air with a *Balloon* and *Parachute*, which, together with the *Gondola*, and other apparatus, are now exhibited at Washington-Hall, where Mr. Guille is also to be seen, who ascended with her husband in France.

MARRIED,

By the Rev. Mr. Bark, Capt. George F. Lewis, to Miss Sarah Ann Willis, all of this city.

On the 13th inst. Branson B. Wiggins, merchant, to Betsey Woodward, both of Troy.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Phillips, Mr. Daniel Cashman, to Miss Elizabeth Henderson, all of this city.

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. Phillip Milledoler, Mr. John Van Felt, merchant of Oneodaga, to

Miss Catharine Sebring, second daughter of Isaac Sebring, Esq. of this city.

At Coxsack, (N. Y.) on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Livingston, William V. B. Heermance, Esq. to Miss Esther Jadsen, both of the above place.

At Bloomingburgh, Sullivan county, (N. Y.) Lemuel Jenkins, Esq. attorney at law, to Miss Gertrude Huyck, formerly of Kingston.

"*Happy headed frosts*
Sleep in the fresh lap of the crimson rose."

Shaks.

At Somerset, (Ohio.) on the 18th ult. by Roswell Mills, Esq. Mr. Jonathan Loughborough, a youth, aged 67 years, to the amiable Miss Barbara Sherrick, aged 14 years, all of Perry county.

At Washington City, Mr. Ignatius Bagget, aged 64 years, to Miss Julia Bagget, aged 13, both of that place.

At Colchester, (Conn.) Mr. Mark Brown, to Miss Rose Waters, after a courtship of 35 years, they having had 15 children, and 8 grand children. [It was really high time for the old couple to get married.]

DIED,

On the 16th inst. Eleanor, wife of Mr. John Walsh, aged 50 years.

On the 17th inst. Mary Lawrence, aged 58.

On the 18th inst. Wm. Mearns, many years consul for the United States at the Isle of France, aged 75 years.

On the 18th inst. after a short, but painful illness, Mr. Seth Tuttle, aged 46 years.

On the 20th inst. after a lingering illness, Mr. Isaac Schermerhorn, aged 25 years, son of Capt. Cornelius Schermerhorn.

On the 21st inst. Miss Ann Jane McAlpin, aged 18 years, daughter of Mr. John McAlpin, formerly of Belfast.

At Utica, on the 14th inst. Mrs. Ann Malcolm, wife of Richard M. Malcolm, Esq.

At Baltimore, George Stiles, Esq. late mayor of that city, aged 69.

At Louisville, (Ken.) on the 30th ult. Mr. William B. Stilson, in the 23d year of his age, late of New Milford, Conn.

On the 30th of November last, in consequence of falling from the top-gallant-yard of the ship Ontario, during a storm, on her passage from New York to Canton, Charles I. Croumelle, in the 18th year of his age, son of the late Mr. Robert Croumelle.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Hannah Spring, relict of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Spring, and daughter of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Hopkins, of Hadley, aged 69 years.

At Hartford, (Conn.) on the 1st instant, Mrs. Sarah Webster, aged 78, relict of Noah Webster, Esq.

At Nassau, (N. P.) in February last, Mr. Ann Driggs, of Middletown, Conn.

At New-Orleans, on the 22d of May, Mr. Stephen W. Coles, of this city.

C. S. VAN WINKLE, PRINTER,
No. 101 Greenwich-street

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1819.

[No. 8.

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,
CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;

AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S
BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
No. 154 Broadway;
AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
PAYABLE QUARTERLY.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER VII.

By return of mail Woodville received the following answer to the letter recorded in the foregoing chapter. How he relished its contents, may appear hereafter.

"Worcester, April 22, 1806.

"MOST WHIMICAL,

"I shall not, at this time, attempt to controvert your vile sophistry, by the power of logic, for two very cogent reasons. The first is founded on the old adage—

"A man, convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

The second is predicated on my knowledge of your disposition and character; for, I am now (since the perusal of your last) more than ever convinced that you are labouring under a malady which will speedily work its own cure. It is, I perceive, rapidly approaching a *crisis*, when the delirium will vanish, and you will awake from the illusive dream, blushing with shame for the extravagant incoherencies which have escaped you during the paroxysms of *romance* and *eccentricity*.

"To express myself without a metaphor, Woodville, you are really making yourself very ridiculous. Pardon the sincerity of friendship—did I not love you, I would not take the trouble of at tempting to save you from the gulph of wretchedness and disgrace into which you are seeking to plunge yourself, together with all the hopes of your friends.

But as you are the only being whom I have thought worthy of taking to my heart, I will not abandon you until you have entirely abandoned yourself; for, though my predilection for you cannot be easily accounted for, it still continues with unabated sincerity. Judge, then, if it ought not to vex me to behold the *pet* on which I have placed my affections, ruining all my projects for his welfare, and hoarding up for himself stores of certain misery. I have not patience to speak calmly of follies which you attempt to justify on the score of 'liberal and enlightened opinions.' By Heaven! a few such arguments from your pea would do more toward destroying, in myself, those opinions to which you allude, than all the arguments of theologians for eighteen centuries. Why will you not be a *man*, and leave the nonsense of romance to boarding-school misses, and hopeless old maids?

"Fire on't! Oh, be!"

"As I said before, I am not going to reason with you; but do descend, for a few moments, from the air-built castles of fiction which your sublimated fancy has erected, and deign to step, for once, upon this dirty planet which we every-day folks inhabit, while I put to you a few plain questions, and throw away upon you a dozen words of grave advice.

"Are you desirous, at the age of twenty-one, to commence a life of poverty and certain wretchedness; and to drag with you, along that cheerless path, a delicate being whom you profess to love? If this, upon cool reflection, is your determination, I have mistaken your heart. But, alas! my friend never reflects!

"I can easily anticipate your reply: 'Love will strew the path with flowers, sweeten our toils, and lighten the load of poverty. With the girl that I love, a novel will be a palace; with her at my side I can dine sumptuously on the coarsest of viands; and with her in my arms, repose sweetly on a pallet of straw.'

"Now, I must confess, that this is all vastly pretty—on paper. I have heard it often; it is ever a *rosy theory*, but al-

ways proves a thorny *practice*; and you, my friend, like every other rash simpleton, who has madly rushed blindly and headlong into the experiment, will soon find, that though sweet as honey to the taste, it is bitter as wormwood in digestion.

"No doubt you would find the commencement of your tour pleasant, and the path variegated with the most tempting beauties. During that short period of rapture which is aptly termed the honey-moon, you would, perhaps, meet with joys sufficient to justify all your rational hopes, wishes, and anticipations. Nay, for the best part of a year the journey might be tolerable, though even that I doubt. But let us suppose four, five, or six years, passed away, and half that number of love-pledges added to your domestic circle. Suppose this, and suppose, too, (what is much less probable,) that you have, in the mean time, learned to reflect a little. Can your reflections, think you, be agreeable, when the subject is a rising family to provide for, without the means of making such provision? We will suppose that the wife is reconciled to her lot—that she has forgiven you the irreparable injury of blasting brighter prospects which she might have enjoyed. But will your unfortunate offspring be reconciled to their lot? Will they forgive you for giving them an existence without the means of sustaining it? Will they believe that you have used them well in 'pushing them from shore,' and 'launching them into life,' without rudder, compass, sail, or oar? exposing their tender frail barks upon the turbulent ocean of time, without provisions for the voyage, or the science to direct it? When they, in their turn, begin to reflect, will they thank a parent, who, blindly regardless of every thing but present selfish gratification, has entailed upon them poverty, ignorance, and menial labour, when he might have pursued a different course?

"But enough of this. I feel under no apprehensions of your being, at present, on the point of embarking in the desperate enterprise I deprecate. Your

present malady, I repeat, will soon work its own cure. It is true, a relapse may be apprehended, whenever a similar cause exists; but from the one which now operates, no danger can accrue. Sophia will soon be united to the man she loves; to a man whose affection, character, situation, and prospects in life, are such as promise every felicity that a reasonable female can expect. Their affection is mutual; for, notwithstanding all you have said about 'confessions' and 'elopements,' I can assure you that *her heart is not yours*. Nay, thou paragon of vanity, I will tell you even a greater secret still—you do not *love Sophia*. You may have deceived yourself, but not your friend; and the day is not far distant when you will acknowledge the truth of my assertion.

"The fact is, Solon, you are a stranger to your own heart. Sophia was the first pretty sensible girl with whom you ever conversed, and it is not surprising that a pleasing impression was, consequently, left on your memory. But it is not *love*. Had you for two years past, been more conversant with the virtuous part of the sex, you would ere this have felt the same affection for several, that you now feel for one; and I have no doubt, that at the expiration of ten years from this period, you will have sworn eternal constancy to as many fair ones—that is, if you escape matrimony—and even without such exception, I would not be your surety for the contrary.

"I know you, Woodville. Timid yourself of making advances to a new object, you will wait until invited by an approving smile. Then adieu to all former impressions; then comes the exclamation—'I am now convinced that I never loved before.'

"One word on *business*, and I have done. You have just embarked (as the partner of your worthy uncle) in the hazardous enterprize of commercial speculation. The capital on which you are to build, is small, and no part of it your own. Be careful, then, as you value reputation and happiness, to do justice to your benefactor; which you cannot do but by directing your every exertion to promote the interest of the establishment; by being prudent in your expenses, and by remaining in single blessedness for half a dozen years, at least.

Away then, with the ridiculous ideas of *elopement and marriage*! Awake from your dream of fiction, and resume the exercise of that rationality with which you are highly gifted.

"I shall conclude this hasty letter, (destitute of method and arrangement,) by quoting a line from your favourite Shakspeare:

"Put money in thy purse."

"Your's, &c.

"T. FLANDERS.

"Solon Woodville."

[To be continued.]

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE CALIPH ALMANSER,

OR,

HOW TO JUDGE OF MEN.

A TALE.

Fana Cosrou, surnamed Adhad Eddoulat, was one of the greatest men of the east. A renowned warrior, a noble and generous conqueror, a skilful politician; he united in his own person all those talents and virtues which cause the names of kings to descend to the remotest posterity. After having reduced Persia by the force of his arms, and taken possession of Bagdad, the residence of the caliphs, he had seated himself on the throne of those monarchs, ministers of one God, and representatives of his prophet; and being desirous of promoting the happiness of the people whom Providence had confided to his care, he was one day conversing familiarly with his principal courtiers on the best means for attaining this desirable object, and he spoke of the artifices which a king must practise to avoid being deceived, and to be able to know the real worth of the men by whom he is surrounded.

The courtiers of Adhad Eddoulat, each in his turn gave their advice. Adhad smiled whilst listening to them, for he clearly perceived that they were precisely prescribing the several methods to be deceived. There was among them a learned doctor, held in much reverence in Bagdad, not only on account of his extensive knowledge, but still more for the noble frankness of his manners, and the probity of his principles. This sage was named Morad: he preserved a pro-

found silence, whilst these selfish counsellors continued their fulsome discourses. Adhad Eddoulat observed him, and said to him, "And thou, Morad, why dost not thou, like the rest, give thy advice? Dost thou imagine that we will refuse to be instructed in the most useful science for kings? Tell me, then, what are the most certain methods by which we may judge of the true value of men?" "My lord," replied Morad, "whilst your courtiers were giving you, on this subject, such admirable counsels, I thought of the renowned Caliph Almanser, the creator of Bagdad, and the glory of the east. This great man possessed in an eminent degree this knowledge, less difficult, perhaps, than you imagine it to be; and if your highness will deign to listen to me, I will relate to you the methods he employed to form a true judgment of the men whom he designed to associate with himself in the administration of the government of an extensive empire." "Proceed," said Adhad Eddoulat, "I listen to thee with attention, and I burn with impatience to hear this history, and to profit by it." "It is very simple." "So much the better, if it be true." "It is rather long." "It will be too short if it be useful."

Then Morad began as follows:

At the period of my history the Caliph Abou-Giafar-Almanser had just lost his grand treasurer. After the decease of this minister, it appeared, on examining the details of his administration, that he had diminished the public treasure, and amassed for himself immense riches at the expense of whole provinces, which were desolated by his rapacious and numerous exactions. Almanser felt the necessity of replacing this faithless minister by a man who would not abuse the power with which he should be invested. But where was to be found a man worthy to be trusted with so important a charge? Where the probity that would not be liable to be seduced by the prospect of immense treasures, a part of which it would be so easy to appropriate to one's own use with impunity? Your highness may well conceive that such a place was sought after by the first lords of the court. All put forward their pretensions; all employed gold and intrigues to succeed; all made the highest protestations of zeal and devotion to the public

service. The caliph, however, remained undecided, and no one was chosen for the vacant office.

In the mean time all eyes were turned toward Agib, whose fortune was immense, and whose eminent talents were well known. He was already spoken of as a candidate likely to succeed, and he flattered himself with the expectation of being shortly invested with the office of grand treasurer of the empire. The Caliph had often heard speak of Agib, but he had never seen him, and was not known by him. Whilst thus undecided, he called to him one of his courtiers, and said to him: "For a long time past I have been solicited on behalf of Agib; I have some idea of constituting him my grand treasurer; but first I must know him. This night I will disguise myself, thou shalt take me to his house and introduce me to him as one of thy friends; thou shalt speak of me in terms of the highest praise, thou shalt extol my merit, my knowledge, my wisdom, and above all, my probity. At the same time, thou shalt add that it is a pity I should be so ill-treated by fortune as to be poor and wretched. Have a care to preserve my secret, that not the least suspicion may be excited: thy life should pay for thy disobedience." The courtier prostrated himself, and swore to obey his absolute command.

At night, Almanser, clothed in the plainest habiliments, was conducted to the house of Agib by the courtier, who, faithful to his promise, spoke thus to his protégé. "Permit me, Agib, to introduce to you a man who has rendered me the most important services. He is endowed with excellent qualities, his knowledge is various and extensive. He is, indeed, a model of probity and virtue; but fortune has ill-treated him; he is a man of the highest merit, but destitute of riches, and unknown to fame." Agib saluted the courtier, spoke to him in the most complimentary terms, lavished on him the most flattering eulogies, and noticed the stranger by a slight inclination of the head. At this instant some of Agib's friends were ushered in; he approached them with assiduity, and exhausted himself in protestations of friendship. The stranger, so meantly attended, was no longer thought of; he was not even saluted.

They now bring in ices and sherbet, and each one seats himself round a table magnificently decorated. The first place is given to the courtier, the other places are distributed according to the rank and riches of the respective guests; the poor stranger would have been suffered to stand, if he had not adopted the resolution to take his seat the last. The most exquisite perfumes are burnt. A troop of youthful musicians and beautiful female dancers exhibit their talents and their graces before this brilliant assemblage of guests, who fail not to extol the merit of Agib, to extol the extent of his knowledge, his fine taste, and his nobleness of mind. They speak of the grand-treasureship. "You are the man who will obtain it," say they. "Where can the Caliph make a better choice? Where will he find a more skilful man than Agib?" Then, every one is eager to solicit of him his patronage when he shall be grand-treasurer; for all have friends or relations for whom they wish to provide. Agib already, in anticipation, enjoys the brilliant prospect which they have presented to his imagination. He promises all that is asked of him; the courtier is, above all, assured before hand that he will obtain every thing for which he may deign to ask. The poor stranger, for a long time, preserved profound silence; but, at last, with an affected timidity, which appeared, however, perfectly natural, he said to the future grand-treasurer: "My lord, I beg of you the favour to think of me when you are invested with this important dignity. I will serve you with an unexampled zeal. Great reverses and misfortunes have deprived me of the whole of my fortune, and have left me nothing but my honour and my integrity." Agib replies to him by a smile which is meant to refuse and to promise nothing. The guests depart, and the stranger takes his leave with the courtier who had introduced him.

Eight days had just elapsed, when the Caliph again called to his presence the courtier, and said to him, "To-night thou shalt conduct me to the house of Agib; I will present myself in a magnificent dress, numerous slaves shall attend me, and thou shalt announce that I have experienced a most extraordinary change of fortune; that I have been presented to

the Caliph, who has distinguished me in a most particular manner, and has instantly heaped his favours upon me; that it is expected I shall shortly become the most powerful nobleman in Bagdad. But I again charge thee to keep well my secret. If any thing should induce thee prematurely to reveal it, I will punish thee as a traitor."

[To be continued.]

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

PEDESTRIAN RAMBLE

THROUGH

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

By G. F. Busby, Esq.

[Concluded from our last.]

New-Church, August 7.

FROM Ryde, where we stopped only till we had made the few observations for which the place afforded occasion, we proceeded onward through the interior of the isle, intending to sleep at New-Church. Our road lay across one of the loveliest countries fancy can picture. The disposition of the ground seems to have been planned by Nature when she was in a mood to form a habitation for some incorrupt and favourite race. Hill and valley—wood, plain, and glen—how delightfully intermingled! Farm-houses and cottages, embosomed in foliage and fragrance, were frequent on our route. Principally we passed through corn fields and fields of barley, and not seldom tracked our way over soft-swellings, bosome eminences of clover, whose deep-glowing crimson lent a gorgeous relief to the chaste simplicity of the surrounding plains. Tracts of fern and purple heath occasionally varied the aspect of the country, and even the marl pits, with their bare, barren, glaring walls and prominences, were not without their use and effect in this assemblage of every rural beauty. The commencement of our journey afforded us frequent glimpses of the water, and the effect of these transient additions to the landscape will not admit of description. I might tell you of the waves glistening in flashing brilliancy through the casual interstices of the woods, now reposing in unruffled tranquillity, now gently agitated by some smoothly-gliding bark, whose snow-white

sails, reflecting the light of the evening sun, passed serenely by like the unreal beauties of a vision; but this—what would it be? A faint, cold, indefinite representation of beauties to be *felt*, not *related*. My heart was, at once, softened and elated; the magic of nature struck and penetrated my soul; it was the last—yes, it might be, the *last* time I should tread the soil of my fathers. With the sensations produced by the exquisite loveliness of the scene were mingled a thousand tender and bitter regrets for the affectionate and noble relatives I had left—noble, not only by descent, but by every generous and praise-worthy quality that can adorn a private station. To resume, for I perceive my feelings are running away with me, a few miles to the left, throughout our route, and shining in all the splendour of a vesper illumination, the village of Brading was distinctly visible. Thus we went on, pleased with each other, and ourselves, and enchanted by the fascinating prospects continually presented to our view; but, nevertheless, fatigue, and the increasing lateness of the evening, warned us of the necessity of quickening our pace, if we did not mean to repose beneath the canopy of the skies. But we had lost our way, and were about to call a council of war, when our good angel interfered in the shape of a rustic, who, pointing to the left, showed us the village we were in search of, situate partly in a vale, and partly on a declivity about half a mile from the spot where we stood. Accompanied by our guide, we speedily gained our destination.

New-Church, small as it is, may with propriety be divided into Upper and Lower, the more regular moiety of the village occupying the eminence, while the detached dwellings are distributed over the vale. The ascent to the higher division seemed most worthy a tourist's notice. As you proceed, the banks of the road rise rapidly to the height, say, of sixty feet; the sides, jagged with prominences of varied hues, according to the difference of the soil composing their layers, are likewise diversified with tufts of wild vegetation; and sometimes a tree, projecting almost horizontally from its rain-washed bed, hangs over the path, and adds a grace to the scene, which, however, scarcely asks the aid of adventurous embellishment. Mark, too, the

flood of golden light pouring down the ravine, brightening the minutest recesses of the secluded spot, illuminating the scattered verdure on its edges, and slumbering on the half-shaded casements of the cottages sprinkled over the declivity.

It was between nine and ten o'clock when we arrived, and it was not without some little difficulty and self-exertion that we at length procured a meal, such as was required by travellers who had journeyed for nearly twenty-four hours, without any refreshment, and exposed to the scorching beams of an August sun.

Shanklin.

We rose tolerably early, and while that portion of our breakfast undertaken to be provided by our ancient and good-humoured hostess was preparing, strolled through the village on a kind of foraging expedition. Bread, butter, milk, tea, and sugar, were in our contract; but the *et ceteras* of a good breakfast were not to be obtained by the same means you would employ at Long's or Fladong's. In our ramble for these we entered several farm-houses, and were much pleased with the unsophisticated minds and manners of their rustic tenants. In our conversation with these good people, we learned that the distress so general in other parts of the kingdom, had been severely experienced even in this beautiful and secluded region, though it appears to have been not inconsiderably alleviated by the benevolence of the more opulent land owners and farmers. At the last house we stopped at, the extent and style of the building, the well-carpeted floors, and handsome modern furniture, announced a superior race, and the urbane manners of the occupiers verified the supposition. We were received by a lovely girl, over whose cheek the "young pomegranate" had strewn

"Its bloom in blossoms ever new,"

and whose blue, melting eyes, spoke a language—how sweet—how heart-thrilling! Still dwells that beam on my memory—there her angelic smile yet lingers—yet, dear —, susceptible as you may imagine my heart to be, I pray you do not suppose I was in love—that *passion I have yet to feel*; I am not *old* in years, but I seem already to have out-

lived every joy, but *one*. Very similar are Byron's feelings and my own; with this difference, however, that I have hopes—and sublime ones—beyond this world; but all my expectations of *earthly* happiness are bounded to this—a competency, the society of the few I esteem, and repose on the bosom of *one* who would love me for—*myself—myself only*. This last wish you will pronounce romantic; I grant it: yet it is, I will not say probable, but possible. Should it ever be my lot to attach the favourable regards of such an one, and a spirit of prophecy seems to assure it to me—then shall I rest contented—nay, happy. But I wander—to return to the young lady already mentioned; the softness, the angelic sweetness of her looks, might have tempted a coxcomb or prodigal to impertinent freedoms. She appeared about sixteen, and conversed with us with all the frankness of innocence, and the suavity of polished life. Lovely flower—may no rude hand tear thee from the shades of which thou art the ornament and grace!

She asked us to breakfast—was it possible to decline an invitation so sweetly given, and from such lips? So, sending word to Baucis that we should not return for a couple of hours, we sat down—with the *family*—to their morning repast. The brother, a youth of fifteen, had been in the fleet that Lord Amherst to China; but as he was not attached to the embassy, he did not proceed beyond Quang-choo-foo (vulgarily *Canton*.) He is a lively ingenious youth, fond of an adventurous life, and warmly attached to his parents and sister. The father and mother, two most respectable characters, bear in their countenances no mark of sorrow for their exchange of the costly elegancies of a town-life for the purer joys of a rural solitude, where, cheered by the affectionate attentions of their children, their days glide on in uninterrupted felicity, and their last sigh will be breathed in the arms of filial affection.

With regret we took leave of this amiable family, and, having settled with our hostess, went onward to Shanklin, a place situate on the south-eastern shore of the Isle, and of whose beauty we had heard frequent eulogia. The country through which we passed was, I think,

richer and more varied than the tracts through which we had journeyed the preceding day, but I cannot recal to memory any one spot possessing the peculiar charms of New-Church Shute.

We arrived at Shanklin about two o'clock, and having given directions for dinner, wandered through the groves and glens of that delicious place, whose enchanting scenery strongly reminded me of Fenelon's description of the bower of Calypso. To the right, the snowy cliffs extend a considerable distance along the coast—a vast rent in the rocks, called the Chine, is replete with beauties of the most exquisite kind; and to those who (like us) bid defiance to fatigue, affords a rich display of the more romantic charms of nature. The left presents the village of Shanklin, with its dependant farms, distributed over a tract, small indeed in extent, but embracing within its limits every sylvan grace and attraction.

Lines written at Shanklin.

A garland, a sweet blushing garland, I send,
Of blooms and flowers
From Shanklin's bowers,
Where the rose and the lily in wild beauty blend.

Oh, the sweetest retreats for affection are there!
And love might twine
Round his boldest shrine,
The brightest of wreaths for the young and the fair.

Here we staid till about 6 o'clock, and then, nearly in the same direction as that in which we set out, returned to Ryde.
Believe me, Dear ———
Your's,
GEORGE FREDERICK BUSBY.

Translated for the Columbian.

Description of the hospital for the insane at Aversa, in the kingdom of Naples, extracted from the unpublished Journal of a tour made in the year 1817, in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

After having traversed a short path, we discovered their modest edifice in the midst of the most smiling country. The bell called the people of the neighbourhood to mass, which is daily attended by the unhappy patients in the hospital. The holy ceremonies were just beginning as we entered. A part of the church was filled with people from the town and neighbourhood. In the choir and side seats there were men of all ages and

conditions, almost all dressed in an uniform manner; in the middle were some grenadiers; and in the front a numerous military orchestra, made the sacred roof re-echo with the most melodious sounds. Every thing inspired meditation and devotion. My guide said to me—"Those whom you thus see silent and devout at the foot of the altar—those who are in military uniform, and who pay homage with their arms to the God of armies—those who make the temple resound with their harmonious concert, are so many victims to that dreadful malady which deprives man of his reason; even he whom you see penetrated with respect and fear, assisting the priest in the expiatory sacrifice, is himself one of those unfortunate beings." It is not easy to express the surprise that I felt, and the emotion excited in my mind, by this terrible and delicious contrast of the wretchedness and grandeur of the human mind. Divine service was over, and the agitation of my mind still continued. My guide perceived it, took me by the hand, and conducted me into a passage which leads from the chapel to the interior of the house. It is here, said he, that the inhabitants of this place repair to their usual occupation.

At a certain signal given, they assembled at a place destined for the muster of the morning. My surprise was increased on beholding, that when they arrived at the middle of a spacious court, they all ranged themselves in a line in the peristyle which ran round it. A profound silence prevailed when the director of this establishment appeared. On seeing him I observed the most melancholy rejoice, and yield to the sweetest emotions of the heart! I fancied myself in the bosom of a numerous family, assembled in the morning round a father who loves his children. The Director, passing through the ranks which they formed, listened to the recital of their sufferings, the wants, the grievances, the dreams, the follies of each, and replied to all with words of peace and consolation. His words seemed as a talisman, which calmed their agitation, dispelled melancholy, and spread serenity and smiles on the most thoughtful and perturbed countenances. This species of review being terminated, most of them went into the garden contiguous to the

court. There several games were arranged, judiciously managed to afford them a gentle and agreeable gymnastic exercise, and to dissipate the gloomy thoughts in which some were habitually plunged.

While contemplating this kind of contest, I perceived that the presence of the spectators, and the natural desire of receiving the prize given to the victor, excited in their hearts a noble emulation. While many of the patients thus indulged in the pleasures of this wholesome recreation, others walked about in silence and avoided company; others declaimed aloud; here, several of them were cultivating flowers; there, others stood immovable and so plunged in deep reflection, that it seemed as if the fall of the edifice could not have aroused them from their abstraction.

I had spent an hour in this manner, and was absorbed in the ideas which the sight inspired, when my guide invited my companion and myself to ascend a high story. We proceeded by a magnificent staircase, at the top of which an elegant vase, filled with fine perfumes, diffused an agreeable odour through the whole building. On the right two of our grenadiers stood sentinels before an arsenal of simulated arms. Curiosity prompted me to put several questions to them, but I could not obtain any answer, as they imagined that to break silence would be a great breach of military discipline.

We then entered a large saloon, neatly decorated, where we found several of the insane, who, like people in the full possession of their reason, were passing the time in agreeable conversation, or in playing on various instruments of music, singing pleasing songs, and hymns of gratitude in honour of the king, whose bust is placed between the statues of Pity and Wisdom, who place a crown on his brow offered by the love of his subjects. In the adjoining apartments some young men of distinguished birth quietly amused themselves in playing billiards.

Astonished at the urbanity, the decorum, the tranquillity, and the politeness of this unfortunate family, a stranger could not help saying, "Where then are the insane!"—"Wherever you turn your eyes," answered my guide, "the peace, the regularity, and the good temper, which you witness here, are the

fruits of vigilance, of order, and of a skillful combination of the different methods of promoting health, and of a happy application of the means pointed out by medicine, moral philosophy, and a profound knowledge of the mind."

In more than one kind of mental derangement the difficult art of administering medicines, and above all, that of prescribing the use of them, must occupy the first rank. Hospitals for the insane, governed like places of confinement, or like prisons destined to secure dangerous patients, who must be sequestered from society, are calculated only to multiply the kinds of victims whom they contain.

In this hospital, the ancient rigorous treatment of the patients has been happily replaced by tender and affectionate cares, by the admirable art of gaining the mind, and by a mild and pleasant firmness. Experience soon demonstrates the advantages of this system, and every body acknowledges that it was inspired, not by the blind empiricism of ill-judged pity, but by profound knowledge and enlightened reflections on the cause of insanity, and the means of effecting its cure.

It struck twelve, and the experiment ceased, it being the hour of dinner. As we proceeded to see the refectory, the Chevalier Linguist, the other physician, pointed out the dark chamber, whose floor and walls are covered with mal-breasses, to confine the maniacs when the fit of phrezy is on them; and the beds on which the patients are placed in such a manner (the circulation being unobstructed) it is impossible for them to injure themselves or others. He likewise showed us the strait waistcoat, which permits the insane to walk about at their ease without being able to commit any excess. The theatre was also pointed out to us where these unfortunate persons recreate themselves in representing musical pieces; and, lastly, that of the puppets, where their minds are frequently diverted in a very beneficial manner.

I saw this whole family again assembled at the table. Unhappily it was still too numerous, notwithstanding the frequent and daily cures which annually restore a great number of its members to the state, to their relations, to the arts, the sciences, and humanity. The bread,

the wine, the meat, the soup, all the ailments, were wholesome, of good quality, well prepared and well served up; tranquillity, order, silence, were every where observed, but it was then that I first became sensible of what kind of place I was in. The continual agitation of the insane, the motion of their muscles, which is not interrupted in their moments of rage, the animal heat which is much increased in several of them, the extraordinary energy of their strength sometimes excite in them an extraordinary degree of voracity; and it was such in some of those unfortunate persons, that they devoured their food like ferocious beasts, appearing insatiable, however great the quantity which the kind director placed before them.

Their physiognomy, their gestures, their secret manœuvres, which would cause them to be taken more for brutes than men, evidently proved that during these moments they were wholly deprived of reason, and governed solely by instinct!

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO THE EDITOR, DATED,

New-York, June 23d, 1819.

DEAR SIR,

I have several times had occasion to express to you my opinion of various works, lately published by American authors. But among those which have a particular claim upon public attention, I know of none more deserving of it than "THE BRIEF REMARKER, or compendious dissertations respecting social and domestic relations, and the various economy of life," from the pen of the *Rev. Ezra Sampson*, of Hudson, N. Y. His observations are deep and correct, evincing a close and narrow inspection of men and things. His style is simple, perspicuous and nervous. It is a book well calculated to the times, and will prove very beneficial to all who peruse it with attention. Like our illustrious *Franklin*, he has given to the world the best maxims of morality in a concise and practical way. I would recommend it to the community at large, but, especially, to the youth of our country.

With the highest esteem,

Your's,

JOHN W. PICKET.

S. WOODWORTH, Esq.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

The following advertisement appeared in *Granway's Daily Advertiser*, printed in Calcutta, on the 6th of September, 1818:—"Be it known, that six fair and pretty young Ladies, with two sweet and engaging children, lately imported from Europe, having the roses of health blooming in their cheeks, and joy sparkling in their eyes, possessing amiable tempers, and highly accomplished, yielding tacitly to all necessary wishes, whom the most indifferent cannot behold without expressions of rapture, are to be raffled for next door to the British Gallery.—Scheme, 20 tickets, at 12 rupees each. The highest of the three throws, doubtless, takes the most fascinating," &c.

HEROISM OF A QUAKER.

In the late American war, a New-York trader was chased by a French privateer, and having four guns and plenty of small arms, it was agreed to stand a brush with the enemy, rather than be taken prisoners. Among several other passengers, was an athletic quaker, who, though he withstood every solicitation to lend a hand, as being contrary to his religious tenets, kept walking backward and forward on the deck without any apparent fear; the enemy all the time pouring in their shot. At length the vessels having approached close to each other, a disposition to board was manifested by the French, which was very soon put into execution; and the quaker being on the look out, the first man that jumped on board, he unexpectedly sprang toward, and grappling him forcibly by the collar, said, "Friend, thou hast no business here," at the same time hoisting him over the ship's side.

REPARTEE.

A quarrelsome French officer lately traversing one of the Boulevards at Paris, observed a person turn toward him and laugh, when he haughtily asked,—"Pour quoi, Monsieur, riez vous quand Je passe?" (why do you laugh, sir, as I pass?) to which the other quickly rejoined—"Pour quoi, Monsieur, passer vous quand Je ris?" (why do you pass, sir, when I laugh?)

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO LICEA.

(Imitated from Miss Porter.)

If nought can charm thee, save bright eyes,
That beam the light of sunbeams;
And cheeks that emulate the rose,
And lips o'er which the coral throws
Its brightest red, and silken hair
That waves o'er brows unknown to care;
Oh! then are all my visions fled,
And every hope I cherish'd dead.

But if those eyes that know no light,
Save when thy presence clears their sight;
And cheeks that own no roses hue,
And only glow when meeting you;
If lips without the coral's red,
And care-worn brows whence beauty's fled,
Could chase indiff'rentence from thy breast,
Then hope revives, and I am blest.

MONTRESOR.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO THE BARDS.

In sacred days, as early bards have feign'd,
When mental darkness with its horrors reign'd;
When Dis presided o'er the Stygian state,
And Jove's "irrevocable word was fate;"
Then scowling demons by the lyre were charm'd,
And hell's grim chief by music was disarm'd;
The forests danced, fell beasts abstain'd from blood,

And joy'd the monsters of the restless flood.
The love-sick youth then sung his mistress' praise,
And tempting maids were won by artless lays.
E'en now the fair in this enlighten'd age,
Admire and love the simple rhyming sage;
And coyest maids, by such alluring charms,
Are taught submission to Apollo's arms.
Come, then, ye bards, whom all the nines inspire,
Awake! awake! and touch the trembling lyre;
Lo! at your beck the glorious hosts above
Descend to idolize the maids you love;
To shed o'er them their influence benign,
And lead them captives to the sacred nine;
To cause their souls to melt at pity's strains,
To sigh where'er the dulcet lyre complains,
And, whilst each note displays your latent fears,
Induce the maid to sympathize in tears.
Ye who in hymen's bands enjoy the fair,
The dearest objects once of all your care,
Know, that the pow'r which bound their souls to you,

Can make that sacred passion lasting too;
Can pour the balm that soothes each rising grief,
And to each pang administer relief.
Rise, then, ye bards, your wonted pow'rs display,
Apollo guides, the muses lead the way;
Cupid attends the path that ye pursue,
And gives the fair to poetry and you.

HUMPHRY MOPSTAFF.

Domi, 17th June, 1819.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO —

Oh! no, I wish thee not to make
A vow that thou might'st wish to break;
Too well this boding heart would know,
If ever thine shouldown'd its vow—

Would mark the cold averted eye,
The distant, too polite, reply;
And sicken with despair to know
Thou would'st, but dare not, break thy vow.

No, no, thou art not bound to me,
Except by love and sympathy;
And should those tender ties be vain,
My heart might break, but not complain.

HARRUET.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

SONNET.

At thy loved shrine, Parnassian maid! I'd thought
To kneel no more, no more to woo thee, Muse;
Yet why neglect thy face? thou canst inspire
A calm within my breast when it is wrought
With passions' turmoil, and oft thou hast brought
Oblivion to its cares; oh! then diffuse
Thy influence o'er my soul when I would use
The art sublime, "unconsciously to paint."
Inspire me oft in virtue's sacred name
To raise my humble notes, yet oh! ne'er crown
With inspiration efforts which disclaim
Her influence, but ever be thy frown
Dispensed, when I to win a faint acclaim
Profane thy shrine with strains fair virtue would
disown.

JOCELIN.

From the Salem Gazette.

LUCY ANN—A SONG.

In the manner of Lord Byron.

Bring that harp, boy, to me, though I know not a strain,
Yet who once struck a harp, he may strike it again;
I will catch, who cannot, nay, by Phoebus who can
Catch the air of thy charms to the life—Lucy Ann.
Bring that harp, boy, to me, though its strings be untwined,
And tuneless have lain by me, time out of mind;
Yet I'll try, who would not, that was half such a man,
And had half such a theme as the fair—Lucy Ann?
Boy, boy, bring my harp; peradventure once more
I may wake up a strain, as I waked up of yore;
I'll be sweet, will it not, to see once how it ran,
To some other less lovely, less lov'd—Lucy Ann?

I have often been wounded, and many times slain,
With a Nell, Isabel, Julia Ann, Mary Jane;
But revive, who would not, that was lifeless and wan,
At the welcome illusion of fair—Lucy Ann?

Gallant chief, when he look'd on our strength and our charms,
And survey'd our assemblage of beauty and arms,
His eye roved, did it not, o'er each maid and each man,
But it lingered alone on the sweet—Lucy Ann.

There are many things pretty, in many a fair—
Pretty form, pretty face, pretty voice, pretty air;
All these, may she not, sure, if any one can
Make a boast of these beauties, 'tis sweet—Lucy Ann.

But the charm is within—'tis the magic of soul,
That diffuses a breath and a beam o'er the whole;
'Tis the breath, is it not, that the soft breezes fan,
And the beams of a paradise morn—Lucy Ann?

Such a sweetness and love, such a softness is seen,
Such an ease in the lip, such a grace in her mien,
I dare say, who would not, if the mother of man,
Ere she fell, had a daughter, 'twas like—Lucy Ann?

There are many lads love a look that is high,
As a scorn on the lip, and a dark rolling eye;
And they seem, do they not, well enough in a man?
But a maid wants a blue beaming eye—Lucy Ann.

Thus, as Horace of old held himself as a hone,
Who could wet others' wit, but had none of his own;

So can I, who can not, though no pupil of Pan,
Yet can whistle an air to his reed—Lucy Ann.

CHEVALIER.

From the Charleston Times.

LOVE'S FIRST SIGH.

If there's an hour more sweet, more blest,
Amid life's chequer'd scene,
If joy e'er fill'd the artless breast,
Its cares and fears between,
'Tis when the heart, it knows not why,
With rapture fill'd, breathes love's first sigh.

How swiftly sweet the moment's fly,
'Mid groves or flowery dells,
When fondly gazing on that eye
Where purest passion dwells,
And the young bosom throbbing high,
With fond alarms breathes love's first sigh.

And though the time is ever fled,
And past the joys it gave,
Yet still shall memory sweetly shed,
Like moon-beams on the wave—
A beam that yet shall light the eye,
And cheer with thought of love's first sigh.

THE AMIALE WIFE.

The maid I shall love, must be free from disguise,
Wear her heart on her lips, and her soul in her eyes;
A soul, by the precepts of virtue inform'd;
And a heart, by the purest benevolence warm'd.

Her converse so varied, as ever to please;
Unaffectedly cheerful, and polished with ease;
Her person attractive, her temper serene,
And her wit rather brilliant and playful, than keen.

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HENRY'S *Sugar Peas*, though plainly dressed, possess considerable sweetness, and might not prove an unsavoury dish at a village banquet; but would, we fear, make rather a rustic appearance on the tables of our city.

The *Traveller* cannot be entertained—for we have not been entertained by him.

Augustus may "love such rural scenes," as he describes, "around the evening blaze"—but they hold out no temptation for those who are already suffering from the noon-day blaze of a summer's sun.

The essay on *Foreign Literature*, is foreign to our views.

Female Beauty, by Aurelius, shall adorn the columns of our next.

Laura must excuse us—No possible good could be effected by the publication of her communication, either to herself or the public.

Andræa may feel like a poet, but he does not think like one. One happy thought is worth all the fustian in the world. His pieces are declined.

The same remark will apply, with equal force, to "Stanzas in imitation of Moore," which strongly remind us of the properties of the *Kalevala*, producing a variety of figures, pleasing to the eye, but when closely inspected, possessing neither order, utility, nor beauty.

We wish that all our correspondents would send their favours to the office; for it is painful, though oftentimes necessary, to resist a painful solicitation for the insertion of nonsense.

INDEPENDENCE.

This is a subject to which our fair readers cannot be insensible; for their fathers, their brothers, their lovers, their husbands, their children—have been all elevated by it from the degradation of vassals to the dignified rank of FREEMEN. But, dear and precious as are the sweets of Liberty, what man could enjoy them without the participation of the fair? It was their smiles which prompted the then youthful patriots of the revolution, to deeds of unparalleled heroism; and it is their smiles which now inspire our youth with an equal ardour to defend what their fathers won. For, as we have before said, on another occasion, "woman ever has been, still is, and always will be, the main-spring, the *primus mobile*, of every masculine achievement, in the crown or the hero—the stripling or the man; and whether she fire a Troy, or excite emulation at a game of marbles; whether she influence a court, or rule in a dairy—the end, cause, and effect, are still the same. We may talk of *patriotism*—we may prate of *fantasy*; but who can feel the one, or seek the other, but for the sake of woman?"

Since such, then, be the influence of the fair, we hazard but little in ascribing to it the wonderful revolution which gave our beloved country a rank among the nations of the earth, and secured to Americans that INDEPENDENCE which constitutes at once their glory and their happiness.

Who, then, have a better right to participate in the festivities of next Monday, than the fair daughters of Columbia? Without their presence to grace the scene, it would lose half its charms, and be devoted of more than half its interest. Let them attend, then, in all their native attractions, heightened by every modest embellishment that art can bestow, that the glow of patriotism may receive an additional lustre from the dazzling rays of beauty.

The following Song, is respectfully submitted to the readers of the Ladies' Literary Cabinet, as adapted to the subject of these happy remarks. It is from the pen of our valuable correspondent, S. of New-Jersey.

INDEPENDENCE.

Again breaks the morning when Liberty, frowning,
Allur'd a brave yeomanry round her bright Car;

Her scorns lighting eyes, and her fingers, embrowning
Young brows all unconscious of carnage or war!

She cried, "rise! rise! arise injur'd men! from your slumbers—

My temple of beauty lies rifed and low!"

Then Britain's proud genius turn'd pale at the numbers
Who echoed her call—who reflected her glow!

Stern smiling, she threw, from her station in heaven,
A standard-sheet rent from the robes floating there;

Its stars wore the brilliance by warriors given,
Its stripes were the meteor-lightnings of air!

Young Warren on Bunker's green summit appeared it,
And, dying, his eyes on its triumph did rest:

Sons, fathers, and brothers, in ecstasy cheer'd it—
Hail! tent of the patriot or shroud of his breast!

O'er hills and down valleys the death cannon thunder'd it—
Peace wept, but her tears were absorb'd by the flame;

While legends untold, at each victory wonder'd—
'Twas freedom or death—'twas oblivion or fame!

The war-horse, all spirit, with neck fiercely arching,
Dash'd thro' the broad river—late bloodless and clear;

How trembled the earth, to the cheerful quick marching,
Of those who but recent pursued the wild deer!

But long was the struggle, till, weary and weeping,
Fair Liberty sought, with a resolute hand,

A mountain, where calmly an infant was sleeping—
He woke—grasp'd her sword with his warm little hand!

She own'd him her saviour! she taught him each lesson
That patriots may feel, or that heroes admire;

He millic'd her squadrons—receiv'd her pure blessing,
Then pour'd on those tyrants—a deluge of fire!

When storms have exhausted their force on the ocean,
Light breezes play over, tho' waters are still;

Thus, fathers and mothers! when hush'd war's commotion,
Wild, wild was your joy on each far-sloping hill!

But brightly to heaven your Washington fled—
He rose on the sign of the nation he sav'd:

Companions and friends this requiem repeated—
"His glory shall flourish 'till Time is enslav'd!"

The world's as one bosom that soldier deploring,
His ashes are strew'd on the heart beating there;

And while his broad legacy-standard is soaring,
Those relics will dry ev'ry tear of despair!

Yes! Washington—hero immortal and glorious,
Our country reveres thee; 'till gratitude dies;

That she may be happy—in virtue victorious—
O point to her charter—O teach from the skies!

S. OF NEW-JERSEY.

July 4th, 1819.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 23d inst. P. Dickie, of Aberdeen, Scotland, to Miss Susan Perry, of this city.

At the seat of Colonel G. H. Striker, Bloomingdale, by the Rev. Dr. Gunn, Captain Thomas Bennett, to Miss Nancy Howland, of New Bedford.

On the 30th of April last, by the Rev. Mr. Bork, Mr. John Dixon, to Mrs. Ann Bushfield.

DIED.

On Thursday, the 24th inst. Mrs. Eleanor Phoenix, relict of Mr. Phillip Phoenix, in the 73d year of her age.

Suddenly, on Friday, the 25th inst. at Hurlgate, in the 24th year of her age, Elizabeth Stoughton Gracie, wife of William Gracie, and daughter of Oliver Walcott.

On Friday, the 26th inst. of a lingering illness, which she bore with exemplary and Christian resignation, Mrs. Elias Van De Venter, wife of Major C. Van De Venter.

At Greenwich, on the 26th inst. of a lingering illness, Mrs. William Brombush, aged 35 years and 3 months.

On Monday last, Mr. Christopher West, starch manufacturer, in the 66th year of his age.

On Monday last, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, Robert M-Farland.

On Tuesday morning, of a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, Mrs. Mary Adams, consort of John Adams, in the 33d year of her age.

At Richmond, (Va) Dr. Wm P. Jones, physician to the public guard, penitentiary, and poor house—a gentleman very much respected in the line of his profession, and as a man, beloved as well as respected.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1819.

[No. 9.

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;
AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 154 Broadway :

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

PAYABLE QUARTERLY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE CALIPH ALMANSER,

OR,

HOW TO JUDGE OF MEN.

A TALE.

(CONTINUED)

The Caliph, as he said, attired himself magnificently, and, mounted on a horse bedecked with superb trappings, was escorted by a numerous band of followers, and proceeded with the courtier to the house of Agib. When Agib perceived this brilliant retinue enter the courtyard of his palace, he precipitately quitted his apartment, and flew to present himself before the master of these numerous slaves. The courtier approached him, and drawing him aside, said to him, in a low tone of voice : " This is the friend whom I introduced to you the other day. Since that period his fortune has surprisingly changed ; he has found the means to introduce himself to the person of the Caliph, who, influenced by a caprice so common to princes and kings, became immediately prepossessed in favour of the merits and talents of this man, whom I have discovered to be but an adventurer, destitute of any talent but that of a capacity for intrigue. He is already become rich and powerful ; his interest is most extensive. Never was a fortune so rapidly acquired. He is but a knave, but he is a skillful one ; he has deceived me by false appearances of virtue, and he is capable of deceiving any one ; I should not be surprised if, at some future time, perhaps before long,

he should be appointed grand vizier. I have requested him to pay you a visit, and he has consented." The astonishment of Agib on hearing this information was indescribable. It was with difficulty that he could conceal his embarrassment and his confusion. In saluting this man, whom, eight days ago, he treated so contemptuously, he almost kissed the earth. He overwhelmed him with congratulations—he was so happy in the honour of cultivating the acquaintance of a man of such resplendent merit ! " Fortune is, then, for once, just," said he ; " she at length has regard to virtue and talents ! " The stranger was introduced into a magnificent saloon ; the whole attention was occupied by him. Shortly, a numerous company arrived at the house of Agib ; but he was solely occupied by his attentions to the distinguished stranger, who had honoured him by his visit. Sherbet was brought in as before, but in much richer vessels ; the viands were more costly, the lights more brilliant, the perfumes more rare and more exquisite. The place of honour was given to the stranger, whom Agib himself served with a pressing and respectful solicitude. The conversation again reverted to the subject of the grand treasureship. " I promised you, the other day," said Agib to the stranger, " to do something for you, if I attained my object ; I hope, my lord, that you have not forgotten it. But now that Heaven, always just, has advanced you beyond my expectations, it has become my turn to solicit your protection, my lord, and I dare to hope that you will use your interest to procure for me the place, of which I think myself not unworthy."

" Thou shalt not have it, Agib ; thou shalt not possess this office for which thou hast so strong a desire, that thou mayst be able to deceive me with the greater security," suddenly exclaimed the Caliph. " I will not have for my grand treasurer, a man who has more respect for riches than for talents and probity. Recognise in me the Caliph Almanser, whom, a few days ago, thou didst treat so contemptuously, because thou didst conceive that I possessed nothing

besides merit. Farewell ! I leave thee thy possessions, but I will not trust thee with my treasures."

On hearing the name of Almanser, all the courtiers fell prostrate in stupor and astonishment. They preserved this attitude long after the Caliph had quitted the house of Agib, and rose but to abandon the unhappy mortal who had incurred the displeasure of the dispenser of favours.

Meanwhile the Caliph returned to his palace, escorted only by the courtier who had introduced him to Agib. He had dismissed a useless retinue, and was desirous of proceeding on foot this short distance. As he was walking along, he ruminated on this adventure, and smiled interiorly at the terror and confusion of Agib. At the same time, his mind was occupied in devising a plan to find an honest man for his treasurer. He took a rapid survey of all the individuals who had solicited this office ; but not one in his mind appeared worthy of it. He was absorbed in these reflections, when, in passing by a mosque, he perceived a miserable wretch seated on a stone. He approached this man, who rose, and extending his hand, said to him, " Have pity, my lord, on an unfortunate who is perishing of hunger." " Begone," replied the Caliph, harshly, " and carry elsewhere thy importunate complaints ; I have nothing to give thee." The unhappy man sighed deeply, and placed himself again upon the stone, expecting there to be obliged to pass the night. In the mean time, the Caliph, having formed his design, let fall, as if by accident, at the feet of the poor man, a purse full of gold, and departed from the mosque. He had scarce advanced a hundred paces when he heard a voice calling to him, " My lord, my lord, stop ! " He returned, and saw the poor mendicant. " What is it thou wouldst have ? " said he to him. " I repeat it, I have nothing to give thee." " No," replied the unhappy wretch, " but I have a purse to restore to you. There it is." " How ! you have not kept it ? " " Ah ! my lord ! in keeping it, I should have lost much more

than I should have gained." "How is that!" "I should have gained my fortune, but I should have lost my integrity." "Answer me, who art thou?" "My lord, I am the son of an honest merchant of this city. My name is Adula. My father, by his industry, supported a numerous family. Unforseen misfortunes destroyed his hopes, and brought on him irremediable ruin." "What misfortunes?" "The grand treasurer of the Caliph ordered of us a very considerable quantity of merchandise; we were obliged to borrow to enable us to execute his orders. He refused us payment for our goods, and we have lost every thing. My father, driven to the necessity of selling his house and effects to satisfy his creditors, died of grief, and I am reduced to solicit alms till some one will furnish me with employment." "Employment!" said the Caliph; "thou wishest, then, for employment?" "Tis well; follow me, and to-morrow I will find means to provide an occupation for thee." The unfortunate followed without knowing whither he conducted him, and inwardly cherishing very humble expectations.

On his arrival at his palace, the Caliph said to the persons that surrounded him, "Clothe that man in rich garments, place him in a magnificent apartment, and let twenty slaves attend upon him." This command is punctually obeyed, and the poor Adula has changed his costume before he has recovered from his astonishment. "To-morrow, Adula," said the Caliph, "thou must present thyself before the divan. Go, and take repose in thy apartment; resign thyself without fear to the balmy influence of sleep. To-morrow I promise to employ thee." Adula sinks on his knees, but cannot find words to express his gratitude and his joy. All that has past appears to him as a dream, and he is fearful he shall awake and find the illusion dispelled. He is conducted to a superb apartment, where twenty slaves respectfully attend his commands.

The next morning, at an early hour, he received an order to appear at the divan, but in the same dress in which he was found seated on the stone before the mosque, and imploring the compassion of passengers. "Alas!" said he, "my good fortune has been but of short dura-

tion." He was conducted to the presence of the Caliph, who, seated on his throne, gave audience to his ministers and the nobles of his court. The poor Adula prostrated himself with his face to the earth, and there remained immovable, like a statue thrown from its pedestal. "Rise, Adula," said the Caliph, "I have promised thee an occupation, and I will give it thee." Then, addressing himself to those around him: "I have been a long time seeking to replace my grand treasurer; I was desirous to place in this important situation, an honest man, who would prefer integrity to fortune. In vain have I sought for him amongst those clothed in rich garments; I have found him in rags, and I have chosen him. Show to him the respect due to his rank. I will humble to the very dust, the first who shall fail in respect toward this man, whom I respect as I respect virtue itself. And thou, Adula, attire thyself in garments conformable to thy fortune, and to thy dignity. Return afterwards to me, and I will instruct thee in the duties of thy office. Did I not promise to give thee employment?"

Thus was the poor Adula suddenly invested with the office of grand treasurer of the empire. The Caliph Almanser never had cause to repent of his choice. In a short time he saw his coffers replenished with immense treasures. The inhabitants of Bagdad, the inhabitants of the provinces, in a word, the whole empire, united in blessing the just and mild administration of the virtuous Adula.

Almanser, after a time, began to be weary of all the base flatteries of his favourites; he deeply felt the want of a friend sufficiently courageous and faithful to speak to him the language of truth, which so seldom meets the ears of kings; but where can he find such a man? How will he be sure of him; and be able to distinguish truth from falsehood, when the speaker has so much interest in deceiving? After having for a long time reflected on the means he should employ to discover this phoenix, he chose the following method:

There resided in Bagdad a man who had written a book, entitled, *On the duties of Princes and Kings*. This man's name was Elaim. His book had excited in a lively manner the curiosity of the public,

who love, at a distance, to judge those who govern them, and who relished the maxims of the author. Elaim's book had caused so much the greater sensation, as it contained some bold remarks, which plainly alluded in terms of censure to the first years of Almanser's administration. His counsellors were incessantly advising him to cause the book to be burnt, and to impale the insolent author, who had dared thus to censure the conduct of his sovereign. Almanser had, till now, expressed to no one his intentions respecting Elaim, who, indeed, was unknown at court, and had never been inclined to appear there.

The Caliph, one night, sent for Elaim to his palace, and at the same time commanded the attendance of nine of his courtiers, whom he believed to be the most sincerely attached to his person. He exhibited on each of his fingers a diamond of a prodigious size, and said to them, "I have assembled you here together, my ten friends, with the hope, that from your lips I may hear the truth. You see these ten superb diamonds—I will present them to you this day as a recompense of your sincerity. Speak, what think you of my power and my glory?" The courtiers, dazzled by the size and beauty of the diamonds, flattered themselves they should obtain them. They emulated one another in exalting to the skies the grandeur of Almanser; they extolled him above all the heroes of former ages; they magnified his generosity, his taste for the arts, of which they called him the regenerator; they spoke with enthusiasm of the sumptuous palaces, the numerous mosques, he had built; and concluded by exalting him so high, that they would have been at a loss to have found new expressions, had the Caliph ordered them at that moment to speak of the grandeur and power of God.

He drew the nine diamonds from his fingers, and distributed them to the nine courtiers who had spoken so well. Then turning toward Elaim: "And thou," said he to him, "why dost thou preserve silence? Art thou not desirous to gain the last diamond that remains, by telling me the truth?" "My lord," replied Elaim, smiling, "falsehood and flattery may be purchased; but truth is not to be bought, it is given." "Well, then, I ask

thee, what thinkest thou of my power and glory?" "I think," replied Elaim, "that you are but a man, a feeble instrument, whom God has formed for the happiness of other men, and whom he can crush with his breath, even as he created him from nothing."

At these words all the courtiers looked at one another in the greatest astonishment; they dared not turn their eyes toward the wretch who had uttered such horrid blasphemy. Almanser took the hand of Elaim, and said to him: "I will not give thee the tenth diamond; for thou hast thyself said, that truth is not to be bought. But if truth be given, confidence and friendship ought also to be given. I ask of thee these two inestimable treasures. Remain always near me; I have found the friend which my heart has so long desired." The astonishment of the courtiers was redoubled. The Caliph dismissed them, and caused Elaim to occupy one of the handsomest apartments of his palace. The next day, the nine courtiers came, according to custom, to pay their homage to the Caliph. They all wore on their fingers the superb diamonds which they received the night before. "Well," said Almanser to them, "are you satisfied with the present I have made you?" "Ah, my lord!" they replied, "these diamonds are to us more precious than our lives, since we owe them to your generosity. But allow us, my lord, to give you an important piece of information. The merchant who sold you these diamonds has cheated you." "How so?" "They are counterfeits." "Indeed!" replied the Caliph, laughing, "and did you believe I did not know it? You gave me false praises, I gave you false diamonds. I paid you in the same coin; what cause have you to complain?"

[To be concluded in our next.]

SULKINESS.

A sullen wise man is as bad as a good natured fool. Knowledge, softened with complacency and good breeding, will make a man beloved and respected; but when joined with a severe, distant, and unsocial temper, it creates rather fear than love.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

"The rib he form'd and fashioned with his hand;
Under his forming hand a creature grew;
Man like, but diff'rent sex: so lovely fair!
That what seem'd fair in all the world seem'd now
Mean, or in her sunn'd up, in her contain'd;
And in her looks; which from that time awak'd
Sweetness into my heart, swift before;
And in all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love and amorous delight."

MILTON.

There is no object in nature so lovely and interesting, as a female who possesses youth and beauty. I never behold beauty without feeling its irresistible influence. It raises in my soul the most pleasurable sensations, and thrills through my heart like the mellifluous strains of the sweetest music. There is no heart so cold or obdurate as to resist its sway. It melts under its powerful rays, like snow before the meridian sun in spring. "It has been," says an eminent author, "the delight and torment of the world ever since it began. The philosophers have felt its influence so sensibly, that almost every one of them has left us some saying or other, which intimated that he too well knew the power of it." So strong is its power, that it has caused some of the most bloody and sanguinary wars recorded in history. It has, also, been felt, in a manner more conducive to the happiness of mankind. I conceive it to have been one of the most powerful causes that led to the emancipation of Europe from the thralldom of darkness and vice. In the middle centuries, when a dark cloud hung over the world, and threatened to extinguish the last rays of light and civilization, the irresistible charms of beauty inspired the hearts of men (who bowed to no law but force, and acknowledged no superiors,) with the noble and gentle feelings of love and admiration: it softened, by its secret charms, the hearts of brutal warriors, and made them ambitious to excel in the civic virtues.

It is a melancholy fact, that there is no good in this world but has its concomitant evil: so with beauty; although it is so lovely and amiable, yet I know of nothing more dangerous, when its fair possessors are not under the influence of virtue: it is a weapon, in the hands of the vicious, more to be feared than the most subtle poison; immeasurable are

the calamities which it has caused. How necessary is it, then, that its possessors should be taught to use its influence to promote the happiness of mankind. Would they but use their charms to promote this object, they would become the best, as well the fairest, works of creation. It gives its possessors an influence over the mind of man, which nothing else can attain; and would they but exert that influence to correct the evil passions of man, what happy results would be the consequence. A gentle admonition from one of Heaven's fairest works, would have more weight and influence than the most solemn warning, from the most eloquent divine on earth. But, alas! it too often destroys in its possessors every amiable quality. They become vain, imperious, and haughty, and neglect the only means of preserving their influence, by cultivating their minds; for beauty, however powerful, loses its influence over the minds of virtuous and enlightened men, when it is not supported by virtue. "They should consider that it is a possession, as it were, foreign to them. No one can give it herself, or preserve it when they have it." I would humbly recommend to them, as the only means of perpetuating their influence, to cultivate their minds, and to encourage every gentle virtue. I would also remind them, that nothing gives such effect to beauty as virgin modesty—it is the chief ornament of the fair sex; and without it, the most exquisite beauty will only excite disgust and contempt.

Having met with some elegant remarks on this subject, from the pen of an eloquent writer, who introduces them as the true secret and art of improving beauty, I take the liberty of transcribing them for the benefit of my fair readers.

He says, "In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, viz.

"That no woman can be handsome by the force of nature alone, any more than she can be witty only by help of speech.

"That pride destroys all symmetry and grace; and affection is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small pox.

"That no woman is capable of being beautiful who is not incapable of being false.

"And what would be odious in a friend, is deformity in a mistress.

"From these few principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true art of assisting beauty, consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornament of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that those who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr. Dryden expresses it, the porcelain clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms; and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable of finishing what she has left imperfect.

"It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity, to consider them merely as the objects of sight. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty, heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation. How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of Sophronia's innocence, piety, good humour, and truth; virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty! Colours artfully spread upon canvass, may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excellences, may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

"When Adam was introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the angel the impression he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind, which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming.

"Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love!"

AURELIUS.

MODESTY,

In a woman, is a certain agreeable fear, in all that she enters upon; and in men, it is commonly composed of a right judgment of what it is proper for them to attempt. Hence it is that a discreet man is always a modest man.

A real gentleman or lady is known at first sight.

Desultory Selections,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

PHILIP'S DREAM.

In the history of American aborigines, we find few characters more worthy of notice, and even of admiration, than that of the celebrated *Pagood* chief, Metacom, otherwise called king *Philip*. He was the Tecumseh of his day, and manfully repelled every encroachment of the whites on the soil of his forefathers. Indeed, the emigrant settlers of New-England had never a more formidable enemy to contend with, than this same Philip, who achieved prodigies of valour at the head of his little army, until they dwindled away to a handful of warriors; he was finally surprized in his strong hold in the woods, and put to death. On the night previous to this event, he is said to have received, in a dream, striking indications of his approaching ruin, and he was in the act of relating this dream to his counsellors and friends, when he was broken in upon by the whites, and killed on the spot. A writer in the Boston Centinel has produced the following beautiful stanzas on the subject:

He dreamt of a coffin, he dreamt of a shroud,
And the death-cry of vengeance rung dismal and loud;
He dreamt of the vale where the dead are at rest,
And recoil'd from the vulture that preyed on his breast.

Now ye kinsmen and clansmen, why look with dismay?

Can the mighty King Philip so soon pass away?
No, no, cries the chief, 'Twas the breath of a shade,
Now fill ye your quivers, and bare ye each blade.

Oh! their spears and their arrows but little avail,
Hark! hark to the war-shout, the weeping and wail;

Death flashed like the lightning, his dream is reveal'd,
And the eye of that monarch in darkness is sealed.

Now his kinsmen and clansmen are howling afar,

The chief that they followed has fallen in war;
They looked, and the vulture, that saddened his dream,
Has struck his black pinion, and uttered his scream.

The mighty King Philip—and can it be thou?
Why should not thy war-cry, why cloud not thy brow?

The wolf howls around him, it breaks not his rest,
And he scars not the vulture away from his breast.

THE LETTER A.

Mr. Walker marks four different sounds for this letter, as in the words *fate, far, fall, and fat*. The two first of these sounds are often improperly used by persons calling themselves good speakers, and it is to an instance of this impropriety that we owe the following laughable incident, as related by Mrs. Bellamy, which occurred at a rehearsal of *Coriolanus*, while it was preparing for the benefit of Thompson's sisters:

In the piece, when the Roman ladies came in procession to solicit Coriolanus to return to Rome, they are attended by the tribunes; and the centurions of the Volscian army bearing *faeces*, their emblems of authority, they are ordered by the hero (the part of which was played by Mr. Quin) to lower them as a token of respect. But the men who personated the centurions, imagining, through Mr. Quin's mode of pronunciation, that he said *their faces*, instead of *their faeces*, all bowed their heads together.

CONJUGAL LOVE.

In Malabar, (says a satirical writer, whose name we have forgotten,) a stranger might easily form a false notion of the cause of so much grief, as the wives exhibit there, on the death of their husbands, if he were not previously told that it is customary to burn both parties, the living and the dead, on the same pile. An epigram, written by a friend of mine, will put this instance in a clearer light.

EPIGRAM

On a woman of Malabar weeping excessively on the loss of her husband.

Stranger.

Sure never with affliction more sincere,
Did widow heave a sigh, or shed a tear.

Man of Malabar.

'Tis true; but think not parting grieves her so,
They must not part; and hence her sorrows flow

This Asiatic custom has one great merit; it ensure's the wife's tenderest care of her husband's health while he lives, and the most unfeigned grief at his death.

CHANCELLOR THURLOW.

Perhaps no chancellor ever gave so many church benefices to poor clergymen of real merit as Thurlow. Among other instances of his eccentric goodness, the following is related, in a work, entitled, "*Light Reading at Leisure Hours.*"

A curate who had a numerous family, but no patron among the great, was promoted by his

wants and a favourable opportunity, which the sudden death of his rector afforded, to make a personal application to Thurlow. The chancellor was struck with his appearance and address, and after hearing his story, whimsically asked him, "Whom have you to recommend you?" "Only the Lord of Hosts, my lord!" "Well," replied Thurlow instantly, "as it is the first recommendation I have had from his lordship, be assured that I shall attend to it." The living was given to the meritorious applicant.

PLEASURE.

It was the remark of Langier, formerly a physician at the court of Vienna, that "at twenty-five, we kill pleasure; at thirty, we enjoy it; at forty, we husband it; at fifty, we hunt after it; and at sixty, we regret it!"—He was (observes Dutens) the St. Erremond of Vienna. Nobody had more deeply studied the art of being happy; and none better knew how to enjoy happiness, or to make others acquainted with it.

POWER OF MUSIC.

Much has been said and written on this subject—much more than we are disposed to credit; but the following may be depended upon as a fact, which took place in London, and was recorded in the Monthly Mirror, from which we copy it in the editor's own language.

When *Yanickes* first came into this country, [England] he lived at the west end of the town. One day, after paying several visits, he found himself a little out of his latitude, and called a hackney, when this dialogue ensued:

Coachman.—(shutting the door) Where to, sir?

Yan. Home—*mon ami*—go me home.

Coachman. Home, sir, where's that?

Yan. By *gar*, I know no—de name of de dam street has *echape*, has escaped out of my memory: I have forgot him. *Vat* shall I do?

Coachman. (*grins*.)

Yan. Ah! you are *gay*—come now—you understand de *musique*.—Eh!

Coachman. Music—what's that to do with the street.

Yan. Ah! *cous terre*—you shall see—(bumps a tane)—*Vat* is dat?

Coachman. *Malbroek*.

Yan. Ah! by *gar*—dat is him—*Maritro*—street—now you drive—me home. Eh!

This is a fact. We have often heard that "music hath charms" to do many clever things, but this is, I believe, the first time of its instructing a hackney coachman where he was to set down.

THE DYING MISER.

How astonished did old Grips appear, even on his death bed, on being told by a clergyman, that his vast accumulation

of wealth could not save him from perdition. "What!" said he, "If I give ten thousand dollars for the service of the hospital, and ten thousand more for the relief of widows and orphans—shall I not attain heaven?" "No," answered the clergyman, "you have wrapped your talent in a napkin, and buried it in the earth. Money cannot buy celestial bliss. Are not all mines, and all worlds, Jehovah's property? You must repent and believe." The miser fixed his eyes with surprise on the minister, and they seemed to speak as plainly as eyes could speak:

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a-year?
In other words, can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as it is here?

The expressive looks of the disciple of Christ seemed to me, who was a spectator of the awful scene, to reply:

O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
While down the vital part is driv'n!
The earl-lord's beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heav'n!"

BURNS.

The miser expired. His dying expressions were: "I have been an unprofitable tree—behold! I am hewn down and shall be cast into fire!"

Ye sons of opulence! accumulators of calamity! if you have uselessly hoarded wealth, if you have denied the pittance which might relieve the widows' wants, and dried the orphan's tears—if you have neglected to stretch forth the hand of friendship to indigence and merit—"remember for all these things God will bring you unto judgment."

A DEFENCE OF THE FAIR SEX.

When we consider the bitters which are unavoidably infused, and tinge the current of female felicity, it is piteous to behold what arts are multiplied to divert its course through still more reluctant channels, or accelerate its motion by an increase of its kindred element. An object in whom nature has constellated the radiant gems of diversified beauty, attracts, by the mere prevalence of her charms, myriads of insects, which irritate her peace, and sting her repose. That beauty, which has awed the world with its nod; that delicacy, which creates ten-

derness in the very contemplation of its nature, have found themselves insufficient to repel the hostile attacks of open malignity, or dissolve the mind to softer sentiments of benevolence and love. First to tempt, then to betray, is sufficiently diabolical to dissociate almost the idea of additional aggravation; but the *hoast of conquests never obtained*, and professed depredations on modesty absolutely inaccessible, bespeak such a complicated union of baseness and barbarity, as personal observation could alone give credit to.

Affection, as a means of superinducing artificial excellencies, would be entitled to some degree of pity, if not respect, since it must arise from an innate consciousness of defective requisites, and in time, perhaps, might constitute an habitual principle of virtue and honour; but what indignation can proportionate that solicitude which only *counterfeits depravity*, and apes the distinction of being eminently contemptible, and internally miserable? Infinite are the inlets of pain to the tenderest bosoms, and few the resources of real consolation. Man, who acts more on the open theatre of the world, often finds himself, even in distress, so far animated by applause, till vanity is become the ruling principle of his conduct. While woman, whose lot generally destines her to move in the less conspicuous scenes of retirement, perhaps "without a friend to encourage, an acquaintance to pity, or even hope to alleviate" her misfortunes, may, though actuated by a much higher motive, silently droop in repeated efforts of unaided fortitude. She finds not only her failings severely criticised, and her imprudencies aggravated, but even her honour impeached for freedoms she never indulged.

Wretches there are who, without pretensions to civility, or any sense of injury, can deliberately blast the opening blossom of virginity ere the bud is unfolded to their distant observation. Were such a passion excited by implacability of resentment or inimical provocation, revenge might sometimes irritate precipitate measures; but this is a genuine malignity without cause or temptation, an odious purpose, conducted by more odious means, and proposes no gratification but injuring innocence, and depreciating

beauty; of "poisoning the banquet it is unworthy to taste, and infecting the fruit it has no title to reap."

Present State of the City of Venice.

Venice, it is well known, is built on a cluster of islets, situated among the shallows which occur near the head of the Adriatic Gulph. The houses and spires seem to spring from the water; canals are substituted for paved streets, and long narrow boats, or gondolas, for coaches. Some parts of the city are elegant, exhibiting fine specimens of the architecture of Palladio; but the splendid Place of St. Mark is no longer thronged by Venetian nobles; the casinos are comparatively deserted; and the famed Rialto bridge has ceased to be distinguished for its rich shops and their matchless brocades. The ancient brazen horses have returned from their travels to Paris; but Venice has not been suffered to resume its consequence as the capital of an independent state; the bucentaur is rotten, and there is no longer any Doge to wed the Adriatic.

The great mole is situated about seventeen miles to the south of Venice. It was begun so long ago as the year 1751, and it was not completed when the French revolution broke out. This truly colossal rampart passes through a morass, from l'Isle di Chiusa on the west, along l'Isle di Murassi, to the Bocca del Porto on the east, being an extent nearly of three miles. Toward the land side it is terminated by a wall about ten feet high and four feet broad. If one stands on the top of this wall, the whole is seen slanting on the other side till it majestically dips into the Adriatic; and the magnitude of the undertaking forcibly strikes the spectator's mind. The slanting part of the work commences about two feet and a half below the top of the wall, and descends toward the water by two shelves, or terraces. A great part of the embankment is of close stone work; this vast piece of solid masonry is about fifty feet broad, measuring from the top of the wall to the water's edge. The stones are squared masses of primitive lime stone, or "solid marble;" they are very large, and are connected by Puzzolana earth brought from Mount Vesuvius. Beyond this pile of masonry many loose blocks

of marble are placed, and extend a considerable way into the Adriatic. When very high tides occur, accompanied with wind, the waves break over the whole pier; and sometimes, on these occasions, part of the loose blocks are thrown up and lodged upon the level part of the rampart; it may be questioned, therefore, if this exterior range of loose masses of stone be not likely to prove rather detrimental than useful. Near to this pier, on the side next the sea, there is water for vessels of considerable size. The great object of the work is to guard the Lagoon on its south and most assailable point, "contre mare," as the inscription bears; and but for it, Venice, it is thought, would by this time have been in ruins, from the gradual encroachments of the sea. It is kept in good order, and seems lately, during the dominion of the French, to have received extensive repairs. This magnificent work is said to have excited even the admiration of Napoleon, which he has marked by this inscription: "Asu Romano, zere Veneto."

It may be noticed, that the part of the rampart next to the entrance of the harbour, was the scene of many combats between the French troops and English sailors, during the blockade of Venice by the British navy. The rigour of this blockade is not generally known; so effectual did it prove, that numbers of the native inhabitants, particularly of the lower orders, such as gondoliers, absolutely perished through famine.

On the Isle di Murassi, already mentioned, are a number of houses, of a pretty enough appearance at a distance, but miserable on a nearer view: they are inhabited by fishermen, who, with their wretched and squalid wives and children, flock around a stranger, begging with deplorable looks and tones of penury and want. The great Laguna, or shallow lake, also already mentioned, varies in depth from half a foot to three and four feet, and more. From the eastern termination of the pier at the Bocca del Porto, the course of the deeper channel, accessible to very large vessels to the port of Venice, is marked out by wooden stakes, or beacons, placed at short distances.

The long continued blockade of the English annihilated the commerce of the

port, and proved very disastrous to the Venetian vessels, many of which became ruinous, and have been found incapable of repair. For some days during September, 1816, only two vessels cleared out at the custom house—one for Constantinople, and one for Corfu. About half a dozen of small craft, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, and Italian, were then lying at the births, waiting for cargoes, but with little expectation of obtaining them. During the war, capital was wasted, and mercantile spirit extinguished; it is not surprising, therefore, to find the commerce of Venice at the lowest ebb. The merchants are now endeavouring to obtain from the Austrian government some advantages, at the expense of the rival ports of Leghorn and Trieste, but with slender hopes of success; and it is not, perhaps, without reason, that the Venetians have begun to despair of any signal revival of the commerce of this ancient and once celebrated emporium,—to which Europe, it may be remarked, was indebted for the invention of public banks.

LOTTERY TICKETS.

In the early part of the reign of King George the Second, the footman of a lady of quality, under the absurd infatuation of a dream, disposed of the savings of the last twenty years of his life, in two tickets, which proving blanks, after a few melancholy days he put an end to his life.

In his box was found the following plan of the manner in which he would spend the five thousand pound prize, which his mistress preserved as a curiosity.

"As soon as I have received the money, I'll marry Grace Towers, but as she has been cross and coy, I'll use her as a servant.

"Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer, with a toast, nutmeg, and sugar in it; then I will sleep till ten, after which I will have a large sack posset.

"My dinner shall be on table by one, and never without a good pudding; I'll have a stock of wine and brandy laid in; about five in the afternoon I'll have tarts and jellies, and a gallon bowl of punch; at ten a hot supper of two dishes; if I'm in good humour, and Grace behaves herself, she shall sit down with me; to bed about twelve."

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO HARRIET.

If refinement of taste, and sweet flowing numbers,
If beauty of sentiment—poetic fire,
If *ought* can awaken the lethargic slumbers
Of genius—thou surely hast touched that lyre.

To each trembling string, that thy fingers have
prest,

Our hearts beat responsively true,
Not a chord of emotion that's strung in our
breasts,

But is set in vibration by you.

With pity we melt; or in anger we burn;
In danger are frightened—in sorrow we mourn;
With all, we're enchanted—oh who can admire
Particular ruses—in meridian fire!

MSA Janr, 1819.

S.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

DELIA AT THE PIANO FORTE.

'Tis joy to steal the balmy kiss,
From coral lips, or rosy cheek;
Or catch the youthful smiles of bliss,
Or hear the hopeful lover speak.

'Tis joy to sit in Delia's bower,
And see the modest blush appear
So mildly on each opening flower,
The fragrant blossoms of the year.

'Tis joy to taste the sweets of love,
Where grape vines shade a chosen seat,
Where feather'd songsters round us rove,
And fill the place with warblings sweet.

But, ah! a holier rapture makes
My heart with ecstasy rejoice,
When Delia's magic touch awakes
The sweet Piano's warbling voice.

Her lovely tresses unconfin'd,
Float gently o'er the ivory keys,
They tell the tale so low, so kind,
That Delia never fails to please:

Her fingers move with witching art,
To sound each note with powerful grace,
Ah! who can fly love's piercing dart,
That looks one moment on her face;

For there, from nature's pencil flows,
Such charms, as equal music's strains;
And when she runs along the notes,
I yield to love's fond hopes and pains.

And oft the noble sacred song,
Inspires her soul, and fans the flame,
She moves the keys, the notes prolong,
To sound the great Immanuel's name.

Then that which hears will not admire,
When every trembling key alarms;
Ah! who will say—the Muses' fire,
When Delia plays—is void of charms.

Residence, June 30th, 1819.

E. R. Y.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO —

Oh, yes, I remember the hours that you mention,
They were surely the gayest that ever I knew;
When cheer'd by thy song and thy sportive inven-
tion,

The moments unheeded and rapidly flew.

And well I remember our walks far extended,
With our volatile friends, by the moon's silver
light;
When wit was with innocent merriment blended,
'Till warn'd to return by the fast coming night.

Yet surely, my friend, tho' those hours were the
gayest,

They were not the *happiest* that ever you knew!
Ah, no! by that glance of thine eye thou be-
trayest,

That *thou* since hast been sadder, yet happier
too.

For it is not in mirth that the heart of true feeling
Can experience the bliss it is destin'd to know;
But when from its tumults to solitude stealing,
The tears of affection and sympathy flow.

HARRIET.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

LINES FOR MY INFANT DAUGHTER:

*And she is conjured to reflect on them, if ever her
wayward thoughts should deviate from those safe-
guards of virtue—modesty and filial love.*

Dear artless babe, you little dread
The perils of that day,
When folly's treach'rous net shall spread
To steal your heart away.

When she, with flattering smiles shall try
To triumph in your breast;
And urge to heave that dangerous sigh—
The sigh to be caress'd.

Ah! when these fateful times appear,
Should death have laid me low,
May some protecting power be near
To shield you from the blow.

To snatch you, ere it is too late,
From paths, (though bright they are),
That lead you down the gulf of fate,
And leave you weeping there.

Then keep this warning in your mind,
And cherish honour nice;
For 'tis a little step, you'll find,
From folly down to vice.

Oh! spare, I pray, your parents' spare,
The piteous sight to see,
A daughter's fame, than life more dear,
Consign'd to infamy.

Yes, hold your honour to your heart;
Nor shall the blush of shame,
Nor scandal's tongue, a tale impart
To blast your spotless name.

ANSON.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

On presenting *Miss* — with her Fan.

Oh! that I were this little toy,
To be by thee carem'd;
My love-sick soul, replete with joy,
Would be supremely blest.

When waving in that hand of snow,
To cool thy blushing face,
How would my heart with raptures glow,
Thy loveliness to trace!

When to thy tender bosom prest,
By all-reviving air;
My soul would quit its present nest,
To dwell for ever there.

The diamond's blaze let some admire,
Or product of the mine;
If gems like these could love inspire,
I'd wish them to be thine.

If trifles could thy cares beguile,
And presents often can,
To gain thy animating smile,
I would become thy fan.

For, oh! upon thy lips to steal,
To snatch the melting kiss,
Assimilates what angels feel,
In never-ending bliss.

HUMPHRY MOPSTAFF.

Domi, 3d July, 1819.

WOMAN.

Oh, it is sweet to hear the sigh,
That trembles on the lip of beauty;
To wipe the tear that wets the eye,
Or hear who pines between love and duty.

Oh, it is sweet to soothe the breast,
That throbbing swells with tender feeling;
To view the cheek in dimples dress'd,
When languid sorrow's tears are stealing.

Too oft in beauty's gayest hour,
The heart within is cold and gloomy;
Too oft the smile is like the flower,
That loves not, feels not, yet is blooming.

Ah, hapless woman may not tell
She loves, tho' love each glance revealing;
Her heart may beat, her bosom swell,
Her only hope is in concealing.

And 'mid the weight of inward care,
Her eye with chrysalis light is beaming;
The smile still seems to linger there,
But sorrow's flood within is streaming.

So may be seen at eve's last hour,
When calm and bright the moon is shining,
The lily, spotless virgin flower,
In tears its tender head declining.

Yes, it is sweet, with kindest care,
The lily's fragile form defending;
To shield it from the wintry air,
And from the fleecy snow descending.

Or from its pallid, trembling head,
To brush the gems, or 'er charg'd with sorrow,
To cheer it on its lowly bed
And bid it hope a kinder morrow.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Magnanimity, chapter 8, is crowded out of this sheet, but shall appear in our next.

Agnes is greeted with a hearty welcome, and we only regret that a previous arrangement will keep her effusion from the public eye another week.

Thendur, and several other correspondents, shall not be forgotten.

Hydraulic Orrery.—A gentleman of this city has invented and constructed a most ingenious machine, which he calls a *Patent Hydraulic Orrery*, and which he is now exhibiting at 216 Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church. It correctly shows the motions of the earth and moon about the sun, and explains the causes of the seasons and eclipses. This new and beautiful invention operates entirely without wheel-work, but floats in water, with motions harmonious as those of the heavenly spheres, and conveys, particularly to the minds of youth, the most perfect and lasting idea of every solar and lunar phenomenon affecting this terraqueous globe.

Conjugal Love.—The following singular advertisement is now going the rounds of the Southern newspapers, and serves to confirm an opinion which we have long cherished—that the cord of genuine affection can never be severed from a female heart.

Wake County, N. C. June 15.

Dear Husband.—This is to let you know, that if you will return or send for me, I will freely forgive you, and be a dutiful and affectionate wife till death. Write to me and let me know if you will come or send for me. I am your wife that loves you more than you know.

TABITHA CURTIS.

To Hinton Curtis.

From the American Magazine.

Soda for washing.—It is, perhaps, not generally known, that a few ounces of soda will soften a hoghead of the hardest water, and as an article of economy, is worth the attention of every private family. It will be found greatly superior in washing to any kind of pot or pearl ash now in use; it gives a delicate whiteness to linen, without the slightest injury, and never, unless excess is used, has any effect upon the hands. To glasses, decanters, table spoons, &c. it gives a lustre equal to the highest polish, and without labour, if washed in water in which a small quantity has been dissolved, and in every instance where beauty depends on cleanliness, it is particularly useful.

From the Eastern Gazette.

A fair offer, or a cure for hard times.—Make a full estimate of all you owe and of all that is owing to you. Reduce the same to note. As fast as you collect pay over to those you owe; if you cannot collect, renew your notes every year and get the best security you can. Go to business diligently and be industrious—lose no time—

waste no idle moments—be very prudent and economical in all things—discard all pride but the pride of acting justly and well—be faithful in your duty to God, by regular and hearty prayer morning and night—attend church and meeting regularly every Sunday, and do unto all men, as you would they should do unto you. If you are too needy in your own circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else you have in your power to do for them cheerfully—but if you can, always help the worthy poor and the unfortunate. Pursue this course of life diligently and sincerely for seven years, and if you are not happy, comfortable, and independent, in your circumstances, come to me and I will pay all your debts.

FRANKLIN.

From the People's Watchtower, June 30th, 1819.

Disastrous occurrence.—On Friday morning last, a child of Mr. William Robertson, of Ballston, aged 18 months, fell into a tub of water near the well, with its head foremost, and continued in this situation unperceived, perhaps, about five minutes, when its feet were observed by a young woman, who came to the gate near by, and beholding this shocking spectacle, she screamed, and her cries immediately alarmed the mother and stepmother, who went out to the well—the mother with becoming fortitude, took her infant from under the water, and carried it to the house; a physician having been previously sent for, arrived, and attempted to resuscitate it to life again, but all his efforts proved fruitless as the vital spark was extinguished forever. The step-mother of Mr. R. was very much overcome when she beheld the spectacle, and immediately called for some person to assist her to get into the house; and requested some of her family to call in her husband as she should not long survive—she reclined herself on the bed and fainted, but partially recovered, and in a few moments after swooned, struggled, and expired. One circumstance attending this catastrophe is very singular. Some time since this old lady was confined by sickness, and her attachment for this child being so very strong, she observed one day, that if it should be the will of Providence to call her home, she could willingly submit, if she could but carry this infant in her arms. The ways of Jehovah are mysterious indeed. The old lady had her request gratified—They both expired about the same time.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mackay, Mr. Lewis Peck, formerly of Providence, R. I. to Miss Mary Ann Fowler, of Yonkers.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Thomas Lyle, Mr. Moses Parker, of Fairson, N. J. to Miss Margaret Colter, of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. John Williams, Mr. James Spencer, to Miss Mary Peck, all of this city.

At Bloomingdale, on Tuesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Gunn, Mr. John S. Watkins, of this city, to Miss Helen Striker, daughter of James Striker, Esq. of the former place.

At Albany, Mr. Tilly Allen, to Mrs. Mary Merri, daughter of Mr. John Hazard.

At Troy, Mr. Abijah Wheeler, of Gibbonsville, to Miss Harriet Sheldon, of Troy.

At Greenwich, R. C. by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Richard Amos, Jun. of Greenwich, to Miss Martha Blaauvelt, of the former place.

At Baltimore, Lieutenant Commandant Alexander Claxton, of the U. S. Navy, and formerly of Washington, to Miss Rodolphe Laval, of the former place.

At N. Mary's, Lieutenant Commandant J. R. Madison, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss Maria C. Houston, of Camden county, Geo.

At Columbia, S. C. the Rev. Mr. Samuel Dunwoody, of Camden, to Miss Elizabeth H. Harrison, of Columbia.

DIED,

On Saturday last, Martha Ludlow, in the 68th year of her age.

On Saturday evening, Mr. John Thompson, aged 62 years.

On Sunday morning, after a lingering illness, Roseah Morgan, relict of the late John Morgan, aged 64 years.

On Sunday morning, after a lingering illness, George Dougherty, son of John Dougherty, aged 18 years.

At Albany, Mrs. Cornelia Mc-Millin, wife of John Mc-Millin—Henry Burr, aged 17, son of Jonathan Burr, Esq.

At Herkimer, Mrs. Lois Morse, aged 61, in less than four weeks after the decease of her husband, Daniel Morse, Esq. who also died in a fit after twenty hours illness.

At Rome, (N. Y.) Mrs. Patty Wright, wife of Mr. Joseph Wright, aged 37.

At Newport, Miss Caroline Hammett, aged 24.

At Providence, (R. I.) Mr. George Lovell Atwell, aged 21, youngest, and only surviving son of the late Col. Amos Atwell.

At Cincinnati, (Ohio.) on the 12th ult. of a lingering, painful complaint in his stomach, William Tilton, recently from New-York.

At Baltimore, on the 1st inst. Levin Windar, Esq. late Governor of Maryland, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland. His body was attended to the grave by the members of the different Masonic Lodges of that city, and interred with the honours of Masonry usual on such occasions.

Knocked overboard and drowned, on the 20th of May last, while on his passage from St. Martins to St. Thomas, Major Joseph Hart, formerly of Hartford, Conn. aged 52.

At Havens, on the 9th ult. Mrs. Theresa Muller, consort of George Henry Muller, and daughter of Capt. Otto Muller.

At Hope, (Me.) on the 19th inst. Capt. Samuel Payson, aged 85. He served three campaigns in the old French war; on the day of the memorable Lexington battle, he, with his two sons, left his plough, and by his exertion, he soon raised a company of Volunteers, and commanded them in the U. S. service.

At Detroit, on the 12th ult. George E. Watson, of the house of Leucyge & Watson, and eldest son of Elkanah Watson, Esq. of Albany.

C. S. VAN WINKLE, PRINTER,
No. 101 Greenwich-street.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1819.

[No. 10.

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,
CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;
AND AT
L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S
BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
No. 154 Broadway;
AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
PAYABLE QUARTERLY.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALTHOUGH, in Massachusetts, *May* seldom makes her *cariè* arrayed in those enchanting smiles and blushes with which she charms the inhabitants of more southern regions, she is still greeted with a hearty welcome by the lovers of green trees, tender grass, and other *symptoms* of sylvan beauties which are yet in embryo. Hundreds of the refined citizens of Boston, whose evening pleasures or morning dreams deprive them, for twelve months, of the glorious spectacle of a rising sun, are religiously scrupulous to witness it on the *first of May*. Pedantic excursions are planned, and parties made up on the previous evening, and wo betide the lover who is so deficient in gallantry as to oversleep the hour, while his wakeful mistress is anxiously waiting for her signal-nip at her chamber window.

The first dawn of day (if it break serenely) is generally the appointed time for commencing these rural perambulations.

"Then arm in arm the pairs depart,
With agile foot and lightsome heart."

Their walks generally extend two or three miles into the country, in such directions as whim or fancy may dictate. Some cross the different bridges which connect the peninsula with Cambridge, Charlestown, and Dorchester; others stroll out to Roxbury and Brookline; while many content themselves with saun-

tering over the Common, and plucking green boughs from the trees in the Mall. The ostensible object, with all, is to inhale the morning air, behold the rising sun, and collect *May-greens* and *flowers*—that is, if any of the latter can be found in bloom. Every one is ambitious of carrying home a large quantity of such rural spoils, as trophies of a victory obtained over indolence or timidity; and they certainly form no despicable ornament for the vacant fire-place, or the mantle above it. To bear an active part in the ceremony above described, is termed—"to go a *Maying*," a laudable custom, which has been handed down by our ancestors, and recently noticed by one of our native pastoral bards, in the following lines:—

"The night in which pale *Arctur* yields to *May*,
How few enjoy repose! The country lass,
Intent upon the morning walk, with him
Who holds her gentle coach, on various plans,
In *topical* cogitations, spends the night—
What hat, or ribbon, will make herself best,
What most will tend to make herself outvie
The blushing, fragrant mouth they rise to hail.
O, by my soul! this *Matine* has delights
Which I shall ne'er forget, while memory holds
Her seat within my brain. In youth's fair dawn,
I forward look'd to this delightful hour
With feelings—feelings none can paint; for then,
Some gentle, artless, unaffected nymph,
Was sure to be the partner of my walk,
Accept my nosegays, (sweetened by her breath,)
And, without chiding, let me steal a kiss
From lips more fragrant than the flower she held."

Selina Percival, though not a "country lass," passed the last night of April as above described, and was up and dressed long before the signal gun at Fort Independence had proclaimed the dawn of day. Her cousin Sophia, however, to whom early rising and country scenes were no novelties, had evinced no such impatience; and, though every thing indicated a charming morning, she was yet at her toilet, when a pebble, thrown against the casement, announced that her brother Woodville was below. In the next instant her attention was arrested by the sweet warbling of a flute, which appeared to be touched by the lips and fingers of a master.

"That is not Solon's playing," exclaimed Sophia, in a tone of unaffected surprise; "who can it be?" Selina approached the window, and perceived two figures standing in the deep gloom of the poplars; in one of which she could distinguish the person of Woodville—the musician was a stranger. She immediately answered the signal, and then gaily exclaimed to her cousin—

"Blessings on your sweet brother's head! he has brought me a beau, and a musical one too. Only mark the appropriate tune which he has chosen for the occasion—" *'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day.*" Now, Sophia, we shall be paired—I hate odd numbers—four produces harmony, three nothing but discord. Come—

"Your hat and shawl with haste put on,
That Jocky and I away may run,
To witness the sight of a rising sun,
And taste the morning air."

"O, Selina, lend me a portion of your spirits," said Sophia, as she prepared to descend, "for mine have entirely deserted me. Some presentiment of evil which I cannot overcome has haunted me all this night—filling my dreams with terror, and my waking moments with vague and indefinite apprehensions." Selina endeavoured to laugh away her malady, as they both descended to the street, where Woodville received them at the door, and requested the liberty of making them acquainted with his friend Flanders, who had arrived in town but the evening before, and accidentally meeting Woodville, had been prevailed upon to accompany him in the projected excursion. The usual civilities being exchanged, the little party now set out, and reached the "grass-crown'd ram-parts" on Dorchester Heights, in season to hail the rising sun.

Flanders had been easily persuaded to the present step, as he felt no inconsiderable curiosity to become acquainted with the interesting Sophia and her lively cousin. He rejoiced at an opportunity of testing, by personal observation, the opinion which he had expressed of his

friend's attachment and hopes, and before they had arrived at the celebrated heights of Dorchester, he felt that opinion more fully confirmed.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE CALIPH ALMANSER,

OR,
HOW TO JUDGE OF MEN.

A TALE.

[Concluded from our last.]

Some time afterwards, the Caliph Almanser, being at war with the king of Persia, wanted a man full of courage and honour, in whom he could place an absolute confidence, to conduct a secret and important expedition. The whole success of the war depended on the issue of this expedition, and the slightest treachery might ruin every thing. The Caliph for eight days had been undecided upon whom to fix his choice. During this interval, five hundred prisoners had been brought to Bagdad, who, during a revolt of the province of Khorassan against the Caliph, had taken part with the rebel army. The five hundred miserable wretches are condemned to die. Two hundred of these prisoners had fled during the combat; but having been cut off in their retreat, they had been led in chains in the train of the conqueror; three hundred had disdained to fly, and had been taken with arms in their hands, after a vigorous resistance. The Caliph, whose thoughts were incessantly occupied for the last eight days on his meditated project, accidentally passed the spot where they were preparing to put in execution the cruel sentence of death, pronounced against the five hundred prisoners. He stopped; he was moved with compassion at this spectacle, and wished to pardon them, but in such a manner, that his lenity should not encourage future delinquents. "I grant a pardon," said he, "to all those who fled before my standard. Therefore, unfortunate wretches, let all of you who wish to profit by my clemency, pass on my right hand." At these words, all the prisoners at once precipitately passed on the right of the Caliph. One man alone remained immovable in his place. Almanser

observed him with astonishment, and said to him, "Why dost thou not imitate thy companions in misfortune?" "I do not imitate cowards," replied the soldier. "I repeat it, I grant a pardon to all those who fled." "That I never did." "Madman! why dost thou refuse the means which I offer thee to save thy life?" "Because, in saving my life, I should lose my honour." "Hold!" cries the Caliph, transported with joy, "I pardon thee, and thy greatness of soul shall not go unrewarded." He ordered the soldier to follow him, and straightway conferred on him the command of the expedition for which he sought a commander of unexampled courage, and who would esteem his honour more than his life. The soldier's conduct justified the Caliph in the confidence he had reposed in him; the expedition succeeded, and the war terminated successfully for Almanser, who, afterward, named this brave man generalissimo of his armies.

"I could, most magnificent lord," continued Moral, "relate to you a multitude of anecdotes, which show how well the Caliph Abou Giafar Almanser knew to appreciate men at their true value; but, not to weary your highness too much, I will only add one more to those which you have already heard.

The minarets of Bagdad resounded with the piercing cries of Alla! Alla! the Grand Imam is dead! The mosques were hung with black, and the mollahs traversed the streets, repeating, in a lamentable voice, the Grand Imam is dead! The whole city was in a ferment; each one inquired of his neighbour, who is the man whom the Caliph purposes to invest with this sublime dignity? All the imams of the different mosques were solicitous to obtain it, for almost all of them had friends at court, ready to maintain their pretensions. The Caliph listened to their solicitations, perceived the intrigues which were plotting around him, and waited to appoint the first minister of religion, till time, or a favourable circumstance, should reveal to him the man the most worthy to occupy a place which requires every virtue.

During the day, and even during the night, he frequently went out disguised, entered into the caravanseras, frequented the public places, and questioned every one, to enable him to discover who

was the man of the people's choice, and whether, in this man, were combined all the virtues necessary for him who should be worthy to fill the vacant office.

One night, as he was walking in one of those disguises which rendered it impossible to recognise him, he heard three poor dervises who were familiarly conversing together. They were forming magnificent projects, and each one stated what would be the principal object of his wishes, if he were the master of his choice. For my own part, said one, I confess that I should like very well to be vizier, if it were possible; 'tis a fine thing to be vizier! And I, said another, if I were the master of my own destiny, I would simply desire to be the Caliph Abou Giafar Almanser; 'tis a glorious thing to be a Caliph! The third dervise said nothing. At last, pressed by his comrades: "My dear friends," said he, "you have not a very high ambition. Mine is as much above yours as Heaven is above the earth. Though I were possessed of all the riches that the universe contains, though the whole world were subjected to my sovereignty, still should I be sensible that there is something superior to all this." This discourse excited the curiosity of the rest of the dervises, "What, then," said they, "is this thy wonderful treasure, which is to be preferred to all other treasures and grandeurs?" "Next to the glory of our holy religion, what I the most ardently desire," replied the dervise, "is to possess but one half of the virtues, the wisdom, and the piety, of a holy hermit whom I know, of the venerable Houssain." "Indeed! this is the first time we have heard the name of this hermit!" said the two dervises. "That is very possible, my brethren: you are strangers; Houssain has retired from the world, and ever since the age of thirty he has utterly renounced all its vain pleasures, to consecrate himself entirely to God, and to devote himself without reserve to the study of our holy religion. Every day an immense number of men of all ages, visit him in the grotto which his own hands have hollowed at the foot of a little hill, six miles from Bagdad. There he preaches the word of God, with the truth of which he is so profoundly penetrated, that he almost appears as if he were its author. Already

the report of the miracles which he has performed is spread far and near; for virtue, like his, cannot remain long hidden." The two dervises expressed the strongest desire to see and to hear this holy man. "Nothing is more easy," said their companion, "to-morrow, repair, at the fifth hour of the day, to the door of the great mosque; I will meet you there, and we will proceed together to the grotto of Houssain." The three dervises separated, after having appointed the rendezvous for the morrow. The Caliph returned to his palace, called for the grand vizier, and said to him: "to-morrow, before the fifth hour of the day, go to the door of the grand mosque; thou wilt there meet with a worthy dervise, whom thou must immediately bring before me."

This order is obeyed, and the next day the grand vizier conducts into the presence of the Caliph, the good dervise, who, faithful to his promise, had been waiting for his two fellow travellers. "Dervise," said Almanser, "I have heard thee make a pious eulogy of a holy hermit, named Houssain. I was at a loss on whom to bestow the dignity of Grand Iman, and I think him worthy of it. Go, then, and seek him for me; tell him that the fame of his knowledge and his virtues had reached my ears, and the manner in which I intend to reward his piety." At the same time, the Caliph commanded his vizier to accompany the dervise with a numerous and brilliant escort.

The good dervise can scarcely contain himself for joy at the intelligence which he is commissioned to announce to the venerable hermit, for whom he would be willing to sacrifice his life, so deep an impression had the virtues of this holy man made upon his heart. He wished to have wings that he might arrive the sooner at the grotto. At length he approached the sanctuary inhabited by wisdom and piety, the asylum from whence emanate all the graces of Heaven. He saw the hermit surrounded by a numerous auditory, whom he was edifying by his sublime discourses. The dervise rushed into his arms, and showing him the grand vizier, he announced to him the commission with which he was charged by the commander of the true believers. The holy man raised his

eyes toward Heaven, and exclaimed, "Blessed be the all-powerful Alla! May his will be done!"

In a short time the news was spread among the numerous assembly by whom the saint was surrounded. The air rang with cries of joy, and on all sides were heard the exclamations of, "Blessed be Alla! the holy hermit is named the Grand Iman of Bagdad!" The multitude dispersed, and proclaimed throughout the surrounding neighbourhood, an event which filled all hearts with joy and exultation.

In the mean time, the train of the hermit made their entry into Bagdad, and proceeded direct to the palace of the Caliph. Almanser courteously approached the venerable Houssain, and said to him: "I have heard of thy virtues, and as the representative of the prophet, I am commissioned to reward thee. Answer me, then, Houssain, what is the first object of thy most ardent wishes? Ask it, and it shall be given to thee." Houssain fell at the feet of the Caliph, and humbly crossing his two arms over his breast, he replied: "Magnificent lord, brilliant sun of light and wisdom! since I am permitted to tell thee what is the sole object of my ambition, I will confess that I have never desired any thing so ardently as I do the office of Grand Iman of Bagdad." "What! is that all thou desirest?" replied the Caliph, smiling.—"Yes, all. If I fill so elevated a station, all my wishes will be accomplished." "'Tis well! rise!" said the Caliph, mildly; "this important dignity is not meant for thee, but for the man who desires above all things, the glory of our holy religion; for this good dervise, who would have given all the riches, all the dignities of the earth, to possess a part of those virtues which he supposed existed in thy heart."

The hermit, overwhelmed with confusion, was sent back to his grotto, and the good dervise was proclaimed first Iman of Bagdad, a grand and sublime function, the duties of which he discharged during his whole life with such exemplary piety, that, after his death, no one dared aspire to succeed him.

You may thus perceive, my lord, by the recital I have given you, said the sage Morad, that the Caliph Almanser possessed a correct knowledge of the human heart. "Our words," he would say,

"are often dictated by fear, by policy, by thoughtlessness, or interest. We are not always masters of our own actions. Are we not often led away against our will by a sudden impulse, by imperious circumstances, by that mysterious power which seems to direct every thing here below, and to which our ignorance gives the name of chance! It is not, then, by their words, nor even by their actions, that we must judge of the true value of men, but by the real value of those things which they the most esteem." In following this maxim, we are never deceived, for it has no exceptions.

RINALDO D

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

Monday, the 5th instant, being celebrated as the anniversary of our independence, in the morning I went to Weehauk to spend the day, in order to get clear of the bustle, noise, and confusion, which reigned in the city; and, also, to exhale the pure air, and to indulge my imagination in contemplating our glorious independence, and such other subjects as the romantic situation of the place was eminently calculated to inspire.

Immediately after my arrival, I ascended the heights which overlooked the Hudson. When I reached the summit, through umbrageous woods, one of the most beautiful and sublime sights that can be imagined, burst upon my enraptured view! Seating myself upon a rock, under a shady tree, I gave myself up to wonder and admiration! With my feeble powers it would be vain to attempt to describe the beauty and sublimity of this picturesque scene. The following feeble and imperfect sketch I took on the spot.

Beneath me glides along in silent majesty the majestic Hudson; on the opposite of which a beautiful and romantic country presents itself to my eye. It is diversified with gentle rising hills and beautiful declivities, clothed with the most beautiful verdure, and teeming with luxuriant fruit and grain. The houses and cottages, which are scattered all around, form an agreeable variety; and the whole presents the appearance of tranquillity and happiness. Beyond this, rises the high ground of Long Island; the summits of which, so far as the eye

can reach, are covered with rich grain and lofty woods, exciting sensations bordering on the sublime. Casting my eye down the river, I behold the city surrounded by islands, and apparently embosomed, in the midst of a magnificent country, which, with its lofty spires, give it a most picturesque appearance. Extending my view still farther, I behold the Narrows, through which are gliding slowly, but majestically, several vessels, which heighten the beauty of the scene. Here, also, I behold the hills of Staten Island, which are not surpassed in beauty and grandeur by any I have described.

Upon the whole, I doubt not, but the view from these heights, is equal to any in the world. I can only wonder and admire—it is impossible for me to describe. To do it justice it would require the pen of an Addison or a Pope. It presents, also, a fine field for the painter's art—it would not be beneath the notice of the greatest artist of the age.

Being of a romantic and contemplative turn of mind, my imagination was soon inspired by this sublime scene; and in its flight stopt to survey, with peculiar pleasure, the heroism and self devotion of our forefathers, who declared and achieved our independence. I am conscious, Mr. Editor, if I were to attempt to describe all I felt, it might not be interesting to any, and would be encroaching too much on your valuable columns. I, therefore, check my pen, but cannot close without recommending to the lovers of nature and its romantic scenery, to repair to this enchanting spot, where they will be amply repaid for their trouble.

A RAMBLER.

New-York, 8th July, 1819.

USE OF HISTORY.

Man is a mere riddle to himself, till he inquires into the hearts and actions of others! It is in this mirror only, that he can perceive his own resemblance; here he learns to be shocked at deformity, and to be pleased with what is amiable; and thence he proceeds to dress his mind with every virtue.

We may better trust our ship to a school-taught pilot, than depend on the wisdom or goodness of the head or heart, that has barely conversed with abstracted or philosophical maxims.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

Providence has wisely ordained, that all parts of creation are in some way dependent on each other. Like a great chain, each link is supported by that contiguous to it, and is necessary to the good order and preservation of the whole. It is not only in the *natural kingdom* that this relation exists—the moral world is equally governed by those wise laws.

Education is the grand basis of liberty, religion, and happiness. And I shall endeavour to prove, that female education is as vitally important to the interests of the community as that of males. It requires no depth of argument, no sagacious reasoning, to show that the effects of ignorance and education, are felt beyond the persons who are immediately under the influence of the one, or enjoying the precious advantages of the other. It is the peculiar duty of females, to "teach the young idea how to shoot." On them devolves the important task of forming the infant mind, of directing the virtuous, and restraining the vicious inclinations of boyhood; and of implanting in the youthful bosom, those precepts of morality and religion, which are to govern the principles and direct the actions of after life. The character of a man must be formed in his youth; and impressions that are deeply fixed upon the mind at an early age, are generally the most lasting and salutary. If, then, we are dependent upon females for the foundation of whatever character we sustain, is it not of universal importance, of the highest moment to society, that the light of knowledge should "diffuse its warmest, largest influence," on the female mind.

If we turn to the pages of history, we find, invariably, that as the female community are allowed to enjoy the blessings of education, the men are more enlightened, generous, brave, and polished; and, on the contrary, that whenever they are subjected to menial occupations, (which, alas! is, and has been too frequently the case,) we find a nation of ignorance, tyranny, oppression, and savage customs. The proper sphere for woman, is as the companion and friend of man; and whether she is exalted above it by chivalry, or degraded below it by ignorance and

custom, is an equal deviation from propriety and justice.

That female education is not restrained in our country, Heaven be praised! but that it is not sufficiently encouraged and supported, is too true. Is it not a matter of wonder and regret, that in our day so little is thought of a refined female education? To be able to dance, sing, and play; to flirt at the theatre, and faint in the ball room, is sufficient to obtain the highest admiration. A girl is sent to dancing school, when she should be learning to spell; and is thrust into the fashionable world before she can distinguish an article from an adverb, or is able to give the boundary of her native country. More is generally expended on the heels than the head, and in proportion as this is the case, we find them most highly esteemed. A lady who excels in dancing, receives more applause, and is ranked as a more polished woman, than she who is versed in literature, and is acquainted with the whole round of domestic duties. This vitiated taste (it cannot be called judgment) is too notorious to be refuted; but I trust the day is not far distant, when *female worth will be measured by solid acquisitions, and the mere tinsel ornaments of education will be properly estimated in society.*

THEODORE.

New-York, 3d July, 1819.

ON THE BURNING OF THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY,

By Mr. Ryan.

This gentleman differs in his sentiments on this interesting event from Mr. Gibbon. The following are his observations:

Renadot doubts the burning of the library of Alexandria; and the historian of the Roman empire absolutely denies the fact, for the following reasons—The testimony of Abulpharagius, who relates that disaster, and who wrote six hundred years after Omar, is overbalanced by the silence of Eutychius and Elmacin, both Christians and natives of Egypt. But I cannot comprehend why Mr. Gibbon should oppose the silence of these men to the positive assertion of Abulpharagius, who wrote a history that does honour to his memory, and who was more unexceptionable in his character and testimony than either of these annalists.

The former of them, when patriarch of Alexandria, was hated by his people; and relates several things not to be found elsewhere, together with many lying and fabulous wonders. Hence the historian of the Roman empire might easily have perceived why an author, accustomed to relate new and marvellous events, was likely to be silent about the well-known fact of burning of the library. Elmacin, having filled a post of distinction and trust under Mahometan princes, must reasonably have been attached to their religion and government. He calls the impostor himself Mahomet of glorious memory, emperor of the faithful, and his followers the orthodox; so that if not a Mahometan, he must have been a time-serving Christian, and unlikely to relate a fact disgraceful to Omar, one of the most renowned of the Caliphs. "They," says Bayle, "who consider the measures Elmacin was obliged to keep in his high office, will not think it strange that he speaks honourably of the caliphs, and never disrespectfully of the Mahometan religion."

Another reason why Mr. Gibbon denies the burning of the library, is the inconsistency of such conduct with certain opinions of the Mahometan casuists, who allow the faithful to read profane authors, and do not suffer the books of Jews or Christians to be burned, from a respect which they entertain for the name of God. But let one ask whether these opinions were entertained in the time of Omar? and whether it is not absurd to suppose this caliph to be acquainted with Mahometan casuistry, which did not prevail till after his time? Even this historian admits that some casuists were on other occasions extremely illiberal; and condemned some caliphs who were lovers of learning. "Superstition," says he, "was alarmed at the introduction even of abstract sciences, and the more rigid doctors of the law, condemned the rash and pernicious curiosity of Almanon." If such men had flourished in the time of Omar, we cannot doubt but they would have encouraged him to, rather than restrain him from, burning the library.

Mr. Gibbon denies the bad effects which are supposed to have arisen from that event, since those classics have been spared which Quintilian enumerates, and to which the suffrage of antiquity has ad-

judged the first place of genius and glory." "The contempt of the Greeks for barbaric science," says he, "would scarcely admit the Indian or Ethiopic books into the library of Alexandria; nor is it proved that philosophy has sustained any real loss from the exclusion of them." But surely Quintilian does not pretend to enumerate all books of genius, judgment, or information in the ancient world; he is silent about the works of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Indians, and Phœnicians, from whom the Greeks borrowed, though with many of their writings they must have been little acquainted. It is proper that the Greeks who were notorious plagiarists, would exclude from their libraries the writings of barbarians, from whom they derived knowledge, while they affected to despise them. If these writings were admitted and consumed by the flames, the loss of them to literature might be lamented, but cannot be ascertained.

Desultory Selections,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

Few modern authors have greater claims on the public gratitude, than this amiable and highly accomplished lady. She is one of the happy few who have exerted the powers of a brilliant genius solely in the cause of virtue. In the language of Mr. Holcroft, "her enchanting lessons incessantly tend to inspire universal philanthropy; to soften the asperities of the passions; to teach gentleness, benevolence, fortitude; justice toward ourselves, charity toward others; and to induce that superior, that rational conduct, which alone can generate happiness."

To this just tribute of approbation, we cheerfully subscribe, and feel no hesitation in recommending her works to both sexes, old and young. Her "*Tales of the Castle*" is a charming and highly edifying work for young minds in search of knowledge and rational amusement, but there is interwoven with it *one sentiment*, to which we are compelled to object, although the fair author appears to have taken particular pains to inculcate it, viz: that the human heart is *NATURALLY* prone to virtue, and only contracts vicious

propensities by education, association, example, habit, &c. This is not her language, but it certainly expresses her meaning, and as certainly opposes the language of that sacred volume whence we derive all our knowledge of the degeneracy of human nature.

There was once a time—say, there have been two periods, when education, association, example, &c. could have had no pernicious influence on the mind, and yet the world became vicious. Was it a bad education, wicked associates, or examples of vengeance, that made the first born of the human family a *fratricide*? or were the descendants of righteous Noah corrupted by similar means? But Madame De Genlis more than intimates that the god-like precept of "preferring the happiness of others to our own," is a virtue "originating in the heart, natural to it, and born with it;" and several times asserts, that its opposite principle, *self-love*, "is not so natural as is generally supposed." In another place, she says—

"A child who should give proofs of cowardice, cruelty, or ingratitude, might be thought a monster—if its vices were not the consequences of a bad education." And again—"Nature rarely produces monsters—education makes many."

Now, the Bible teaches that we *all* derive from nature such evil propensities as will (if they are suffered to be brought into exercise) make real monsters of us, and that it is the province of education to control and destroy these propensities before they can be brought into full exercise. Education, therefore, never makes men bad, though it too often fails in preventing their being so. These remarks are not made in the fastidious spirit of verbal criticism, but with an honest view to the promotion of correct opinions.

FEMALE HEROISM.

Madame Lefort, during the French revolution, like the illustrious Madame La Fayette of our times, bought a permission to visit her husband, who was imprisoned as a conspirator. It was discovered the following day, that aided by a change of apparel, and occupying the prison in his stead, she had effected his escape. When arraigned at the tribunal, the representative addressed her in a menacing tone, "Wretch! what have you done?" "My duty," said she, "do your's."

FEMALE INDUSTRY.

William Cobbett, long celebrated for his *political and agricultural* writings, both in England and America, in an essay on the latter subject, pays the following handsome compliment to *Female Industry*.

"My work was as well done as if the whole had been done by myself. My planting done chiefly by *young women*, each of whom would plant half an acre a day, and their pay was *ten pence sterling* a day.

"What a shame, then, for any man to shrink at the *trouble and labour* of such matter! Nor let it be imagined, that these young women were poor, miserable, ragged creatures. They were just the contrary. On a Sunday they appeared in their white dresses, and with silk umbrellas over their heads. Their constant labour afforded the means of dressing well; their early rising and exercise gave them health; their habitual cleanliness and neatness, for which the women of the south of England are so justly famed, served to aid in the completion of their appearance, which was that of the fine rosy-cheeked country girls, fit to be *helpmates*, and not a burthen to their future husbands."

This reminds us of the good fashion among the country girls of New-England, who, on the approach of a shower in the hay-making season, haste to the fields, and by their beauty, industry, and cheerfulness, invigorate the rustic swains, and bear a conspicuous part in the labour of the husbandman. We would merely ask, where is the young man who would not prefer a "*help mate*" of the above description, to one who has only to recommend her, a skill on the piano, dexterity in practising the "*Gavotte*," or artfulness in singing?

Behold the rosy-cheeked maid, arrayed in all the innocence and beauty of her own native plains, unadorned by foreign fabrics; see in her the practice of virtue and health, while the more *fashionable* ones of the metropolis are arrayed in all the extravagancies of the world, and have no charms for the man of reason and reflection.

Nor are the country ladies destitute of that sound judgment and taste, with which the fair of the metropolis seem to think themselves exclusively favoured. You

will find, Mr. Editor, as much *real science*, in any thing that adorns the mind, and more that adorns the person, in the inland towns of New-England, than in the *enlightened seaports*.

That the good old times of our ancestors have changed, there is no need of attempts to prove; that the manners of the softer sex have deteriorated, it is presumed no one will deny. The cause may be traced to various sources; but principally to the influence of luxury.

The effect of this change, perhaps, no one would pretend to predict; it is already sufficiently apparent to cause the most melancholy reflections as to the future prospects of our growing country. Formerly, a young man would not hesitate to enter the "*holy state of wedlock*," with only a few pounds in his pocket; and a probable calculation on as many more for his yearly income. Now the possession of many thousands of dollars will hardly satisfy his expectations; or conquer the scruples of his Doleinea. To be in a situation to marry, he must be enabled, as Dr. Johnson has said, to "*ride in coaches that whirl like meteors, and live in palaces that rise like exhalations*." The consequence is, that our list of marriages grows smaller daily; and those who are compelled to linger out a life of lean celibacy, and single blessedness, continually increase in number.—*Boston Intelligence*.

A FINE REFLECTION OF A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

You ask me, "From whence it proceeds that the greatest part of handsome women are extremely ignorant and silly?" I think I can tell you the reason. It is not that they are born with less capacities than others; but because they neglect to cultivate their minds. They are vain, and they desire to please. An ugly woman knows she cannot be loved for her face; this puts her upon the distinguishing herself by her wit. She then studies a great deal, and becomes amiable in spite of nature. The beauty, on the contrary, needs only to show herself to please. Her vanity is satisfied; as she never reflects, she does not think that her beauty is only for a season; besides, she is so ingrossed with dress, and the care of being at every assembly, to appear with ad-

vantage, to receive praise, that she can have no time to cultivate her mind, however convinced she might be that it was necessary. Thus she becomes a mere fool, taken up with childish tricks, the vain frippery of dress, shows, and sights. This may last till she is thirty, at most till forty years of age, if the small pox or any other disorders should not destroy her beauty sooner; but when youth is over, the time of learning is past.

ANECDOTES.

The municipality of a corporate town in the neighbourhood of Weymouth, immediately previous to the departure of the Royal family from that favourite watering place, published the following proclamation:

Whereas his Majesty the King and Queen is expected to honor this ancient corporation with their presence in the course of their *tower*; in order to prevent them from meeting no impediment in his journey, the worshipful the *Mars* and Bailiffs have thought proper that the following regulations shall be *prohibited*, as follows:—No body must not leave no dust, nor nothing in that shape, before their door nor shops; and all wheel-barrows, cabbage stalks, marble stones, and other vegetables, must be swept out of the streets. Any one who shall fail giving offence in any of these articles, shall be dealt with according to law, without bail or mainprize.

God save his Majesty the King and Queen, and his Worship the *Mars*.

A gentleman having missed his way, fortunately overtook a boy going with a quantity of tar, to mark his master's sheep. The gentleman asked the way to —; but was directed by so many windings and turnings, right and left, that he agreed to take the boy behind him on the horse, as he was going near to the same place. Finding him pert and docile, he gave him, as they rode on, some wholesome advice relative to his future conduct, adding occasionally, Mark me well my boy. Yes sir, (said he) I do. However, he repeated the injunction so often, that the boy at last cried out, Sir, I have no more tar.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO OLIVIA.

The morn, Love, is calm, and bright as thine eye,
The violet is opening anew;
The breath of the South sheds the balm of thy sigh,
And the green earth is spangled with dew.

O, come, let us haste to the green-wood side,
While the beams of the day are young;
And we'll gaze on the charms of the merry spring-
tide,

And list to her witching tongue.

The violet is fair, with its looks of blue—
But it hath not the charm of thine eye;
And lovely the rose—yet its delicate hue
Cannot with thy damask cheek vie.

The mocking-bird's note is sweet to hear,
And the plaintive coo of the dove;
Yet sweeter by far thy voice melts on mine ear,
While it murmurs the accents of love!

The violet and rose, with the season, shall fade,
The song of the woodland shall cease;
But the heart now so dearly thine owns, lovely
maid,
Shall be thine till it slumber in peace.

Then come, let us haste to the cool green wood,
And repose in its shade beneath;
Where Fancy may dream in her wildest mood,
And Love twine his brightest wreath.
Monachussets. JAQUES.

* *The Mocking-Bird of the South.*—Written in
Georgia.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

LINES ON THE COMET.

Now, whilst the glorious orb of day,
No longer pours his fervid ray;
But mildly beaming in the West,
Seems as retiring to his rest—
Majestic night resumes her reign,
With stars and planets in her train;
Here glittering, like the golden sands
On Peru, or on Afric's lands;
There sparkling, like the diamonds worn,
In Eastern climes, on bridal morn.

Enraptured with the scene I gaze,
Till a bright Comet's length'ning blaze
Arrests my view—Stranger from far,
Art thou the harbinger of war?
Or from thy magazine of fire,
Pour'st thou the pestilence in ire?
If such thy errand, then thy light
Is darker than the darkest night.

Thus far had human feelings spoke,
When the true light from darkness broke:
Vain are conjectures: God alone,
Who from his uncreated throne,
Pronounc'd the word, "let there be light,"
To rule the day, and rule the night,
Knows the wise purposes, and fate,
That this vast universe await.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

'Tis sweet in Nature's holiday,
To feel the gentle breath of May,
Upon the cheek of languor play;
But sweeter 'tis to meet the friend,
On whom all earthly joys depend.

'Tis lovely on the mountain's height,
To catch the first faint beams of light,
And hear the feather'd songsters pay
Their offerings to the infant day;
But lovelier 'tis that friend to meet
Whose presence makes our bliss complete.

'Tis sweet the cares of day to leave,
And wander forth at dewy eve,
To see the farewell beams depart,
And vesper into being start;
But sweeter, dearer, lovelier far,
Than to behold the evening star,
Or watch on some projecting height,
The earliest beams of morning light,
Or feel the wooing length of May
Upon the cheek of languor play—
Is once more to behold the friend,
On whom all earthly joys depend.
This sacred bliss I soon shall prove,
Press'd to the heart of one I love.

AGNES.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

'Tis now the silent midnight hour,
Oh! come, soft sleep, thy influence lend;
Again let fancy's magic power,
Present my husband, lover, friend.

Let him whose absence breaks my heart,
Again in pleasing dreams appear;
Thou' forc'd by cruel fate to part,
Oh! let me fancy he is near.

Last night, sweet sleep, thou wert most kind,
My dreams were to elysium gay;
Methought I gather'd flowers, to bind
The brows of him who's far away!

And then I hung upon his arm,
And clasp'd his hand with fond caress;
And heard that voice which used to charm,
Tell me of love and happiness.

But soon I woke, and cruel fears
Dispell'd the fleeting, fancied bliss,
And from my cheek the bitter tears
Chas'd the imaginary kiss.

But memory thou art ever true,
Waking, I cannot 'scape from thee;
Thou bring'st to mind that sad adieu
When ***** tore himself from me.

Thou show'st me that dear faded cheek,
Where roses glow'd in happier times;
Thou tell'st me that alone and weak,
He seeks for health in milder climes.

Thou bring'st to mind that ardent love
Which might have ever turn'd aside,
Which rose each obstacle above,
And every power, but Heaven, defied.

Each wretched day, each sleepless night,
But brings me nearer to the grave;
And he for whom each toil was light,
Is far away—and cannot save.

Oh! were it not, that on my cares
One helpless being has a claim,
Soon would I end these torturing fears,
That break my rest, and rack my frame.

Soon would I tempt the dangerous sea,
And to my bosom's idol fly;
He never more should part from me,
With him I'd live, or with him die.

HARRIET.

New-York, December 13, 1816.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

There is a "sunshine of the breast,"
Can calm the soul's troubled way,
Can soothe the soul with grief oppress,
Can give to joy a higher zest,
And brighten reason's ray.

Whate'er our state, where'er we roam,
It lightens every care,
Expels foul discord from our home,
And places sweet contentment there.

Sun, moons, shall set, to rise no more,
No longer radiance give;
Convulsions rend from shore to shore,
But *Virtus* shall forever live.

THEODORE.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

LINES

*Occasioned by the Author's leaving Salem, (Mass.)
to reside in New-York.*

Adieu! my native town, Salem farewell!
Soon from thy dear and hallowed spot I go;
Soon will my aching heart with sorrow swell,
And soon the tears of bitter anguish flow.

How dark the ways of Providence to man,
How deep this truth is written on the heart,
That, though a long connection we may plan,
Fate has decreed "the best of friend's must
part."

Within thy walls I've spent my youthful days,
Here have I felt a mother's anxious care,
Here has she brought me up in virtue's ways,
And taught me too to shun the tempter's snare.

Here from a brother's lips has counsel flowed
To warn the young and inexperienced mind,
Here has a sister's tongue with rapture glow'd
To teach me where true happiness to find.

Adieu! my youthful friends, a long adieu,
With you I've spent the morning of my life,
The sweets of Friendship were enjoyed with you,
Unmixed with envy, passion, or with strife.

Soon we must part, but ah! repress the pain,
Soon these sad scenes of parting will be o'er;
For when death parts—we soon shall meet again,
On Canaan's pure and ever blissful shore.

The tear no more shall wet the sunken eye;
No more shall sorrow fill the heaving breast;
The breast composed, the tear forever dry,
And every painful feeling be suppressed.

Adieu! my native town, Salem farewell!
Soon from thy dear and hallowed spot I go;
Soon will my aching heart with sorrow swell,
And soon the tears of bitter anguish flow.
Courtlandt-street. G.

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Muse, a Poem, addressed to *Marcia*, has been perused with much pleasure; and shall appear as soon as our limits will permit.

To *Amicus*, who has kindly pointed out several errors which unfortunately escaped our notice, we return unfeigned thanks, and shall certainly profit by his hints.

The *Knight of the Brush* may be a very good painter, but we do not think him a poet.

The production of *J. of New-York*, is laid aside, and so is that of *J. K.*

Helix a-lee! in our next.

Theodore, Rolfe, and many others, shall receive due attention.

Pennmanship.—Having examined the specimens of improvement made in the art of Pennmanship, by the pupils of Mr. Rapp, (who teaches by system, at No. 151 Chambers-street,) we cheerfully add our humble testimony, to that of many others, in favour of his ability as a teacher, and of the system he has adopted. Those of our fair readers who do not already write an elegant hand, can soon acquire one under the direction of Mr. R. Four, five, or six lessons, will secure them this invaluable accomplishment, which no lady should be without.

Guy's Paintings.—There are now exhibiting, at the Union Hotel in William-street, a collection of landscape paintings, the work of Mr. Francis Guy, recently of Baltimore, and now of this city. The exhibition consists principally of grand and beautiful scenery, not only of Europe but of many admired portions of our own country—such as Lake George, Rhinebeck Landing, Passaic Falls, Perry's Victory on Lake Erie, Glenn's Falls, &c. The fancy pieces exhibit a variety, and the several styles of the most admired masters. The collection comprises about 120 pieces; and the most common observer cannot but be sensibly impressed by a view of these truly admirable paintings.

The floor of the room is covered with *Guy's patent paper carpet*. The reader can imagine the beauty of this carpet when he is informed that a durable body of transparent varnish is applied to house paper without in the slightest degree injuring the colour; whereby the floor is susceptible of a cheap, durable, and elegant covering.

Thus far the Columbian—in addition to which we will only observe, that the *Ladies* will not do justice to themselves if they neglect to examine

these *Paper Carpets*. Their beauty, durability, and economy, all combined, render them highly worthy of attention.

From the Spirit of Pennsylvanian.

In this number, I propose giving the public an account of the Rose Damascena, or the Damask Rose, of our gardens. Time immemorial this blossom has been celebrated as the "*Queen of Flowers*." For fragrance it is unrivalled, and for beauty it is not surpassed even by the "*Lilies of the Valley*." The perfume of this flower is preferred above all other vegetable productions. Nor is it peculiar to any particular section of the globe; it flourishes in all climates with due cultivation—may, it occurs in our forests, and "gleams its fragrance to the desert air." It is more generally found in gardens during the summer, and is cultivated or kept in flower pots, in warm rooms, during the winter, by the Germans of Pennsylvania. The Damask Rose yields, on distillation, a small portion of "buttery oil, together with water, which possesses the taste and odour of the rose." A valuable perfume is also obtained called the *Ottar*, or essence of roses. The true *Ottar* of roses, is manufactured and sold in the East-Indies, at the enormous price of twenty guineas, or one hundred dollars per ounce!!! It is unquestionably the most elegant perfume in vegetable nature. A single drop imparts its fragrance throughout our largest dwellings, and suppresses other less agreeable odours. In the culinary art, rose water is much esteemed for the agreeable flavour it imparts to a variety of the luxuries of life. In medicine it is used as an astringent, when properly diluted in water, to inflammatory affections of the eye.

LANCASTER, (PENN.) June 29.

Large Snake.—A strange circumstance is said to have taken place a few days since in the neighbourhood of this city. A woman passing along a path through a rye field, set down on the side of the path, when immediately she was seized round the waist by a huge black snake, which raised its frightful head in a threatening attitude, mouth open, on a level with her face, with its eyes fixed upon her countenance. The screams of the woman brought a black man to her assistance, who resolutely grasped the monster by the neck with one hand, and with the other seized its tail, and while unwinding its coils, the woman, by his directions, took a knife from his pocket and "off went the reptile's head." The relations we have heard of this wonder differ from each other, but in no considerable degree—from one source we are informed the snake weighed upwards of 60 pounds. [A rare progeny of the sea serpent.]

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. McLeod, the Rev. James Douglass, to Miss Alice Thompson, daughter of Mr. Robert Thompson, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. John Dow, Mr. William Van Winkle, of New-Jersey, to Miss Eliza Williams, of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 7th inst. by the Right Reverend Bishop Connolly, Mr. P. Sullivan, to Miss Mary McDougal, all of this city.

On Monday evening, the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Frey, Mr. Gerardus Boyce, of this city, to Miss Caroline Sneden, of Greenwich Village.

On Sunday evening, the 4th inst. at Staatsburgh, by the Rev. Mr. M-Murray, Mr. Edward Giraud, to Miss Ann Elsworth, both of this city.

On the 29th of December last, by the Rev. Mr. Bork, Mr. Adam Clarke Flanagan, Priester, to Miss Ann Bayard, all of this city.

At Brooklyn, on Wednesday evening, the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mc-Cain, Mr. Calvin Moorehouse, to Miss Eliza Van Riper, both of Brooklyn.

At Morristown, (N. J.) on the 5th inst. Allen Fish, Esq. of this city, to Miss Eliza Chapman, of the former place.

At Hanover, Morris County, (N. J.) on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Condit, Mr. Edward Agar, of Brooklyn, (L. I.) to Miss Mary C. Condit, daughter of Liam Condit, Esq. of the former place.

At Washington City, on Tuesday evening, the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Hunter, at the residence of E. W. Duval, Esq. in that city, Wilson Nesbitt, Esq. late a representative of Congress from South Carolina, to Miss Susan T. Duval, of the former place.

DIED,

On Thursday morning, the 8th inst. in the 50th year of her age, of a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Rosina Arculeus, wife of George Arculeus, rias.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 7th inst. Whitehead Fish, Esq. in the 51st year of his age.

On Wednesday, the 7th inst. Mr. John Proctor, Jun. aged 42 years.

Suddenly, on Thursday morning, the 8th inst. Mary Targay, aged 84 years.

On Saturday, the 10th inst. Mr. Ralph May, after an illness of 12 or 16 days, aged 40 years, a native of Connecticut, and for many years a merchant in Savannah, Georgia.

On Saturday evening, the 10th inst. after a severe illness of a few hours, Benjamin, infant son of Mr. George M-Cready.

On Monday, the 12th inst. in the 22d year of his age, of a lingering consumption, Mr. John Van Kuren, Printer.

On Monday, the 12th inst. of consumption, Mr. Robert Hurst, of Philadelphia, aged 21 years.

At Clinton, (N. Y.) very suddenly, Mrs. Eliza Robinson, wife of Mr. Edward Robinson, and youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Kirkland.

At Jerusalem, (N. Y.) on the 1st inst. Jennima Wilkinson, aged 70, styled by herself and her followers, the *universal friend*. The singular character and strange pretensions of this female fanatic, are very generally known, as many sketches of her life have been published.

At Kingston, (N. Y.) Miss Rachel Houghtaling, daughter of Mr. Philip Houghtaling, deceased, aged 54 years.

At Boston, Mrs. Ann Thayer, aged 45; Miss Mary Ann Thayer, aged 21; and Mr. Edwin Thayer, aged 18; Mrs. Elizabeth Brewer, aged 76, widow of the late Col. David Brewer.

At Lancaster, (Mass.) on the 2d instant, Miss Elsie Richards Payne.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1819.

[No. 11.]

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;
AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 164 Broadway :

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

PAYABLE QUARTERLY.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER IX.

ALTHOUGH our *Maying* party had engaged to breakfast with Mrs. Percival at eight o'clock, and, notwithstanding that both the ladies had complained of fatigue, Woodville seemed determined to prolong the excursion, by constantly recollecting some new point of view from which the enchanting scenery which surrounded them would appear to still greater advantage. At length, the deep tones of the *Old South* bell, which floated on the still air over a bay equally tranquil, informed them that they had already violated their promise, and that breakfast would inevitably wait their return, for at least an hour.

They had now descended the southwestern declivity of those romantic heights, and were strolling through a beautiful meadow which skirted the turnpike leading to Roxbury.—An inn was in view, where Woodville insisted that the party should pause a few minutes for repose and refreshment. Flanders seconded the proposition, and the wearied females consented without much entreaty. They were ushered into a neat little parlour, where Woodville left them to seek the landlord, whom he represented as a good-natured fellow, and his particular friend. In a few minutes afterward a servant entered to lay the cloth for breakfast, which was introduced the same moment that Woodville returned.

During this welcome repast, Woodville informed the ladies, that as he had been

instrumental in prolonging their walk to an unreasonable and fatiguing length, he had made the only atonement in his power, by securing them a ride into town.

"I regret," added he, "that our landlord cannot accommodate us with a coach; but he has furnished two handsome gigs, with fine horses, which the hostler is now harnessing. This may, perhaps, be quite as pleasant; and, for my own part, I prefer driving to any other amusement."

This last arrangement of Woodville, like the toast and coffee he had ordered, was gratefully relished by his friends, who, finding their flagging spirits agreeably reanimated, soon intimated their readiness to depart. The carriages were accordingly ordered to the door, into one of which Woodville immediately handed Sophia, and seizing the reins, took his seat by her side. The other was occupied by Selina and Flanders.

"Neck or Bridge?" inquired the latter.

"The Neck, by all means," answered Woodville; "it is the shortest distance, and the best road."

"To convince you of your mistake, I will take the Bridge, and pass Lamphier's ten minutes before you."

"Done! for a bottle of his claret."

Without waiting for a reply, Woodville cracked his whip in the air, and was out of sight in a moment; while Flanders, confident of success, wheeled off in the opposite direction.

The sprightly loquacity of Selina, which had hitherto proved a *velocipede* for Time, now immediately gave place to a most provoking taciturnity. Flanders ardently sought to elevate her into the lively vein of conversation from which she had so abruptly fallen; but his assiduous efforts were only rewarded by chilling monosyllables, or half articulated sentences. While they were crossing the Bridge, she was silent and thoughtful, and the deafening din of wheels rattling over the pavements of Washington-street, had scarcely roused her from this reverie, when a sudden shock threw her into the

arms of Flanders, who was himself almost precipitated from his seat. Some country Jehu, in attempting to pass them, had brought the two vehicles in contact, by which carelessness his own was upset, and his shoulder dislocated.

This disaster happened near the residence of a celebrated surgeon, and thither the unfortunate stranger was immediately conducted by Flanders, attended by the now terrified and sympathising Selina. The doctor being fortunately at home, both parties were soon enabled to proceed into town.

Flanders reasonably concluded that this unforeseen detention would decide the race in Woodville's favour; and, therefore, pursued the remainder of his route at such a moderate pace, that the clock had struck ten before the anxious Mrs. Percival again beheld her daughter, of whom she instantly inquired, before either could alight——

"Where is Sophia and Woodville?"

Flanders and Selina exchanged looks of surprise, as both exclaimed——

"Are they not yet returned?"

"I fear that some misfortune has detained them," cried Selina. "Let us go immediately back and seek them."

"Permit me to go alone," replied Flanders. "Your spirits have already been too much agitated by fatigue and alarm."

"Nay—I must along, sir—do not refuse me. Should any serious accident have befallen them, I should never forgive myself for being absent. My cousin among strangers!"

Flanders had heard enough to convince him, and giving his steed the whip, they soon retraced their way to the scene of their own disaster, without meeting with or hearing of the objects they sought. They continued their course to Roxbury, and from thence to the inn in Dorchester, where they had breakfasted, and separated.

Here the first object that met their view, was the very vehicle in which Woodville and Sophia had departed, and who, they now supposed, had for some reason or other, returned to the inn. A

black fellow was employed in liberating the smoking steed from the foam-covered harness, and of him Flanders inquired for the gentleman and lady.

"They no come back, massa," replied the hostler. "Massa Woodville send little boy with the gig, who drive like old Nick."

"A boy! Where is he?"

"He gone some time, massa."

"How is this to be accounted for," said Flanders to Selina. "It is almost impossible they should have passed us; and yet they must have arrived at your house soon after we left it."

Selina listened in silence, and both sat lost in conjecture during their return to town. On arriving again at her mother's door, Selina sprang from the carriage, ran into the house, and with open arms, exclaimed—

"Where is she? Where is Sophia?"

"Are they still not with you?" asked her mother, with a look and tone of the utmost consternation.

This question was an ice-bolt to the hearts of Flanders and Selina. Motionless they stood, and gazed on each other in mute amazement. Flanders first recovered the use of his faculties.

"Be not alarmed, ladies, I entreat you. There is certainly some mystery in this affair, but I hope and trust no danger. Be kind enough to compose your spirits, and I pledge myself that your present disagreeable suspense shall not be of long duration."

So saying, he reascended the chaise, and drove off with the velocity of an express.

Another hour passed, and no tidings had been obtained of the fugitives. Mrs. Percival and her daughter exchanged many an anxious look, expressive of fears which they dared not communicate. They were seated by the window, watching the return of Flanders, when their attention was arrested by a hackney coach which stopped at the door. Selina shrieked with joy, when she saw her cousin handed out by Woodville, who conducted her into the house, faint, pale, and violently agitated. In the next moment she was pressed in the arms of her aunt, and almost stifled with the caresses of her cousin.

For some time the joy of meeting precluded all inquiries respecting the causes

which had delayed it. Sophia returned the caresses of her affectionate friends, while she endeavoured to conceal the traces of grief which were conspicuous in her disordered aspect. But when affection had become perfectly satisfied that its object was safe and uninjured, curiosity began to assert its claims.

Sophia, with a slight wave of the hand, referred them to Woodville for an explanation; who, with a faltering voice and embarrassed downcast look, began to state that an accident had happened to the chair in which they started, which prevented their proceeding; and that they were, consequently, compelled to stop at a hotel in Roxbury, until he could send into town for a hackney coach.

He was interrupted in his recital by a loud knock at the door, which being opened by Selina, a letter was put into her hands addressed to her cousin.

Sophia broke the seal, and cast her eyes over the contents, when the colour forsook her cheeks, and with a piercing shriek she sunk senseless on the floor.

[To be continued.]

THE SKETCH BOOK.

We have already noticed this beautiful work, and have now obtained permission to give our fair readers a specimen, in which they will readily recognize the brilliant imagination and classic style of our countryman WASHINGTON IRVING. The sketch which comprises the following tale, is entitled *The Wife*, and commences with an eulogium on conjugal felicity which ought to be read by every bachelor. Then follows the tale, which ought to be read by every female, old and young—married, or intending to be.

THE WIFE.

My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies, that spread a kind of witchery about the sex—"Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination: he was of a romantic, and somewhat serious, cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in

company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favour and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him, seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he boasted on his lovely burthen for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the mishap of my friend, however, to have embarked his fortune in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable, was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and rapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I inquired, "does your wife know all this?"—"At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife;

it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner, than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve, but feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh, but my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects!—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar!—that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to sink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart!—How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh, it will break her heart, it will break her heart!"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged: and surely it does not

require a palace to be happy with Mary."

"I could be happy with her," cried he convulsively, "in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me, she can be the same with you. Aye, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark, downward path of low humility, suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which, in other ranks, it is a stranger.—In short, I could not meet Leslie, the next morning, without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms around my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy—but, poor girl," added he, "she cannot realize the change we must un-

dergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract: she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation: she experiences no want of accustomed conveniences or elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty, so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doating husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day, superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her," asked I, "has any thing happened to her?"

"What," said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humour. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman."

"Oh, but my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience: She has been introduced into a humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has for the first time known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has for the first time looked around her on a home destitute of every thing elegant, and almost convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road, up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded by forest trees, as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass plot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, in a style of the most touching simplicity, singing a

little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward, to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window, and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come; I've been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and every thing is so sweet and still here—Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "Oh, we shall be so snug!"

Poor Leslie was overcome.—He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms around her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes. And he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of such unutterable felicity.

HOME.

The pain which is felt when we are transplanted from our native soil—when the living branch is cut from the parent tree—is one of the most poignant, which we have to endure through life. There are after-griefs, which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart; but never do we feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, and the sense of utter desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life.

Desultory Selections,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

DRAMATIC MANIA.

This is a kind of an epidemic disease, which has ever been more or less prevalent, in all ages and countries where the stage was tolerated. In our own day, and in these "sober regions of the west," we have seen patients labouring under the effects of this singular malady, and exhibiting such contortions of countenance and extravagance of gesture, as excited the laughter of some, the pity of others, and the contempt of all. Even females are subject to it, of which we now know of more than one instance in this enlightened city; and there is, unfortunately, no cure for it, but time and experience.

These observations recall to our recollection a marvellous story which ancient historians have related, among others, of Abdera, a maritime town of Thrace, situated at the mouth of the river Nessus, which is, in substance, as follows:

During the reign of Lysimachus, the inhabitants of Abdera were afflicted with a burning fever, which reached its maximum on the seventh day, and which affected their imaginations in such a manner, that every one fancied himself a player! The favourite drama of this theatrical city, was the *Andromeda* of Euripides; and it was not uncommon to see groups of these delicious tragedians spouting in the streets with all the fervour and sincerity of real actors.

Lucian, who relates this incredible story, accounts for it from the following circumstance:

During a very sultry summer, the *Andromeda* of Euripides was performed in Abdera, by the celebrated actor Arebelas. When the audience was dismissed, several of them were seized with a delirious fever; and as the various incidents of the play had made a deep impression upon their minds, they began, during the paroxysms of the disease, to imitate the gestures and looks of the leading characters, and pronounce the broken sentences which their memory had preserved. The disease was epidemic, and, therefore, the whole of the inhabitants were seized with this dramatic mania.

LAURA'S TOMB.

The admirers of Petrarch, and the lovers of his Laura, will feel their sensibility excited by every thing relating to

those interesting personages. We therefore extract the following from *Dutens' Memoirs*.

At dinner to-day I happened to mention the tomb of Petrarch's Laura, which I often visited formerly in the convent where she was buried; and of which I this morning, in vain, inquired the place. 'There is nothing singular in your disappointment,' said one of the party, 'the convent, in which her ashes reposed, is sold and demolished, and the chapel, in which a tombstone indicated her rest, is now transformed into a stable of mules and of jackasses. If you will take a walk after dinner, you will have an opportunity to deplore this shocking outrage offered to beauty and genius.' I accompanied him: the chapel was inhabited by six mules and their drivers, as civilized and sensible as themselves, by two jackasses, laying down on the tombstone of Laura. It was not without some difficulty that we could remove them so far as to see that of the inscription, nothing remained but 'Laura'..... and 'requiescat in pace.' No! not even her remains have been left unspolied by the abominable monsters, that revered nothing, either sacred, respectable, or admirable.

CONJUGAL FELICITY.

Though much has already been said and written on this important subject, it is far, very far, from being exhausted; and every new idea that we meet with, as well as every old one in a new dress, which may have a tendency to promote conjugal bliss, shall be, from time to time, presented to our fair readers. With this view we copy the following from *Hutton's Court of Requests*.

There are three requisites to form equal happiness—prudence, good nature, and love. Prudence and good nature are very different things, and not under command; but, whenever they appear, love is as sure to follow, as the chaise the horses. When this trio meet, happiness will grow with time, and like the oak, flourish in old age. No decays of beauty, or of health; no mutilations of body, or wrinkles in the face, can diminish it. But if we look into the world, we shall find the matches of this amiable description almost as thickly scattered as the righteous men in Sodom.

WANDERING JEW.

A few years ago, there was a fellow with a long beard in London, who professed himself to be the wandering Jew. He declared he had been with Noah in the ark. Some person asked him which country he liked best of all that he had visited in his long peregrination; he answered, Spain, as, perhaps, a man would have done who had really seen all the

world. But it was remarked, as rather extraordinary, that a Jew should prefer the country of the inquisition. 'God bless you, sir,' replied the ready rogue, shaking his head, and smiling at the same time, as if at the error of the observation, 'it was long before Christianity that I was last in Spain; and I shall not go there again till it is all over.'

A ROMAN

Being about to repudiate his wife, amongst a variety of other questions from her enraged kinsmen, was asked, 'Is not your wife a sensible woman? Has she not borne you five children?' In answer to all which questions, slipping off his shoe, he held it up, and interrogating them in his turn, 'Is not this shoe,' said he, 'a very handsome one? Is it not quite new? Is it not extremely well made? How, then, is it, that none of you can tell where it pinches?'

CHARACTER OF THE FAIR SEX.

By Mr. Ledyard.

I have always remarked, that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest, and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious, they are full of courtesy, and fond of society; more liable, in general, to err than man; but, in general, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer.

In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me.

HAPPY MEDIUM.

In the government of families and schools, the happy medium lies between the extremes of lenity and rigour, wearying watchfulness and indolent negligence.

HINTS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

If you have blue eyes, you need not languish.

If black eyes, you need not leer.

If you have good teeth, do not laugh.

If you have bad ones, do not laugh less than the occasion may justify.

If you have a bad voice, rather speak in a low tone.

If you have the finest voice in the world, never speak in a high one.

If you dance well, dance but seldom.

If you dance ill, never dance at all.

If you sing well, make no previous excuses.

If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked; for few people are judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please.

When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame, appear at least to do it with reluctance.

Make it a rule to please all, and never appear insensible to any desire of pleasing or obeying you, however awkwardly it may be executed.

If you would preserve beauty, rise early.

If you would preserve esteem, be gentle.

If you would obtain power, be condescending.

If you would live happy, endeavour to promote the happiness of others.

NATIONAL DRESS.

If the thing be not absolutely impossible, there are some strong arguments in favour of establishing a national dress for Americans. Strange as the idea may seem at the first glance, it is believed that a little more consideration will give it importance.

By a national dress—no matter what fashion—say like the Armenian, a sort of cloak and loose trowsers—millions might be saved every year to the country.

ADVANTAGES.

It would be much cheaper—because not subject to the caprice of fashion; because it would wear much longer, and need not be made of such expensive stuff as it now is. A cloth robe in winter—and a thick silken, or a thin worsted one, for summer.

It would be, beyond all comparison, more becoming. Nothing can be more dignified, or manly, than the prevailing English dress. Its only recommendation is its convenience for business. But another might be adopted just as convenient for business, and infinitely more graceful and proper for other occasions. Even in business, a tight coat is not always necessary—and our business hours are but a small portion of the twenty-four.

Lastly. It would contribute more to give us a national character all over the world, at home and abroad, than all other circumstances together for a whole century. To be known as an American in Europe, is to be distinguished. Why, then, shall we disguise our national character in English dress? There is no policy in it—no economy—no propriety in the present dress—had there are all these qualities, in an eminent degree, in having peculiar national habiliments.

DISADVANTAGES.

None—none. If there be any, let them be pointed out.

It is no argument against us, that the English dress is universal in Europe—because, first, it is not true; and, next, though it were, it only proves that the English have too great an influence in Europe. When the Russians, under Peter, were ordered to cut their beards, and dress like Englishmen, it was an acknowledgment of inferiority to the British, or any other nation. We are, at least, equal—and it is fair for us to manifest our equality, by daring to be independent of their customs.—*Baltimore Telegraph.*

Circumstances relative to Emmett's last moments.
(Executed for conspiracy.)

"One day previous to his trial, as the governor was going his rounds, he entered Emmett's room rather abruptly; and observing a remarkable expression in his countenance, he apologized for the interruption. He had a fork affixed to his little deal table, and appended to it, there was a tress of hair. 'You see,' said he to the keeper, 'how innocently I am occupied. This little tress has long been dear to me, and I am plaiting it to wear in my bosom on the day of my execution.' On the day of that fatal event, there was found sketched by his own hand, with a pen and ink, upon that very table, an

admirable likeness of himself, the head severed from the body which lay near it, surrounded by the scaffold, the axe, and all the frightful paraphernalia of a high treason execution. What a strange union of tenderness, enthusiasm, and fortitude, do not the above traits of character exhibit! His fortitude, indeed, never forsaken him. On the night previous to his death, he slept as soundly as ever; and when the fatal morning dawned, he arose, knelt down and prayed, ordered some milk, which he drank, wrote two letters, (one to his brother in America, and the other to the secretary of state, enclosing it,) and then desired the sheriffs to be informed that he was ready.—When they came into his room, he said he had two requests to make—one, that his arms might be left as loose as possible, which was humanely and instantly acceded to. 'I make the other,' said he, 'not under any idea that it can be granted, but that it may be held in remembrance that I have made it—it is, that I may be permitted to die in my uniform.—[The colour of the rebel uniform is green.]—This, of course, could not be allowed: and the request seemed to have no other object, than to show that he gloried in the cause for which he was to suffer. A remarkable example of his power over himself and others, occurred at this melancholy moment. He was passing out attended by the sheriffs, and preceded by the executioner—in one of the passages stood the turnkey, who had been personally assigned to him during his imprisonment; this poor fellow loved him in his heart, and the tears were streaming from his eyes in torrents. Emmett paused for a moment; his hands were not at liberty—he kissed his cheek—and the man, who had been for many years the inmate of a dungeon, habituated to scenes of horror, and hardened against their operation, fell senseless at his feet. Before his eyes had opened again upon this world, those of the youthful sufferer had closed on it for ever. Such is a brief sketch of the man who originated the last state trials in which Mr. Curran acted as an advocate."

It has been shrewdly remarked by some one, that there are four orders of women: the *peacocks*, with whom dress is all; the *magpies*, with whom chatter is all; the *turtles*, with whom love is all; and the *Paradise birds*, above them all.

ANECDOTES.

Before the commencement of the war, between the U. States and Great Britain, two Yankees on a trading voyage crossed over to Montreal, and put up at a public house where a British recruiting officer was stationed. The Yankees, for convenience in that inclement season of the year, had hoods to their top coats resembling those worn by women on their cloaks. Shortly after they arrived, the officer, who had a wishful eye on them, as excellent soldiers for his majesty, watched his opportunity, and dropped a guinea into the hood of one of their coats, as bounty money. This was unobserved by the Yankee, but was fortunately seen by his companion, who, without being noticed, communicated the secret to him. Presently after the one who had the guinea, called for their bill, and on receiving it, put up his hand and deliberately took out the guinea, and with apparent surprise, exclaimed, "I have been robbed, for I had two guineas in the hood of my coat when I came into the house, and now I have but one." To which his comrade replied, "I saw that gentleman (pointing to the officer) just now put his hand into the hood of your coat." Upon which he immediately challenged him for the theft in the presence of all his companions. His Britannic majesty's officer, finding the situation in which he was placed, having two Yankees to deal with, one to charge, and the other as evidence to prove the fact, after a few flourishes, proposed a compromise, and actually paid them 30 guineas on the spot to get rid of so troublesome a bargain.

A person bemoaning the uncomfortable prospect of celibacy, and comparing the respective happiness of married and single states, exclaimed, "What can make the bitter cup of a bachelor go down?" A wit in company assuming the tone and manner of the complainant, exclaimed, "a lass! a lass!"

The brave Crillon, one of the greatest Captains of Henry IV. was hearing a discourse upon the passions, and the preacher giving a pathetic description of the scourging of our Saviour, the warrior moved even to tears, rose up, and laying his hand on his sword, exclaimed—"Where wast thou, Crillon? where wast thou?"

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO A FRIEND.

I think of thee oft when the grey dawn is peeping,
And wish I with thee thro' green meadows
might roam;

I think of thee oft, when the moon beams are
sleeping

On the woods, hills, and streams that encircle
thy home.

I think of thee oft, when surrounded by pleasure,
I banish each thought that would sadness recall;
But I think of thee most when I find that rare trea-
sure,

The proof of true sympathy—dearer than all.

I think of thee oft, when unceasing reflection,
Drives sleep from my pillow and peace from my
breast;

And thy image is mingled with each recollection,
Of all that is kindest, and dearest, and best.

When enliven'd by pleasure, or sudden'd by sor-
row,

Each hour some remembrance arises of thee;
And still from the thought pleasing solace I bor-
row;

And thou—do'st thou not, sometimes think upon
me?

HARRIET.

July 12, 1819.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"I'M ONLY SIXTEEN."

As late I was strolling alone in my bower,
To catch the wild breeze as it whisper'd along;
And give to sweet pensiveness, ere's sacred hour,
Young Henry saluted my ears with his song.

The lad was soon with me, and said my soft
hand,

Then tenderly press'd me to give him a kiss;
I blushing complied—for it seem'd a command,
And I'm now half afraid that I acted amiss.

If wrong, let a smile of forgiveness be seen,
You know, my dear Mother, "I'm only sixteen."

He then in sweet language related his love,
And told all the anguish that burn'd in his
breast;

He call'd me as fair as the Angels above,
And swore that my smile could alone make him
blest.

So earnest he pleaded, so winning his look,
So lovely the beam that illum'd his eye;
That all hesitation my bosom forsook,

And without thinking farther, I said, I'd comply.
If wrong, let a smile of forgiveness be seen,
You know, dearest Mother, "I'm only sixteen."

Then straight to our Parson's, we tripp'd it along,
Who saps the best words I e'er heard in my
life;

I'm sure what he said could never be wrong,
For in a few moments, he made me—a wife.

Now brighten'd by joy, shall our days pass away,
Nor sorrow, nor care, shall disturb our repose;
We'll laugh, and we'll love, and we'll pleasantly
play.

While life's sportive current unceasingly flows
Now all this must be right, dearest Mother, I ween,
For what's right at twenty, a't wrong at six-
teen.

July, 1819.

AMALGAM.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

On seeing the full length portrait of Miss John-
son, playing on the harp—done by Jarvis. At
the Academy of Arts. Respectfully inscribed to
Mr. Jarvis.

O, breath'd it not?—By Heaven I tho't it did!
My sight is false, or else with gentle weft
The bosom heav'd, and the pellucid lid
Wink'd, as the sparkling eye-ball rose and fell!

Hush! hush!—her lips!—they move! What
murmur they?

Be still!—I catch the sound!—Ah! 'tis too
late!

The soft, bewitching strain has pass'd away:
'Twas heav'nly sweet, but inarticulate!

See! see!—Her fingers!—Now they touch the
strings!

Inspiring air!—I'm wrapt in reverie!

That magic Picture exquisitely sings,
Or my strange fancy breeds strange minstrelsy!

Hark!—'Tis no trance—for palpably I hear
Abrupt and disconnected sounds express'd!

List!—Genius! Science!—JARVIS!—Strike
my ear;

And all beside seems struggling in the breast!

Oh could that lovely Picture spring to life,
And give a tongue to what it looks—'twould
say—

'Tis done!—No longer the unequal strife,
Shall yield to Europe the unequal way!

'The high stands Reynolds on the rolls of fame,
Tho' West's transplanted genius nobly shines,
Columbia still, with equal pride, may claim!

A TREMBULL-JARVIS—WALDO—VAN DERLYST!
G. OF NEW-JERSEY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

HELM A-LEE.

They leave those dark waves far behind,
Soon shall they hail their native stream,
Where bowers are fairest—hearts are kind,
Where freedom banks in Nature's breast!

And now, high on the tapering mast,
The sailor gives his note of glee;
On dim-seen land his glance is cast,
Full oft he halloo's—Helm a-lee!"

He still implores the gale to blow,
And now the bark majestic rides—
Spreads to the winds her wings of snow,
The sea is mirror'd as she glides!
The Captain cries—our port is nigh,
'Tis home's white smoke ye, curling, see;
Smile boys! nor think there's time to sigh,
The breeze is fair—thus! Helm a-lee!"

Soon, in our harbour safely moor'd,
We'll dream of storms and sands no more;
Then ev'ry wo the far endur'd
His heart shall give for bliss on shore!
He'll lightly dance—he'll gaily sing,
Yet weep for friends by death set free;
The sparkling can his wife shall bring—
Land, land's ahead—So! "Helm a-lee!"

Hark! hark, 'tis native song ye hear,
Our river's waves, of gold-tipt green,
In beauty gradual, calm appear,
Now slow unfolds each well-known scene!
And who are they on yonder height?
Our sweethearts waving kerchiefs free;
Their smiles are warm, their eyes are bright—
Furl, furl the topmasts!—Helm a-lee!"

S. OF NEW-JERSEY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

Let others boast the nine Amian maids,
Inspiring streams, and sweet resounding shades,
None but the Fair infuse the sacred fire,
And Love, with vocal art, informs the Lyre.
Dedication to Walter's Poems... Favours.

O talk not of Muses and Castaly's Springs;
Those whims of the ancients we've learn'd to
despise:

And the Bard is a blockhead, however he sings;
Who is not inspired by a brace of bright eyes!

What is it to us, that some wise Grecian blades
Thought fitting to style those same Ladies—
"divine?"

We have not so great a regard for old maids;
Their waters we'd barter for bumpers of wine.

The mount of Parnassus, and Tempe's fair vale—
Why they sound well enough in the jingle of
rhyme:

But for use—in our land of mountain and dale,
We have thousands more fanciful, fair, and
sublime.

The maids of old Greece might be fair, we allow,
Though 'tis no easy matter at this day to tell;
There was Helen, who rais'd such a device of a
row,

And another who handled her shuttle as well:

Yet, though painted by Bards in such radiant hues,
To believe all they say I should be something
loath:

Some license was even allowed to the Muse,
And the Bards of those days did not sing under
oath.

On the whole, I contend—and will stoutly main-
tain,
By argument, reason, rhyme, inkhorn, and
quills—

That my own hawthorn dale is a lovelier Plain,
Than far more sublime are my own Oakland-
Hills;

That my Maid is more charming to soul and to
eye,
Than sought that in Greece e'er was fancied or
seen;

Nor Tempe, Parnassus, nor Helen might vie
With their brightness of eye, and of grove, and
of green.

O, the bard that has bask'd him in Beauty's bright smile,
And tasted the nectar of innocent lips,
Must be but a pitiful fellow, the while,
If Castaly's stream even in fancy he sips.

Be but Imogen's smile the light of my day,
And her bosom my pillow of rapture by night;
Let the world and its vanities woe as they may,
I ask them no odds, save—to read what I write!
Massachusetts. J. A. J. J. J.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EPIGRAM.

Two gallant youths a lovely maiden wooed,
One held her heart, in vain his rival sued.
The manly form on which the fond one smiled,
Cheer'd Pearl street with his wit, gay, wanton,
wild.

Th' emptied wain more wealth than fancy knew,
In Stone street—lodgers, more than landscapes,
drew;

Fame erring erud, that maid's fair angel form,
Breathes but to rule with magic o'er the Storm.
A lady skill'd in love, was heard to say,
Her joy was moonlight wandering with a Fay:
Those eyes so arch, tell me the blooming girl,
Knows from dull Stone the lustre of a Pearl.

THEODORE.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received from various quarters, some very severe (and, in some instances, we regret to add, very just) criticisms on the effusions of several of our Poetic Correspondents. We have, therefore, come to the resolution of criticising all their future communications *ourselves*, and will hereafter insert nothing, unless we have the privilege of *correcting*, and even of *new modelling*, if we think proper. We know how tenacious a writer is of his own ideas and modes of expression; but knowing, also, what is expected of an editor, by those who are *real* judges of literature, we shall adhere to the above resolution.

Latham had better send his lines to the young lady, in Manuscript, for they do not possess sufficient merit to interest any other reader.

Carroll has dropped up some very *trite* ideas: in language not sufficiently correct and harmonious for our poetical department.

We tender our most grateful thanks to *Clarissa*, for her very acceptable favour, particularly for the one enclosed. They shall both be inserted.

Floodgate's Poetry is under consideration.
Edwin and *Theodore*, are both received, and shall have a place in our next.

We admire "female sensibility"—but we do not admire *Mary Wollstonecraft*.

The *Wax*, a Poem, was promised in our last; but its extreme length and loquacity have, on reflection, induced us to recall that promise. Although the poetry is good, it would not be generally interesting, as the plot can only be comprehended by *America* and the author.

The *Supplement to Collins' Ode on the Passions*, shall soon have a place.

Rolls, and many others, are on hand, waiting their turn.

Extraordinary Births.—In Killingsworth, on the 6th ult. Mrs. Grinnel presented her husband with a son and two fine daughters, at the same birth—weight of the three, 23 lbs.

A woman in the neighbourhood of NARBONNE, was safely delivered, on the 14th of April, of five children, all of whom lived to be baptised.—*French paper.*

Divorces.—The Legislature of Louisiana, at their last session, passed bills for divorcing *seven* couple, in the short space of two days.

A dear kiss.—A man was lately tried as a criminal, in the village of Auburn, and fined five dollars for kissing a woman once.

Madame Custodian, after charming all Europe, has taken up her permanent residence in Paris, to enjoy, at ease, the immense wealth her great talent has accumulated.

The Air Balloon will ascend from Vauxhall Garden, on Tuesday next, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, taking up with it, Mr. GILLET, to the surprising height of *twelve thousand feet*. The Balloon being made of silk, will be filled with hydrogen gas. When arrived at the height mentioned, the Balloon will explode, and Mr. G. will descend in his Parachute. This is the first, and, perhaps, the only opportunity our citizens may have of seeing a human being ascend to such a height in the air.

Star in the West.—The publication of this paper, (which has been unavoidably suspended for a few weeks,) is at length resumed, and will appear weekly, on Wednesday. Mr. G. F. BERRY is now the editor—a gentleman whose great natural talents, and extensive literary acquirements, render him every way competent to the task he has undertaken.

Sandy Hill School.—We know not of a more pleasant and agreeable situation, (for a summer residence,) than the building now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. HOLLEY, at Sandy Hill, near Broadway, where they have opened a *Day and Boarding School*. The situation is elevated, delightful, and healthy, and the rooms spacious and airy. Parents would commit the health of their children by sending them there, for a few months at least, as they would breathe a pure country air, remote from the juvenile vices of the city, thereby improving at once their constitutions and morals.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday, the 14th inst. at Friend's Meeting House, in Pearl-street, Isaac Hatch, to Phoebe Wood, daughter of Samuel Wood, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 15th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Lyell, Mr. John Henry Post, merchant, of New-Orleans, to Miss Louise Anne Fourniquet, daughter of Mr. Louis Fourniquet, of this city.

On Friday evening, the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Elias C. Taylor, to Miss Mary Ann Lawrence, both of Connecticut.

On Saturday evening, the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hibbard, Mr. Joshua H. Townley, to Miss Eliza Scudder, both of Elmhurst, N. J.

At Elizabethtown, on Saturday evening, the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Rudd, Captain Samuel J. Waring, to Miss Letitia T. Todd.

At Albany, Jeremiah Waterman, merchant, to Miss Ruth Ann Shaw, daughter of Isaiah Shaw.

At Kinderhook, Mr. Julius Wilcoxson, to Miss Maria Goer, all of that place.

DIED,

On Saturday evening last, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Sibble Lockwood, in the 73d year of her age.

On Saturday last, Margaret Myers, aged 65 years.

On Monday, after a long illness, Mr. Peter Waters.

On Tuesday morning, of a lingering illness, Mrs. Eleanor Bell, relict of John Bell, aged 80. At Albany, Harmanus A. Wendell, *sen*.

At Lowville, Lewis county, Mrs. Paulina Stickney, consort of Heman Stickney, Esq. aged 32 years.

At Deerfield, Mr. George G. Weaver, aged 73 years.

At Manlius, (N. Y.) Major John Parke, a soldier of the revolution, and formerly of Chatham, Conn. aged 80 years.

In Pompey, (N. Y.) Mr. John Bootwick, aged 61 years.

At Newark, (N. J.) on the 15th inst. after a lingering illness, Mr. David Curry, aged 39 years, late of the firm of Curry, Hunt & Randolph, of this city.

At Richland Township, Bucks county, (Penn.) Mr. Samuel Pugh, aged 35 years.

At Newburyport, Mr. Jonathan Plummer, the celebrated travelling preacher, physician, and poet; a favourite of the late lord Timothy Dexter.

At Petersburg, (Va.) Mr. Archibald Todd, a native of Scotland.

Drowned, in James River, (Va.) Lieut. John Heederson, of the U. S. navy.

At Nashville, (Ten.) at the residence of the Hon. H. L. White, Mr. Newton Scott, student at law, after a few days illness.

At New-Haven, Thomas Williams, aged 26. He fell from the mast on to the deck of a vessel in the harbour, and expired shortly after.

At St. Albans, of the hydrophobia, a son of Mr. Liman Weed, aged 12 years. He was bitten about three months before by a cat, and died on the 8th day after the symptoms appeared.

At Westbrook, (Maine.) Mr. Abraham Gibson, aged 35 years.

In Beverly, Mr. Thomas Picket, aged 70.—He fell from a sail loft, and was instantly killed.

At Fernandina, (Amelia Island,) on the 16th of June, Lieut. John R. Morgan, of the U. S. corps of artillery.

C. S. VAN WINKLE, PRINTER,

No. 101 Greenwich-street.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1819.

[No. 12.]

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;
AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 154 Broadway;

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable Quarterly in Advance.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER X.

ALTHOUGH it is doing considerable violence to our feelings, we are compelled by a sense of duty to leave the fainting Sophia in the care of her affectionate friends, (to whose tender attentions we may safely confide her,) while we attempt to account for some of the incidents of this eventful morning.

When the parties separated at the Dorchester Hotel, with the avowed purpose of proceeding into town by different routes, Woodville, it will be recollected, chose the Roxbury road, as the shortest and the best. He had a fine spirited horse, which he drove with such velocity as to draw from Sophia frequent exclamations of alarm. They reached Roxbury, however, without accident, and were in front of a beautiful little cottage, when Woodville suddenly drew in the reins, sprang from the chair, and, after examining one of the fore feet of his horse, exclaimed—

"By Heaven! this noble animal is ruined!"

On Sophia's requesting an explanation, he informed her that a long rusty nail had entered the frog of the foot, and that it would be necessary for him to seek a farrier to extract it. In the mean time, he would conduct her into the cottage, where a widow woman resided, with whom he was slightly acquainted, who would cheerfully entertain her until he could procure the necessary surgical aid for his steed. This arrangement was

immediately adopted; and learning from the old lady that her next neighbour was a farrier, Woodville took the reins in his hand, and led the uncomplaining patient to his house.

In the mean time, Sophia found her entertainer's loquacity too agreeable to notice the great lapse of time during Woodville's absence, which was protracted to more than an hour, when he returned with a coach, which he had procured, because the farrier had pronounced his horse to be unable to proceed. Sophia would have willingly walked into town, and regretted that her adopted brother had given himself so much unnecessary trouble on her account. She was too generous, however, to pain him by rejecting such delicate attentions, and, therefore, smiled her gratitude as she accepted the proffered testimony of politeness and affection.

For some time after entering the coach, Woodville attempted to support a lively conversation; but Sophia's thoughts having wandered to Sandville, he found the attempt to be fruitless, and at length became as silent and thoughtful as the fair one to whom he had been vainly addressing himself. The road still continued smooth and soft, and when Sophia did awake from her reverie, it was to express her surprise that they had not yet entered upon the rugged noisy pavements of Roxbury-street.

"You was certainly mistaken, Solon, in supposing this to be the shortest route."

"But I was not mistaken, Sophia, in supposing it to be the pleasantest. The longest roads, the roughest paths, the rudest scenes, are short, smooth, and delightful to me, when Sophia condescends to be the partner of my journey. Nay, dearest girl—you must listen to me—my pennance has been long enough—I can no longer support a fictitious character; I must again press this angel hand to my lips, again breathe into your ear the warm effusions of a heart that adores you."

"Mr. Woodville!" exclaimed Sophia, in a most frigid tone—"Is this the way you keep your promise! Abandon that

theme forever, or consent to relinquish my acquaintance—my esteem—my respect."

Woodville relinquished her hand, sighed deeply, and, applying his handkerchief to his eyes, sat for some moments apparently absorbed in a paroxysm of the bitterest grief. In the mean time, Sophia, agitated with pity and a variety of other sensations, was anxiously wishing for the termination of the journey, and wondering that she had yet heard no indications of having entered the town. While these ideas were passing in her mind, she perceived, for the first time, that the blinds, as well as the glasses, were up; and, with a tremor of apprehension, she attempted to let down the one by her side. But Woodville gently restrained her hand—

"Nay, my dearest—*sister*—do not give admission to the gaze of vulgar curiosity. At least do not expose my weakness to the senseless rabble."

A vague indefinite idea of some horrid truth, now darted like lightning through the mind of Sophia, who resolutely withdrew her hand from Woodville's, and let down the blind. But who can describe her sensations when she discovered that they were travelling through a strange wild looking country, without a human habitation within the whole circle of her view.

"Where are we?" she exclaimed in a frantic tone. "Stop! Driver! Stop! Oh! call to him, Woodville! he has lost his way!"

"No, Sophia; he goes" by my directions, and will conduct us to happiness."

"Madman! whither are you conveying me?—and for what purpose? Stop, Driver! I will go no farther!"

"Pardon me, Sophia; he hears no voice but mine. However rash and inconsistent my present conduct may appear, I have been driven to this step by imperious circumstances. You know that I love you more than life—yes, more than my own soul. I cannot exist without you, and you must be mine. Oh! consent, then, to preserve me from destruction. Accompany me to Providence,

where our hands can be instantly joined in the sacred bonds of wedlock. In this state a thousand obstacles have intervened to prevent an union on which my existence—my eternal destiny depends."

"And you have now added ten thousand to the number," cried Sophia, in the cool tone of offended dignity, "by exposing a trait of character—a deformed feature, of which I did not think humanity susceptible. He who is capable of such extravagant folly as this, must be a maniac, or something worse. Miserable must be the female to whom he is united. I am at present in your power—but proceed at your peril."

"Then, cruel girl, I will at once cap the climax of my 'extravagant folly,' by affording you the sweet satisfaction of seeing my hopes and my life terminate together."

Woodville drew a pistol from his pocket, which he instantly cocked, and presented to his own forehead. Sophia, who had already trembled for his intellect, now believed him to be actually beside himself, and shrieked for help, as, with a desperate preternatural exertion, she seized the dangerous weapon, and changed the direction of its aim. The trigger was touched in the struggle, the charge pierced the roof of the carriage, and the wad set fire to the drapery; while its loud and sudden report rendered the horses altogether unmanageable.

A female bosom was not the only one which now throbbled with alarm. Woodville forgot the part he was acting, and thought only of extricating Sophia from her perilous situation, into which his rashness had brought her; while she, with a happy presence of mind, snatched off her shawl, with which she enveloped the blazing curtain, and had nearly succeeded in smothering the flames, when the horses became tractable, the carriage stopped, and Woodville leaped out with Sophia in his arms.

Before she had time to realize her safety, the galloping of a horse arrested her attention, and, with an exclamation of joy, she recognized the manly form of Flanders, mounted on a foaming steed, approaching the scene of confusion with a rapidity that rivalled the wind. He sprang from the saddle, and caught the trembling fair one by the hand, who al-

most threw herself into his arms, as she exclaimed—

"Oh! Mr. Flanders! you are an angel sent to preserve—to prevent!"

The poor girl hesitated—but she was appealing to one who, at a single glance, saw and comprehended the full extent of her meaning, and almost every particular of her situation. He cast a mingled look of anger and contempt on his crest-fallen friend, while he thus addressed him—

"I am sorry to interrupt the pleasure which such an excursion, at this fine season, must doubtless afford you; but I am the bearer of a message from Mrs. Percival, which is, a request that you will immediately return, as she is extremely anxious for the safety and health of her amiable niece. Come, my friend," added he, in a livelier tone, at the same time clapping him gaily on the shoulder—"Come, don't droop, man—the fever has come to a crisis—another day may prove more auspicious for a flight of fancy. Cheer up, then, and order coaches to the right about wheel. I will be your out-ride. Or, if you prefer the saddle, and Miss Heartley will accept of my protection"—

"O yes, sir, most gratefully. Let us be gone."

The driver had, by this time, adjusted the singed drapery of his carriage, and made a calculation of the damages to be included in his customer's bill; he now stood cracking his whip in the air, waiting for farther orders. Woodville briefly informed him that he had concluded to return to town; and, then, without exchanging a word or a look with either of the party, he mounted his friend's horse, pulled his hat over his eyes, and set off, at a moderate pace, on the road to Boston. The carriage followed with Sophia and Flanders.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to apprise the reader, that the whole of this romantic adventure (with the exception of its abrupt and unlooked for termination) had been previously contrived and arranged by Woodville. Aware that the arrival of Fitz-James (who was now momentarily expected) would forever deprive him of Sophia, he determined to make one desperate effort to secure her hand. It was necessary to keep suspicion asleep, until he had her completely in his power; when he flattered himself

that he could so far operate upon her feelings, her fears, and the latent affection which he still believed she secretly felt for him, as to induce her to consent to his wishes. To this end he contrived a series of incidents, which were to seem the result of chance or accident. He planned the excursion to Dorchester, and had he not fortunately met with Flanders, would have procured some other friend to attend Selina. The gigs had been previously bespoken, as the only mode that suggested itself of separating the party—although he did not anticipate that this separation would occur until their arrival at Roxbury, where he intended to form a pretext for lingering behind; but the bet offered by Flanders was more favourable to his designs. A hackney coach, engaged for a tour of two days, was to await for him at the Golden Fleece Tavern; but, by some misunderstanding, did not arrive until more than an hour after the appointed time; so that the force of the "rusty nail," which was got up expressly for the occasion, answered two important purposes—it afforded a pretext for waiting until the coach arrived—and a plausible one for changing their style of travelling. So far every thing succeeded to his wishes—all that followed, involved him in confusion and shame.

Convinced that Flanders was entitled to her confidence, Sophia now made him acquainted with the foregoing particulars, and earnestly entreated him to attempt the cure of the unfortunate delirium under which his friend laboured. Flanders promised to do all in his power to promote the happiness of both; and advised her, if it were practicable, to conceal the morning's adventure from her friends. To this she consented, if it could be done without violence to her veracity. The town was now before them, and Woodville was but a few yards from the carriage. Flanders beckoned him to approach, and ordered the driver to stop.

"If you have no objection," said he, as Woodville rode up to the window—"I will now exchange seats with you; for as Miss Heartley went out under your protection, you will instantly see the propriety of her returning in the same manner."

Woodville dismounted without hesitation, and the change was effected. Fland-

being affected by it; and quicken the intellectual powers, by suggesting that something to subserve this great object, may be overlooked or neglected by superficial and remitting attention.

In those duties which require a conduct not premised by arrangement and convention, the affections are, generally, the best guides; they are so adequate to all which virtue requires, that though there exist written laws to supply their deficiency, such laws are made for exceptions to the operation of those natural laws, which are dictators to the human heart; and written laws do, alas! but little conduce to the purpose for which good affections were implanted; they furnish but a stinted supply of those wants which the absence of tender cares create. What husband is more faithful—what parent more affectionate—what lover more constant, for the laws which require of men in these relations, not to violate the obligations growing out of them?

There is a morality prescribed by sentiment, which takes place of all other, which would govern a perfectly virtuous man, if fame and disgrace, vindication and censure, were not in the world. This morality is exquisitely delicate in many of its suggestions; it is often overlooked by common minds; indeed it can only be comprehended by that sympathetic intelligence, which is taught by self cultivation, and rendered more acute and efficient, by exercise. The violations of this morality sometimes produce terrible catastrophes. The result is seen, but the cause is not traced out. The victim is lamented, but the sacrificer lives in impunity and enjoyment. This morality of sentiment is particularly refined and scrupulous in certain connexions between persons of different sexes. Husband and wife, father and daughter, brother and sister, are reciprocal relations which serve to ensure the happiness of the several parties; and that for the most part, obviously, inseparably, and necessarily. No counter passion is likely to estrange hearts united by habit and by choice; no interposition of objects is likely to divide interests, strengthened by nature, and the regulations of society. But a tie may be formed which differs from all these, in the circumstance, that it makes neither external claim nor acknowledgment; that it is rather felt than expressed; that it may be severed and disavowed, without

any other reproach, than the sigh of disappointed love, or the stifled remorse of conscience. There may be other victims of false hope and trust, than those of the softer sex; there may be men not able to resist the effect produced upon them by the caprice of a mistress, not able to endure the mortification of being despised and forsaken, by her whose smiles rewarded every effort, whose imputed virtues realised every conception of excellence, whose exclusive affection gilded every distant prospect of life. But the native strength of man, the activity of his pursuits, the variety of excitements which withdraw his imagination from a single idea, and his pride of self control, are all likely, if not to diminish the acuteness of his feelings, to determine, and to enable him to subdue them. Not thus, can a woman scorned, recover from the deadly blow, for which no distrust had prepared her, under which no sympathy can sustain her. All the uniformity of her life, all the defects of her nature, impel her to animate existence, and to supply her imperfections from the activity and fulness of a more highly privileged and highly gifted being. Once possessed of this, the monotony of life no longer wearies. The mind participates the plans, and follows, in fancy and fondness, the enterprises of a beloved object; the poverty of repeated routine and detail, no more circumscribes ideas. The wealth of wide observation and large experience, is poured out before the understanding. Imagination no longer revels among the gardens of poetry and the wilds of romance only; it can appropriate to the living model, all the fair attributes which it has gathered from the objects of its earliest admiration. All the charms of character, all the confidence of candour, all the reliance of weakness, all the feeling of happiness, all the prolonged hope of felicity, enter into the sentiment of female attachment; its object is inseparable from every meditation, he is the delight of every day, and the vision of every night; and by awakening all that was dormant, satisfying all that was importunate, by associating himself with every other object, and mingling with every thought, he becomes essential to the peace, the sound intellect, and sometimes to the life of a faithful woman.

There are unfriended females in whose sensibility and beauty are combined; whose loveliness of person and of soul, are ren-

dered even more attractive, by the defenceless condition which invites protection; and who are the more susceptible and confiding, because they have not known the caresses and encouragements, which endear life to cherished children; nor have enjoyed in the earliest period of youth, that calm and repose of the spirits, which the experience of kindness, and the trust of tried affection creates. The misery which may be endured by a woman thus formed, who is deceived by her own credulity, and forsaken by a worthless man, was forcibly exhibited in a little narrative, but too true, which was communicated to me by a friend—a gentleman, who has devoted some attention, from benevolent and professional views, to the causes of incurable lunacy.

"More than twenty years since," said my friend, Mr. H. as we were taking a long stroll in the country, "as I was engaged in professional duty in an establishment particularly devoted to the care and restoration of the insane, I encountered a subject singularly interesting and pitiable. Our speculations, and this fine day together, remind me very forcibly of poor Louise La Tourette. Her case affected me extremely, when I first became acquainted with it, and I can never think of the girl, to this hour, without regret. One delicious morning in autumn—in such weather as we feel in every nerve; when the very elements seem to express the sense of enjoyment, and every thing called inanimate appears to sympathize with every thing alive; when the sun gives a peculiar and heightened brilliancy to every object, and the fresh air is agreeably tempered by his chastened glow; a young friend of mine, who was, like me, feasted by this banquet of nature, demanded my attention to the fine prospect commanded by an elevation, which we had ascended in an early walk to A— house. This prospect was less enlivened by human beings, than by 'rural sights and sounds,' of other signification than the labours or enjoyments of men. The clear and expressive notes of various birds, the hum of insects, the rustling of leaves, and the rushing of waters, were in perfect harmony with the grave and gay tints splendidly contrasted in our fading foliage. Within the boundary of our horizon, lay distant farm-houses, fields yellow with ripe wheat, and here and there a white sail was seen gliding over the broad and sparkling river, now rolling majestically

at our feet. Immediately before us lay a low uncultivated tract, which has since been reclaimed by care and cultivation—not so the mind of that unhappy girl, whom I first discovered wandering in the pathless thickets of the morass. The moment I first perceived a female form dressed in white, in so wild a place, the circumstance struck me as a strange one, and curiosity prevailed over my sensations of previous enjoyments. My companion B. was equally anxious to discover what could have led a young woman to this uninviting spot. We remarked that though she was in constant motion, she did not remove far from the place on which we had at first discerned her, and that whatever course she attempted to take, was obstructed by the shrubbery and wild growth of the low ground.

“What can she be doing there?” asked B. “Boys go thither for bird’s nests, but female feet are not often so allured.”

“And female feet,” I replied, “are not often defended against the briars which wound, or the water that penetrates them at every step, in such a place.” We continued to watch the young woman for a considerable time, but she made no change in her motions.

“This is quite inexplicable,” said B, seizing my arm. “Go with me; we shall not disconcert her; we may render her some service, or prevent some mischief perhaps; at any rate we shall learn what she is about.”

[To be continued.]

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

“O happy day, when I shall escape from this crowd, this heap of pollution, and be admitted to that divine assembly of exalted spirits!” when I shall go, not only to those great persons I have mentioned, but to my Cato, my soo, than whom a better man was never born, and whose funeral rites I myself performed, whereas, he ought to have attended mine. But has not his soul deserted me, but seeming to cast back a look on me, is gone before, to those habitations to which he was resuscitated I should follow him. And though I might appear to have borne my loss with courage, I was not unafflicted with it, but comforted myself in the assurance that it would not be long, before we should meet again; and be divorced no more.”

The above energetic and feeling apostrophe, Tully, in his essay on old age, puts in the mouth of Cato. If a heathen, whose mind was unenlightened by the divine rays of Revelation, and who knew nothing of a future state, but what nature and philosophy taught him, could exclaim with delight,

when speaking of the day of his death, “O happy day!” what exquisite feelings must rise in a Christian’s soul when he reflects on the prospect of death. The Christian who knows that “death is the gate to endless joy,” can, indeed, exclaim “A happy day!” for it will be a day of glorious and heavenly emancipation.

There cannot, methinks, be a more heavenly or delightful employment for the mind of the Christian who thus views death, than to reflect on the glories of that heavenly state, to which it will introduce him. He here feels himself confined, as it were, to a dark and contracted prison; the faculties of his soul being circumscribed by time and space, cannot revel in the feasts of intellectual enjoyment. The imperfections and infirmities of our nature are so great, that they oppress the soul, and prevent its noble faculties from expanding and improving. The soul is, in its nature, eternal, and is possessed of several very noble faculties, which, while it is confined to the body, cannot be developed. Some of its highest and most pleasing employments, are to contemplate the works of creation, the nature of the author, and to worship Him in spirit and in truth: but from the causes already stated, it cannot, but in a very imperfect and unsatisfying manner, indulge itself in these divine employments. It is true, that philosophy has discovered much of the nature of the earth, and of the laws by which it is governed; but when compared with the magnitude of the universe, and the minuteness of its parts, it is nothing. Even philosophers, on some of the plainest and most simple works of nature, are in profound ignorance, so that the knowledge here required, may be said to be little more than vanity. The great philosopher, Bacon, was led, by the greatness of his mind, to mark out a road to universal knowledge; but he forgot that the powers of the human soul are greatly confined and contracted; and, therefore, it cannot make much progress in the path of universal knowledge. The truth is, the Deity never intended that man should here acquire more knowledge than is absolutely necessary, whether for his comfort, or for the employment of the mind. This assertion could easily be proved by unanswerable arguments; but it would lead me from my design, in this essay, now to attempt it.

The mind can easily discover the nar-

rowness of its views, and the limitation of its powers, by contemplating any thing that is great or wonderful. Let a man, for instance, take a view of the firmament in a clear night, when all the lamps of heaven are shining with their full brilliancy; let him give the reigns to his imagination, and he will find himself lost in the immensity and extent of the heavenly bodies. If he ever confines his imagination to the contemplation of the solar system, he will find that its greatness far exceeds the utmost bounds of his imagination. If he cannot conceive of the greatness of that system, of which it has been observed by an elegant writer, that if it were annihilated, it would not be missed, in the system of the universe, more than a grain of sand would, taken from the sea shore, how is it possible that he can have any conception of the greatness of the universe.

If it be impossible for the mind to comprehend the universe, it surely must be infinitely more so, for it to have the least idea of its author. It is true, He has revealed himself in Revelation, and taught us the nature of his attributes, which are divinely consolatory; but we can no more conceive of their greatness or extent, than we can create a world. It is, when contemplating the greatness of his Maker, that man emphatically feels his own littleness: it is then he feels he is but a worm of the earth, and exclaims with David, “what is man that thou art mindful of him.”

The next and last employment of the soul, which I mentioned, is the worship of Jehovah. This is a duty which is more useful, and productive of greater happiness to the soul, than either of the former; it is, indeed, a source of the most exquisite bliss, the highest and the best that man can enjoy. But in this state of being, in consequence of the impurity and deceitfulness of our hearts, and the many temptations with which we are beset in the world, we cannot perform this delightful duty as we ought. The Apostle Paul felt these evils very forcibly, and they caused him to exclaim, “O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death.” These considerations must undoubtedly tend to wean us from an undue attachment to life, and deprive death of its severest sting; especially when we consider, that when the soul is disenthralled from this body of sin and corruption, that it will be made perfect, and “fashioned like

the glorious body of Christ." It will, no doubt, be capable of enjoying, in perfection, all its noble powers, which are now so imperfect. Would it know the great and secret laws of the universe? Its habitation is in the regions of light and knowledge, and being unincumbered by time and space, it can range through the boundless regions of the universe, and discover the wonderful laws by which the Creator governs his works. What a source of gratification! It will be able to obtain perfect knowledge, and that too, without the pain and perplexity with which it is now attended. Would it contemplate the nature of the Creator? It will always dwell in his presence, and although no created being can fathom the infinity of his nature, yet it will be able to behold his greatness and goodness displayed in his divine works, and this will fill the soul with wonder, admiration and love. And would it worship his Creator? It will be its *unceasing* employment. It will be able, indeed, to worship Him in spirit and in truth. This will be its highest and most glorious employment, and it will last for ever and ever. On this subject I forcibly realize what I have said respecting the weakness of our powers in this state of being. I have attempted to describe the employment of the soul in heaven; but how have I succeeded? I have not been able to give, even the most faint colouring to the picture. There have been those, the greatness of whose powers have enabled them to draw elegant and consoling descriptions of a future state; but the most beautiful and correct one ever drawn, falls far short of the sublime and simple description in Revelation; and even these do not give a full description, for they are drawn to suit our capacities, which cannot take in the fulness of the glories of the heavenly state.

Cato exulted that he should be admitted into the assembly of those great men who had distinguished themselves on earth, and also, that he should meet his son, whom he tenderly loved, and who had gone before him. If this was a cause of joy and exultation, how much greater cause of joy has the Christian, who anticipates meeting in the regions of bliss, his Divine Redeemer, and to be permitted to join the heavenly hosts in singing his praises.

These considerations not only tend to make us view death as a friend, but they cause us to resign ourselves to the will of

our heavenly Father, and afford us even here, the most heartfelt joy. To our great Redeemer, to whom we are indebted for all these blessings, be ascribed all the glory and praise.

MURRAY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

MR. WOODWORTH,

There is a happy medium betwixt the heartless disposition to please nobody, and the absurd desire of attempting to please every body; and fortunate indeed are those who find the middle line, and keep to it so steadily as never to run into the extreme on either side.

It certainly displays a vitious and reprehensible disposition to be indifferent to what the world says or thinks of us, as it argues that we are either filled with conscious pride, or totally void of sensibility. This would be the character of such indifference, if it were real; but, in truth, it is mere affectation or pretence. If we except those miserable beings who are, by a variety of misfortunes, placed at the very bottom of the scale of human life, and of them only a small proportion, it may be fairly concluded that neither men nor women are altogether indifferent about the good or bad opinions of their fellow beings. So far from it, the few who lay claim to this unamiable distinction, are found to be, generally speaking, peculiarly rancorous and vindictive toward those who make free with their characters, or merely speak disrespectfully of their talents. No authors writhe with more agony under the merited lash of criticism, or are more jealous and vindictive, than those who pretend to look down with scorn upon the whole fraternity of critics.

"Social qualities and feelings are among the primitive ingredients of our nature, and to divest ourselves of them would be to divest ourselves of humanity itself." Let us then rather cherish and cultivate them by all lawful and honourable means. It is right, it is laudable, to desire to be esteemed and beloved generally—to cultivate friendships—to avoid offending our neighbours unnecessarily—and to endeavour to conform to the feelings and customs of those about us, so far as may be done with a good conscience, and consistently with personal circumstances. It is our duty to make it a

part of our own pleasure to please others; and when constrained to differ with them, to do it, if possible, without rancour or bitterness.

There is certainly such a thing as a "union of condescension and firmness;" and happy indeed must the mind of that man be who possesses it. To condescend in things that are indifferent and trivial, and in matters that touch not the conscience, nor seriously endanger our earthly interest and welfare; and meanwhile to go not a step farther, for any persuasion whatever, no, not to please our nearest friends—that is the golden mean.

Some there are who pretend to care for none; others, who try to please all, and become, as it were, "all things to all men." There are some who do it from selfish design altogether; and some again, from a too yielding disposition—a dislike to oppose or be opposed—and a readiness to adopt the sentiments and views of the company they are in, and coincide with every person they meet. This pliability of mind or temper is oftentimes owing to a sort of amiable weakness, and is destructive of all respectability of character.

Being in company, the other evening, with a number of persons of both sexes, subscribers to, and readers of the "Cabinet," the conversation turned upon the merits of the pieces inserted in it. One gentleman observed, they were too long and laboured—he became tired without being pleased—something "light and airy" suited him. Another was fond of long pieces, but did not like patch'd up *novel reading*; he wanted a selection of "philosophical researches," "political disquisitions," &c. One of the fair, admired every thing in it but the *list of deaths*. An old maiden was very fond of poetry; but the poetry in the Cabinet was all about *love*, which made it disgusting.

"Thanks I to myself," after they had all expressed their likes and dislikes, if the editor of the Cabinet attempted to please you all, he would place himself in much the same situation as Parson M— did, in endeavouring to please his congregation. For the benefit of some of your readers I will relate the story:—

"Some very long time since, Parson M—, of Massachusetts, (then a British colony), happening at Boston, bought him a wig there, and returning home, wore it at church the next sabbath. As a wig of

such a size and shape was quite a novelty in that obscure place, it gave offence to almost the whole congregation, who, both male and female, repaired the next day to their minister's house, and stated their complaint, the burden of which was, that the wig was one of the Boston notions, and had the look of fashion and pride. The good-natured minister, thereupon, brought it forth, and bade them fashion it to their own liking. This task they set about in good earnest, and, with the help of scissors, cropped off lock after lock, till at last they all declared themselves satisfied—save one, who alleged, that wearing any wig at all, was, in his opinion, a breach of the commandment, which saith, 'Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath.' This last objection the parson silenced, by convincing him that the wig, in the condition it then was, did not resemble any thing either above or below."

B.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

SELECTOR, No. II.

THE SENEBADE.

Awake, my love! the pearls of dew
That gem thy lover's flowing hair,
Shall prove his passion warm and true,
As thou art, Laura, bright and fair.

O'er many a hill, through many a field,
Through many a glade I bent my way,
Now chase by gathering shades concealed,
Now guided by the friendly ray.

Through fens where anguish vapours play,
Blue gleaming o'er the doubtful soil,
Through woods, where rufians lurking lay,
To rush through blood to impious spoil.

Nor vapours dark alarmed my thought,
Nor prowling robbers waked my fear,
For here restoring warmth I sought,
And knew my treasure all was here.

Then wake, my love! the corded stairs
Swift from the opening casement throw,
And pay thy lover's anxious cares,
With joys that lover's only know.

Be swift, my fair! the transient night
For love's, nor hymen's rights will stay:
Too soon will speed the envious light,
To chase Alonzo far away.

Such was the song of Alonzo, who, tuning the soft guitar beneath the solitary window of his Laura, claimed by delightful

stealth those endearments to which, in the privacy of a neighbouring convent, he had lately acquired a title: the feudal hatred existing between the families of the youthful pair, prevented the open avowal of their union.

Nightly, therefore, he stole from his distant mansion, and attended by no other companion, whose tender notes were the signal of his approach, came beneath the window of his expecting bride, a lover of unaltered truth.

Nor was the ear of Laura now closed against the strain, for the motion of the moon-beams, reflected by the glass, showed that the hand of the fair one trembled on the casement, while her ear was fondly listening to the notes of love.

He ceased—the casement opened, and throwing his guitar among the shrubs, he mounted the ladder that dropped to his assistance, and rushed to her enraptured arms.

Undisturbed be their transports—the last they shall enjoy! and may chaste secrecy encurtain them around.

Don Carlos, returning late from scenes of stealthy love, had discovered, as he passed the fatal bush, the guitar, too imperfectly concealed. His jealous spirit instantly took the alarm, and gloomy suspicions arose of his sister's honour. He drew forth his dagger in the first fury of his soul, and would have roused the house, and rushed for instant vengeance to her chamber. But a gleam of hope returned to his mind, when he thought of Laura's worth and virtuous deportment. His rashness was thus restrained, and secreting himself among the shrubbery, he waited the return of dawn, that should confirm or dissipate his doubts.

Not long was the jealous brother concealed. The bird of day thrilled forth his earliest note; faded was the lustre of the lamps of night; and the gray eye of morn was seen prying over the distant hills, when quitting the bliss he was to taste no more, Alonzo descended with a heavy heart.—The foat farewell trembled on each faltering tongue, and Laura turned aside to weep.

"Stay, dishonoured wanton," cried the furious brother, "turn again, ere thy paramour be gone for ever, and take yet a last farewell."

A Castilian's vengeance struck deep as he spoke: his poniard was in Alonzo's heart."

"My husband! my husband!" exclaimed the frantic fair.

Breathless fell Alonzo at a brother's feet; and Carlos stood petrified with horror.

But what was the horror of the repentant friend, to the anguish of the widowed bride! The peace of her mind was flown for ever, and vain was each friendly care.

The walls of the sanctuary long echoed to her groans as she wandered through its sullen aisles; but even the sanctuary could not calm her soul, nor its sacred walls confine her bewildered wanderings. With the guitar of her murdered lord, she escaped from the holy confines, and still roves a wretched lunatic at large.

Thy rocks, O Valcusa! oft reverberate her song; oft it sounds through the neighbouring woods. The torrents from the mountains join the chorus of grief, and it steals through the vales along the silent streams.—*N. Y. Weekly Museum.*

New-York, Jan. 17th, 1820.

ANECDOTES.

A gentleman observed upon an indifferent pleader at the bar, the other day, that he was the most affecting orator he ever heard: for he never attempted to speak, but he excited general sympathy.

Complimentary.—An English clergyman preaching before the court, said, at the close of his sermon, that those who did not profit by what he had advanced, would for ever inhabit a place which positiveness would not suffer him to name before so respectable a congregation.

A Persian monarch, almost at the point of death, made a vow to distribute a large sum among the religious if he recovered. He got well, and entrusted a great purse of gold to one of his slaves, to fulfil his vow; but the slave returned with the purse full, and declared that he could not find any religious. "How," said the prince, "are there not four hundred in the city?" "It is true," answered the slave, "that there are that number who wear the dress, but I offered the gold to every one of them in turn, and not one refused it. I thence concluded that none of them were really religious."

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO TWO YOUNG LADIES.

Dear cheerful, happy girls, whose gay demand
Claim'd a small tribute from my unskill'd hand;
How gladly would this unskill'd hand impart,
In simple verse, the feelings of my heart.

Yet, ah! from me what praises can you need?
For you a nobler tribute is decreed;
The tribute sweet of self-approving thought,
By mildness, innocence, and virtue bought.

Memory will aid me—for she brings to mind,
Your friendly looks, your accents ever kind;
A sweetly serious, modest grace,
And the gay smiles that deck her sister's face.

Yes, memory tells how oft with gloomy thought,
And pensive step, your tranquil bosom I've sought;
And found each heart-felt pang, each pining care,
Sooth'd into calm forgetfulness, while there.

Your filial love, your mutual kindness shown,
Your sympathy in sorrows not your own,
Charm from my heart the warmest need of praise,
And my heart dictates all my simple lays.

And, oh! may truth and virtue still unite,
To crown your days with innocent delight;
May stern misfortune hurl no barbed dart,
Of keen regret, to rankle in your hearts.

But may you both live happy and secure,
No cares assail you, and no snares allure;
And when, perhaps, I moulder in the earth,
Remember her who knows and loves your worth.

HARRIET.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

ON MY DEAR LITTLE HARRIET.

O! remorseless cruel Death,
All-powerful in thy way;
And hast thou grasp'd that gentle breath,
And torn her soul away!

Ah! could not that celestial charm,
That grew with every hour,
Restrain awhile thy dreadful arm,
And shield her from thy pow'r!

Those charms that still'd where tumults rang,
Orbade the tear to flow;
Those charms and bosom whence they sprang,
All sunk beneath thy blow!

There weeping friends hung o'er their love,
Her spirit to detain;
And ceaseless prayers were sent above,
To ask her life in vain.

But death! he's every bosom's swail,
And each rebellious sigh;
For she who charm'd on earth too well,
Now charms above the sky.

ANSON.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TIS HARD TO PART.

Late, slowly sinking in the west,
The summer sun had gone to rest,
And peeping o'er the mountain's height,
Appear'd the modest orb of Night.

With cheerful steps, I trod the road,
To fair Eliza's sweet abode,
And rang'd with her the fields along,
To hear the shepherd's vesper song.

While thus enjoying bliss sublime,
Unheeded, swiftly flew the time;
And when I tried to say "farewell,"
The accent falter'd as it fell.

I press'd her hand with aching heart—
"My love," I cried, "tis hard to part!
But, ah! I must no longer stay,"
I took a kiss, and stole away!

EDWIN.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

A SUPPLEMENT

TO COLLINS' ODE ON THE PASSIONS;

Or, a personification of Envy and the Maniac:
Adapted to the recitation of that Ode. Respect-
fully inscribed to Mrs. Barnes, of the New-York
Theatre, with the warm admiration and best
wishes of the Author.

[Envy is introduced after Revenge.]

"While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
from his head!"

Foul Envy heard,
And onward came!
Her angry snakes were all uprear'd:
She leich'd a flame
Of stygian fire,
Her croaking throat was swollen with ire—
Her temples bound
With asps around,
And scorpion's his'd
Upon her breast,
And light'nings from her eyes appear'd!
She wild advanc'd,
And madly glanc'd
Her eye, to find some diurnal shell —
But seeing none of fitly sound,
She rais'd a most tremendous yell,
And poison rank exhal'd around!

The Maniac is introduced at the end, after,

"And he, amid the frolic play—
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand colours from his dewy wings!"

But as the little god in rapture smil'd,
On rush'd in fury, from a nook retir'd,
With ghastly look, and air and gesture wild,
A love-lorn MANIAC with mad phrensy fir'd!
His step was hasty now, and now delay'd!
His grasp'd a dagger in his trembling hand!
Seem'd desperate now, and now appear'd afraid!
And now he gnash'd his teeth, and madly shook
his brand!

First he beat loudly on the hollow drum,
Then blew a blast upon the clarion shrill;
Then stood a moment motionless and dumb,
As tho' himself were stone—inanimate and
chill!

But as subsided the delirious fire,
His brow relax'd—his eye more mildly beam'd;
And calm he seem'd,
As tho' all undisturb'd by love or ire.
Then with a placid smile—
Tears wet his cheeks the while,
He gently took the sweet, melodious lyre;
And softly and serenely play'd!
The notes harmonious hush'd,
As o'er the cords his fingers stray'd,
And sweeter still he sung—
"O, she was fair—divinely fair!

Was all my love—was all my care!
When I was sad, she sigh'd for me!
When I was glad, she smil'd with me!
When my lips bow'd oft she hung!
How kind the music of her tongue,
When lying on my breast,
With melting look, she all her love confess'd!
Where now is she?
O Death! O misery!
Those foul, perfidious charms,
Now fill a rival's arms!
Those lips that gave me kisses,
Now! Now! a rival presses!"

Then fierce again became his look,
Again his naked blade he shook,
And plunged him head-long on the ground!
Then started up, and wildly gas'd around!
And rag'd!—and foam'd!—and frantic tore his
hair!

Exclaiming—"Death!—Damnation!—Hell!
Despair!
O! horror!—vengeance!—murder!—O!
Let go my heart!—Mad Demon! let me go!
Ha!—Ha!—Ha!—Ha!—ha!—ha!—ha!—ha!
Away, foul Fiend!—away!—away!
Dost still pursue!—Then let me die!"

Thus saying, he rais'd his steel on high,
And plung'd it downward furiously!
It reach'd his heart—he drew it out,
And from the gaping wound the warm life's blood
did spout!

Groans, stifled groans!—sighs, interdicted sighs!
His cheeks grew pale!—his senses reel'd
around!
The shades of death came o'er his hollow eyes—
He stagger'd!—tumbled!—died upon the
ground!

G. or NEW-JERSEY.

[It will not, perhaps, be improper to subjoin,
that the above Supplement, together with Col-
lins' Ode, was recited last spring, at an Academic
exhibition, before a very respectable audience;
and so warmly and truly did the speaker enter
into the spirit of his part, that when he came to
the line—"And rag'd!—and foam'd!—and fran-
tic tore his hair!"—and scattered from his hand,
upon the stage, the riven lock of hair, a general
shriek burst from the female part of the audience,
and a dull aspiration of pity from the males.

At the conclusion, when—"He rais'd his steel
on high—and plung'd it downward furiously!"—
the sight of the blood that followed the blade,

together with the struggles and deathlike paleness of the speaker as he staggered and fell upon the stage, produced so powerful a sympathy throughout the house, that the audience rose from their seats, and before the curtain could be dropped, many of them rushed upon the stage, and called aloud for surgical aid.

Tears began to flow from the eyes of several of the spectators, nor did the cry of Doctor! Doctor! cease, until a physician actually mounted the stage, and after having examined the pulse of the exhausted speaker, publicly informed the agitated audience that he had received no injury.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1819.

A QUARTERLY PAYMENT,

For the Ladies' Literary Cabinet.

Becomes due, from its patrons, on their receiving one more number, viz. No. 13, published on Saturday next, August 7; and it is hoped and trusted, that they will be as prompt in fulfilling their engagements, as we have been punctual and regular in the performance of ours. Thus, they will at once command our gratitude, and confer on us the power of expressing it, by an increased assiduity in our future services.

Country Subscribers, (and all such as do not reside in this city,) are respectfully requested to be punctual in their remittances, agreeably to the terms of this paper, as expressed in the first page; as every neglect of this notice will be considered a relinquishment of their subscription. They are, furthermore, requested to make their payments in such money as will not subject the publishers to an unreasonable discount.

Persons wishing to possess perfect files of the Ladies' Literary Cabinet, from its commencement, must make immediate application, as there are but a very few complete sets remaining on hand.

Subscribers who may by chance have obtained duplicate copies of any number, will confer a real favour on the publishers by returning them to the carrier, or sending them to this office.

A Letter Box is now fixed at the front door of our Office, into which our correspondents are requested to drop their communications.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Amends is not forgotten; her favour shall soon appear.

A Subscriber is thanked for his selections; but they must, for the present, give place to original communications.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The fourth volume of M. De Humboldt's Travels is announced in the London Courier of the 27th of May.

A New Novel has been recently published, entitled, *Euameline*, with some other pieces, by Mary Brunton, author of *Self Control and Discipline*; to which is prefixed, a memoir of her life, including some extracts from her correspondence.

A New Paper, entitled the "*Universalist Magazine*," has just been published in Boston. It is devoted exclusively to religious topics, and is edited by the Rev. Hosea Ballou.

Female Magnanimity.—A London paper states the case of a young woman being committed to prison for refusing to give evidence against her brother, in a case of theft. Her manner was respectful, but resolute; and the court and spectators were much affected.

An aspiring Serpent.—A Charleston paper of the 17th inst. says, that a large snake was that morning seen on the roof of a three story brick building in Church-street, near Elliott-street. He succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his pursuer, who was armed with a double-barrel gun, and still maintained his lofty position.

The Balloon did not ascend on Tuesday last, as announced in the papers, owing to Mr. GELLÉ's not having been able to procure a sufficient quantity of ore of the materials to make the Hydrogen gas, necessary to inflate the Balloon. On Monday next, however, it will ascend, without fail, (if the weather be fair,) from Vauxhall Garden. When it reaches its highest point of elevation, Mr. G. will cut away the Balloon, and descend with a Parachute.

Ladies' Velocipede.—A Velocipede, on a new construction, is said to be building by an artist of Hereford. It is to have beams, or bodies, on springs, and four wheels, which will ensure its safety. It is to quarter on the roads, like other carriages, and with four impellers, it is supposed that it will proceed with astonishing rapidity; but its peculiar recommendation is to be the conveyance of two ladies and two impellers, at the rate of six miles the hour.

From the Boston Gazette.

Three Rainbows. In the afternoon of Thursday last, three rainbows, at the same time, were distinctly seen in this vicinity. This is a rare phenomenon. A similar appearance was observed by Dr. Halley, at Chester, England, in 1698. Two of the rainbows, in that instance, corresponded to the ordinary appearance of two rainbows, the colours in the secondary being in a reverse order in relation to those in the primary rainbow. The colours in the third were arranged as in the first. In the three rainbows of Thursday last, the colours, if we are correctly informed, were in the same order in each. We understand that this phenomenon was observed by Professor Farrar, at Cambridge, from whom we may hope for a correct account of this interesting exhibition, with a satisfactory solution. In the 63d volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society, there is a relation of two primary rainbows seen at the same time, in July, 1792, by the Rev. Dr. Sturges, near Gosport, in England. These rainbows were not concentric, but touching each other, and there was a secondary bow to each. Mr. Sturges suggests, in explanation of the phenomenon, that one of the bows was probably produced by reflection of the sun from the sea.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening, the 26th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Schaeffer, Mr. Daniel Campbell, to Miss Catharine Bausher, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 24th inst. by the Rev.

William Cotton, Mr. James Hamell, to Miss Elizabeth Jones, both of this city.

On Monday evening, the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Gray, Mr. Jacob Smith, to Mrs. Elizabeth Merritt, all of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Crowell, Mr. Emanuel Farrington, to Mrs. Martha Sharp, all of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Eli Wheeler, Mr. William Everdell, to Miss Catharine F. Smith.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Prosper Deglos, hair-dresser, from Havre de Grace, (France,) to Miss Eliza Herren, of this city.

At Newark, (N. J.) Mr. John F. Clark, to Miss Abby Woodruff.—Mr. Aaron Noyes, to Miss Maria Cottrill.

At Newton, (N. J.) Mr. Elias W. Crane, of Elizabethtown, a licentiate of the Jersey Presbytery, to Miss Margaretta Johnson, daughter of John Johnson, Esq. of the former place.

At Oyster Bay, (L. I.) on Wednesday, the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Earl, Mr. Noah Seaman, to Miss Rosannah Underhill, daughter of Samuel Underhill, Esq. all of that place.

At Boston, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Baldwin, Mr. Edward Henry Jenkins, to Miss Nancy Brown. This is the two-thousandth couple married by Dr. B. in less than 20 years.

At Baltimore, Robert S. Downes, Esq. to Miss Margaret, daughter of Alexander M'Cinabhan, Esq.—Mr. Robert Wilton, to Miss Margaret Pendegran.—Mr. Samuel Cilly, to Miss Ann Wilton.

At Norfolk, John De Dree, of the navy, to Miss Mary W. Moseley.

In Zanesville, (Ohio,) on the 4th inst. the Right Rev. Philander Chase, Bishop of the Diocese of Ohio, to Miss Sophia May Ingraham, formerly of Kingston, New-York.

At St. George's, Bermuda, on the 24th of June last, Captain James Andersen, of the British brig Catharine, to Helen, daughter of John Troop, Esq. of this city.

DIED,

On Monday last, after a short illness, Mr. Henry Jacobs.

On Tuesday morning last, Mrs. Catharine Stage, aged 71 years, wife of Mr. Thomas Stage, Sen.

On Tuesday morning last, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Marshall, aged 86 years.

On Tuesday, the 20th inst. of a lingering illness, Mr. John Whitlock, aged 36 years.

On Wednesday, the 21st inst. in the 46th year of her age, Mrs. Jane Bogart, consort of Col. Joseph O. Bogart.

On Wednesday, the 21st inst. Mrs. M'Cafferty, wife of Mr. John M'Cafferty.

On Thursday, the 22d inst. after a lingering illness, Mr. James Tracey, Commissary in the army of the U. S. aged 26 years.

On the 9th inst. at her residence, in the county of Cumberland, Virginia, Mrs. Mary Holland, aged one hundred and seven!

G. S. VAN WINKLE, PRINTER,

No. 101 Greenwich-street.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1819.

[No. 13.

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;

AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 164 Broadway;

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable Quarterly in Advance.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XI.

BEFORE our fair readers are indulged with a perusal of the letter which so violently affected the sensibility of Sophia, it is deemed proper to exhibit another, of a different character, from a personage to whom they have not yet been formally introduced, addressed to the Reverend Pastor of Sandville.

It has been already hinted that Solon Woodville, after serving his maternal uncle a proper period as book-keeper, had recently become his partner in business. This uncle, whose name was Owen, had numbered about fifty years. been a merchant upwards of twenty, and acquired a moderate fortune, sufficient to afford him every earthly comfort, one only excepted—and although he was, generally, remarkably successful in all his contracts and speculations, for that one he had never ventured to negotiate. In other words, he was a bachelor, and did not hesitate to avow his intention of making the six young Woodvilles his heirs.

Solon was the uncle's favourite; and though the old gentleman had frequent occasion, during the period of his apprenticeship, to reprove him for extravagance, he was always reported well of to others, and especially to his parents, with whom Owen kept up a regular correspondence. "He is a wild young dog," he would sometimes say—"but you know, brother, that we ourselves were once young—and while he makes no worse use of his leisure time than visiting

the theatre, attending dancing school, and riding into the country, he shall never want for money to pay his expenses, while I have a cent to spare. When he has sown his wild oats, he will become steady of course; and then I will give him an equal concern in business, and make a man of him." The reader will readily perceive that such indulgence was weak and imprudent in the uncle, and pernicious to the nephew; such mistaken indulgence has ruined thousands of promising young men, possessing many natural good qualities as ever appreciated to Solon Woodville.

As might have been expected, the nephew was a "wilder dog," at the age of twenty-one, than he had been at eighteen; and not only squandered all the money with which his indulgent uncle supplied him, but run deeply in debt besides. Ignorant of this, and blind to the young man's numerous and glaring imperfections, Owen adhered to his resolution, and on the day that Solon completed his twenty-first year, the newspapers announced the new firm of *Owen & Woodville*. This happened about one week anterior to the period at which this history commences; and in less than four weeks afterward the senior partner thus expressed himself in a letter to his brother-in-law:—

"Boston, April 26th, 1805.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I begin to perceive that I may have been to blame in not following, more implicitly, the advice which you have so frequently given with respect to your son Solon. I must confess that he is not every thing I could wish him; and am more than half inclined to believe, that less indulgence would have been better for him. But that is past, and cannot be remedied.

"Be not alarmed, my brother, at my unusual style in speaking of my nephew; I still love the young rogue, and intend to make a man of him; that is, if he does not thwart my views by some act of his own. He has not yet committed any fault that I know of, except such venial ones as are common to every fine spirited

young fellow; but I am under very serious apprehensions that he will soon commit an irreparable one, unless your parental remonstrances and authority are interposed to prevent it; for he yesterday informed me that '*he is engaged to be married!*' Recover your breath, brother, and then go on.

"He did not condescend to consult with his uncle on the subject, to ask his advice, opinion, or consent; but he formally, pompously, and positively announced his intention, and affected a stare of astonishment when I forbade him to think of such a thing. All my arguments are lost upon him, for, though naturally pliable and yielding, he is, on this point, as obstinate as a mule. Married he will be, right or wrong; and I must do for him, what I have never done for myself, provide materials for housekeeping.

"Neither would he condescend to make me acquainted with the name of his lady, or of the family to which she belongs; but this is a secret which I have learned from another quarter. Young Wilmot (son to the lady with whom we lodge) is Solon's reading and walking companion, though not honoured with his confidence. He, therefore, having nothing particularly confided to him, felt no hesitation in telling me all he knew, and the whole amounts to this:

"There is a young lady, now on a visit in this town, whom you must doubtless know, as she is the daughter of one of your parishioners. Her name, at present, is HEARTLEY, and I hope you will exert all your influence to prevent its being changed to Woodville. Wilmot tells me, that for the last fortnight, Miss Heartley and my nephew have been constantly together at every place of public amusement; and I am sorry to add, that for the same period he has deserted the counting-house. This Miss Heartley, then, must doubtless be the lady to whom he is about uniting himself. 'He is engaged'—they have exchanged promises—the business is all settled'—it cannot be broken off—sounds! brother, I could give him a broken head. But I will say no more to him on the subject.

Your authority alone can prevent a step which will certainly mar his fortune if not his happiness. I have no objections to his marrying, at a proper age; but he must learn to take care of himself, before he undertakes the care of a family. Tell him so, in your next letter to him, and believe me to be,

"Dear brother,

"Your's as ever,

"AUGUSTIN OWEN.

"Rev. N. Woodville."

The poor clergyman was thunder-struck on reading the foregoing letter. Of his son's veracity he entertained not the slightest suspicion, and, therefore, took it for granted that Sophia had promised to become the wife of Solon, notwithstanding her well-known engagements to Fitz-James. How could this be accounted for, consistently with the exalted opinion he had ever entertained for the amiable Sophia? How ought Solon's father to act on this occasion?

In the midst of his perplexities, who should enter his study but the young lady's father, Mr. Heartley, a gentleman with whom the reader is yet but little acquainted. Let it suffice, for the present, however, that with great mechanical talents, he combined much perseverance, a tolerable education, and no small share of benevolence; while his manners and conversation were distinguished by a plain, abrupt bluntness, which, perhaps, evinced more candor than politeness. He loved his wife and his sons; but his Sophia he almost adored. To him, without reserve, the parson read Owen's letter; but was interrupted at the words, "*they have interchanged promises*," by the exclamation of "that's a d—d lie!" followed by the apology—"Beg your pardon, sir. My meaning is, that your son has imposed on his uncle."

"My son impose upon his generous uncle! Impossible!"

"Not more impossible, sir, than for my daughter to impose upon her father. No, no, Mr. Woodville—give yourself no uneasiness on this subject. Another week will see Sophia the wife of Fitz-James, who starts for Boston this afternoon, in his new gig, to purchase his wedding suit, and convey his bride home."

After some farther conversation, in

which the two fathers agreed to keep the incident a secret for the present, Mr. Heartley took his leave, and the parson proceeded to answer his brother's letter, and write another to his son. These, with several others already prepared for different correspondents in and near the metropolis, were left on the table in his study, when the writer was called away to visit one of his flock who lay at the point of death. During his absence Fitz-James stopped at the parsonage, on his road to Boston, to know if the family had any commands for him to execute; the above mentioned letters were, therefore, handed him by Mrs. Woodville, after forming them into a packet on the spur of the moment, covered with such an envelope as the good lady could most readily lay her hand on.

Fitz-James proceeded on his journey, and stopped for the night at the house of a relation in a village about seven miles from town. Here he opened his packet of letters, in order to arrange them in such a manner as would facilitate their delivery on his arrival in town. As he loosened the envelope, the name of Sophia caught his eye. He examined farther, and was petrified with amazement. It was the foregoing letter from Owen to his brother-in-law.

I shall not attempt to describe his sensations on this occasion. He drove furiously on, determined to clear up the mystery as quickly as possible, and arrived at Mrs. Percival's door at about eight o'clock. He knocked, and the door was opened by a servant girl, who, in answer to his first question, informed him that Mrs. Percival had just stepped out for a few moments.

"Is Miss Heartley in?"

"No, sir; she has gone a *Maying* this morning with Mr. Woodville."

Fitz-James would "stay no farther question," but sprang into his carriage, and drove off, nor did he know what course he was taking until he found himself two or three miles on the Sandville road. He then drew in the reins, and paused to collect his unsettled ideas.

"It is all true, then—Sophia is false, and Woodville a villain. Well, she is worthless then, and I'll back to Sandville without her. But, stay, I should have farther proof. No, I want no more proof, it is all too plain. They love each

other—let them marry. But her parents expect me to conduct her home.—I have it."

He now wheeled about, and returned into town with more velocity than he left it, until he came in contact with the chair which contained Flanders and Selina, by which accident his own was overturned, and his shoulder dislocated, as already stated. As soon as the surgeon had done his duty, and received his fee, Fitz-James proceeded to the Bunch of Grapes, in State-street—where he wrote and destroyed twenty different letters, before he could produce one to suit him. He finally despatched the following cold laconic note to Sophia, and then walked out to deliver his letters.

"Bunch of Grapes, May 1st.

"Miss Heartley's parents expect her to return to Sandville under my protection. If this be compatible with her own wishes and engagements, and with those of her friend, Mr. Woodville, she will please notify me, at my lodgings, of the day and hour when she will choose to depart, that I may govern myself accordingly."

"E. FITZ-JAMES."

[To be continued.]

From the London Ladies' Magazine.

JOSEPHINE.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

Being invited to spend a few weeks with a friend, from whom I had been many years separated, and who, in the interval, had married, I availed myself of the charming weather, which so lately gladdened the face of nature, to quit the smoky town, and sojourn for a short time at B—. I was welcomed most cordially by Mr. Lascelles, and introduced to his lady. As I had known my friend once the gayest of the gay, and a most ardent admirer of beauty—(fastidiously so, indeed, I may say.) I was not a little surprised at finding Mrs. Lascelles a being very different from what I should have expected him to select; and as I was previously aware that she brought him no fortune, I was for some time at a loss to account for his making such a choice. Upon farther acquaintance, however, I discovered that Mrs. Lascelles, though plain in appearance, was both amiable and agreeable, and I soon became

perfectly domesticated with this happy couple ; for such in fact they were.

One day, when Mr. Lascelles was engaged to a county meeting, whither I could not accompany him, his wife, laying aside all formal reserve, told me, if it was agreeable to me, she should be glad of my company in her work room. " I can find employment for you there," said she smiling, " Edmund will beg your assistance in mending his kite ; Louisa will consult you in the arrangement of her shell work ; and when these matters are adjusted, you will, perhaps, indulge me by reading an hour, while I despatch a little of my morning work." I accordingly followed her to a pleasant apartment, and entered upon my allotted occupation with alacrity ; but on taking a survey of the little chamber, my eyes were attracted by an object, which irresistibly drew all my attention. It was the portrait of a young lady, whose face and form displayed a perfect combination of female loveliness. Mrs. Lascelles perceived how my attention was engrossed ; she regarded me with a serious, and, as I thought, dejected air—" How beautiful !" exclaimed I, involuntarily, " pray, is the original of that captivating portrait a relation or friend of yours ?"—" She was a friend," replied Mrs. Lascelles, "and we loved each other with the affection of sisters."—" Has yours, then, shared the fate of female friendship in general, ardent and short lived ?"—" Short lived indeed !" repeated Mrs. Lascelles with a sigh, " death terminated our friendship."—" So young, so lovely !" I ejaculated, " to fall the victim of disease, would almost make us murmur against the decrees of Providence, did not reflection"—" You are in an error," returned Mrs. Lascelles hastily, " young and lovely indeed she was, but poor Josephine was the victim of early indiscretion and ungoverned passions. Her story is a melancholy one, and I have often wished it in my power to commit it to writing, in such a way as to afford a salutary lesson to my own girl, should she live to need such admonition as it might convey ; but certain circumstances render it improper for me to be the narrator. Mr. Lascelles will give you all the particulars. He was deeply interested in her fate, and even now the recollection must cost him a pang, though the motive

will induce him to comply, for he has frequently expressed a wish that you should be the historian."

I accordingly took an early opportunity of questioning Lascelles on the subject, requesting him, if he could do it without pain to himself, to give me the history of Josephine. " Mrs. Lascelles," said he with a smile, " is still so diffident of her own hold on my affections, as to think that early impressions have not yet worn off ; but she is unjust to herself, and I can declare to you, that though I once adored Josephine, I can now look back on those hours of enthusiasm, without one sigh of regret, except for the hapless fate of the poor misguided girl. As a husband and a father, I am happy to the fullest extent of my wishes or expectations ; and I much doubt whether that would have been the case, had the object of my first wishes been the partner of my destiny. But you shall hear, and judge for yourself :—

" When I quitted college, I was but just two-and-twenty, and, contrary to the wishes of my father, was resolutely bent on entering the army. Finding at length that I would turn my thoughts to no other pursuit, he procured me a commission in a militia regiment, which was not likely to be ordered abroad, as the fears of my mother made her wretched upon my account, and I was not unwilling to enjoy all the *agreements* of a military life, without its perils and hardships. Like the rest of my companions, I enjoyed my situation, and availed myself of its privileges to practice a system of universal gallantry ; and as the regiment, to which I belonged, was allowed to be as respectable and decorous in behaviour as any that were ever quartered in D—, the officers were admitted, without scruple, into the best society the place afforded. Among the numerous attractive females, to whom I paid the usual common place attentions, none made any serious impression until, at a gay and mixed assembly, I chanced to single out for a partner the unfortunate subject of our present conversation. Josephine was, I may in truth declare, the most lovely girl in the room. Her extreme youth, lively manners, and fascinating archness, rendered her influence over my inexperienced and ardent imagination decisive. I attached myself to her the whole evening, and

when the party began to disperse, insisted upon attending her home ; for it then first occurred to me that I had not even been introduced to her, and I was a little surprised to find that she was attended only by a female companion. My proposal, as may be expected, was but faintly refused. I persisted, and had the happiness of escorting the fair friends home, to the house of a middling tradesman in the town. Determined not to neglect the favourable opening, I paid my respects on the following morning, and was civilly received by the old man. After some desultory chat, I gathered, that he was a stranger to his daughter's having ventured, in that unprotected manner, to the assembly. She had, indeed, been invited to join a respectable party of friends, and had tickets sent for herself and an intimate companion named Beatick ; but in consequence of the alarming illness of one of the party, they were obliged to decline going ; and Josephine, impatient at the disappointment, teased her friend into compliance with her importunate intreaties. Miss Beatick fully felt the impropriety of their appearing *unaccompanied* at a public assembly ; but Josephine actually possessed a sort of magic spell, by which she could draw any one into her wishes. Indulged from her earliest infancy with the gratification of every whim or caprice, the voice of reproof, or even of remonstrance, never met her ear, until she arrived at an age when a father's fears were naturally awakened, and it then, alas ! was heard too late ; for though Josephine knew his remonstrances were just, and his restraints salutary, she also knew how to evade both, without any infringement of her own pleasures. You will, perhaps, wonder that I could ever give my serious thoughts to a girl whose indiscreet conduct must have served to place her character in a doubtful point of view ; but remember, my friend, mine was not the age of dispassionate reasoning, or cool observation. Notwithstanding an occasional shade of levity, her deportment was modest as innocence itself ; her inseparable companion, Miss Beatick, was a young lady of exemplary conduct, and most respectably connected ; and although her influence was not sufficiently powerful to chain Josephine down to the sober rules of decorum, which she her-

self practised, it was not for me to judge with severity of a weakness, which beauty, youth, and vivacity claimed ample allowance for. No sooner, however, was I certain of having gained her affection, than my thoughts took a new direction. I loved her too passionately, and too sincerely, to seek any gratification that would have degraded the adored object, and was, consequently, anxious that she should appear as respectable in the eyes of others as in mine; and now that, in spite of every anticipated obstacle, I began to think seriously of making her my wife, I dwelt with alarm and apprehension on those eccentricities, which had before appeared to me as so many charms in the fair one I admired. Josephine, regardless of a father's remonstrances, only laughed at those of a lover, and deemed them merely as the effusion of a jealous temper. Unhappily for herself, she pursued this idea, and, in the paltry triumph of coquetry, gave pain to a heart that beat only with the most fervent and pure sentiment for her. In a moment of irritation, I too resolved to try my power, and though the sacrifice was on my side great, severe even to agony, I relinquished her society, though I confess it was not without the hope of some fond concession on her part, which might bring about a reconciliation. Miss Bentick, with the utmost delicacy, strove to avert this rupture; and, in the most impressive manner, assured me that the errors of Josephine were merely those of extreme vivacity, and the mistaken indulgence of a fond parent; which time, and the judicious regulation of one, whose right to direct would be also softened by the tenderness of a lover, could not fail to correct. I listened, but would not appear to be convinced. The illness of my dear mother too, just at that time, served to fill my mind with thoughts of a more sombre hue than I was usually inclined to admit; and it also, by obliging me to quit D— for a time, afforded me a pretence for affecting resentment, which was gradually giving way. Perhaps I was to blame for practising this duplicity. You know my temper was naturally odourate, and that I was ever as stubborn when opposed, as pliant when allured by gentleness and persuasion. Unceasingly—bitterly have I repented this trait in my disposition, and I hope my self-con-

demnation has at least been attended with the advantage of enabling me to correct it in my more advanced age. I quitted D— without even seeing Josephine, but I wrote to her in language, such as my feelings at the time dictated, and of which you may form an idea, from the answer, which I have still by me."—Lacelles soon found the letter, and put it into my hands. It ran thus:—

[To be continued.]

From the Boston Intelligencer.

'Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring.'

MILTON.

Milton, whose happy description of our first progenitors—which, if they are not what they actually were, are certainly what every one would wish them to have been—thus makes *Adam* say to our primeval mother:

'To-morrow, 'ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, see must be risen
And at our pleasant labour.'

Contrast this with the habits of females of the present day, and I presume the cause of the sickly appearance of so many of them, will immediately suggest itself; and our frequent notices of early deaths be no longer a cause of wonder.

But if we advert to the habits in which almost all young ladies are in, of *dressing*, a fruitful topic of animadversion, will appear. The fascinating simplicity of our ancestors is entirely done away with. A family, in which are a few modern young ladies—and those too who are sufficiently advanced in years, to be, if not capable, by the common means of industry, of lessening in some degree the burthen of their parents, or at least able to support themselves—requires the utmost exertions of its head to enable its actions to appear in the fashionable costume of the present day. Our mother Eve we are told,

'Her unadorned golden tresses wore.'

Not so our present mothers—These must be hidden in brocade and lace—Our sisters must be clothed in the gewgaw of India and Cashmere—and their hair, than which, if unadorned, nothing can be more beautiful, loaded with the lapidary's toils. The pecuniary con-

cerns of our parents are embarrassed; with Miss, however, this is an unimportant consideration. Provided she obtains all the decorations she deems necessary to enable her to shine in the ball-room, or to be thought the belle at a party, all with her is well.

But, perhaps, it is wrong, to attach blame to females for indulging in extravagancies, which seem to have been entailed upon them from several preceding generations. They are not so much to be blamed as those who suffer them to indulge in their propensities unchecked. To parents we look for attempts at reformation—with them only can any thing be done effectual to produce it. At present, few young men, who pride themselves upon their integrity, and who wish to lead a life distinguished by an uniformity or stability as it regards their fortunes and prospects, would wish to "run the hazard of a die," by attempting to engage the affections of one who, so far from being a "helpmate," would require him to use his utmost exertions to support her extravagancies.

To conclude; it is hoped these suggestions, if they should not be successful toward effecting a reformation, may at least be the cause of other remarks from more able hands, which will bring about the desired object; and tend to make woman what she has been emphatically declared to be,

'Heaven's last best gift to man.'

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

SET TO MUSIC.

Yes, love can discourse independent of eyes,
The pressure of hands, or the breathing of sighs;
Attend, then, its accents, and deign to approve,
For Music, dear girl, is the language of love.

'Tis true, that the eyes and the lips may impart
A counterfeit sentiment, tutored by art;
But ought can the pulses of sympathy move
Like Music; for that is the language of love.

The tone of affection is fram'd in the soul,
Tis *spirit*, unfettered by matter's control;
For what is the language of seraphs above
But Music—and there 'tis the language of love.

Then doubt, dearest maiden, professions and sighs,
The glow of the hand, the expression of eyes;
But doubt not the soul's aspirations, which prove
That Music is still the true language of love.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE SKETCH BOOK,

NO. II.

When the first number of this beautiful work was announced, it was sufficient to induce an immediate and importunate demand, that the name of Mr. Irving was attached to it in the popular mind. With his name so much of the honour of our national literature is associated, that our pride, as well as our better feelings, is interested in accumulating the gifts of his genius. We had begun to reproach him with something like parsimony; to tell him, that he was in debt to us; that the wealth and magnitude of his endowments were the patrimony of his country—a part of our own inheritance. He has heard us, and he is now transmitting to us, in frequently repeated publications, that wisdom of a fine head, those observations of a feeling heart and an exquisite fancy, which indicate the philosopher, the patriot, and the poet.

The same fine spirit of liberality; the same deep and delicate sense of human worth and of human suffering; the same exquisite feeling and delineation of external nature, characterise the successive numbers of the Sketch Book. No. II. consists of four articles: English writers in America; Rural life in England; The Broken Heart; and The Art of Book Making. Of these, perhaps, the first will be most commended, as it is the most instructive; though, as exhibiting the peculiar talents of the author, and for the power of gratifying the pure relish of literary taste, and of calling forth natural, sympathetic feelings, the others possess equal, if not superior, merit.

Mr. Irving has carried into a foreign country the ardent love of his own, not the narrow-minded affection of a political bigot, nor the mere sentiment which grows out of local habit; but that philanthropic, intelligent feeling, which appropriates itself to the character and honour of a native country, which is attached to all that is great and good in the home of the heart, to all which bids the bosom glow with honest pride and high hope, and which calls forth and consecrates the efforts of genius and judgment. Looking upon a highly cultivated and highly improved country with the exaltation which a great mind enjoys in the

contemplation of human happiness, and feeling the generosity of that sentiment, he has forcibly contrasted his own spirit with that of those who love their own native land with unlightened partiality, and who have sought to fix that exclusive preference in the hearts of their countrymen, by vilifying every other nation, that approaches in power, dignity, and increasing importance, to the rank of their own. We have had travellers among us from various parts of Europe, but the reports of none, except those of Englishmen, return to our shore; and they are so unfair in the relation of facts, so ungrateful and unmanly in the spirit of misrepresentation, and so unfavourable to us in the effect they are designed to produce, that they eminently tend to alienate us from the parent country, which these degenerate sons represent, and not only to exclude individuals from our hospitality and all cordial regard, but to engender and exasperate active, bitter, and lasting, national resentment. To qualify this natural tendency of abused confidence and malignant aspersions, Mr. Irving has exhibited the character of our calumniators, and the source of their prejudices. He has shown us that they are essentially without power to do us justice, because they have not intelligence to comprehend us; and that the vindictiveness of personal disappointment, in affairs of self-interest, is at the bottom of their misrepresentations. He exhorts us to "live on" in progressive power and dignity, and our rank among the nations will be acknowledged by all. He has most affectingly accounted for the sensibility with which we feel these calumnies; and though he recommends to us not to look to the suffrages of the western isle alone to establish our glory, while all the civilized world can behold and appreciate us, he has shown, that the community of religion, language, and literature, and a common origin, constitute "the bond of brotherhood," the dear tie, which we cannot sever without that aching and bleeding of the heart, which repulsed and rejected affection produces. But he enjoins upon us to preserve these repulsed affections from the fatal perversion to which they are liable; to keep the flow of philanthropy pure from the infusion of malignity, and the bitterness of prejudice.

He has taught us that the arrows, discharged by our resentment, never cross the Atlantic; while the poison that envelopes them, cannot fail to inflame and corrupt the mind that applies it. He has taught us also, that if we are denied an acknowledged participation of the true glory of Britain—the works of genius, the labours of ancient virtue, and the monument of a common ancestry—the result of this glory must descend to us; and that, though our deserts and our claims may be disputed; yet we may virtually enjoy whatever is desirable and valuable in the land of our forefathers, by the faculty of comprehending and admiring real greatness, notwithstanding all the faults and all the inconsistencies by which it may be occasionally clouded; and by studying and adopting, with suitable modifications, the moral principles, the philosophy, domestic virtues, ennobling institutions, and elegant tastes, of a refined, magnanimous, and happy people. He reminds us, that no national glory consists merely in prosperity and physical pre-eminence; but in knowledge, generosity, candour, and the love of truth; that, favoured as we are by nature, if we defend and sustain ourselves by moral and intellectual energy, we may command the respect, and challenge the praise of the world; that our empire may be as enduring as reason and virtue; as glorious as wisdom, honour, and strength. Happy the country, enlightened by such a counsellor, defended by such a champion, illustrated by such a son!

We hope we have no politicians among us, too cunning to be taught by this simplicity; too hard-hearted to feel its persuasiveness; too blind to discern its beauty; too obstinate to follow its dictates. For ourselves, we would not oppose prejudice to prejudice, and slander to slander; we would invite some intelligent American, who has seen and compared different countries, who has studied the science of man in the pages of history, and in the retirement of his heart, to vindicate America; to represent her to Europe, not only in statistical detail, and diplomatic stipulation, but to exhibit her moral and intellectual resources, and all her manifold capabilities of improvement. If such a work were performed in a manner worthy of its subject, the mass of fact it would contain, would

operate with such internal force of truth as to enlighten every dispassionate reader, and confute every low-minded, ignorant, and angry writer of travels in America.

We know of nothing more vividly addressed to our poetical associations, our foreign sympathies, and our most delicious recollections, than the sketch of Rural Life in England. After we have finished and laid it aside, so much does this charming picture absorb the imagination, that we involuntarily close the senses against all the unsightly and incongruous things which assail us from without; and the whole of this beautiful composition, with its graceful outline, its mellow and expressive finishing, comes out upon the canvass of memory, like the latent characters traced, in sympathetic ink, upon a fair page. We can see the venerable edifices, the verdant fields, the sparkling brooks, and all the gay tenants of flood, earth, and air; and with these objects are associated the interests and sentiments which give life to the scene; which constitute the loveliness and happiness; the duration and energy, the comfort and elegance, the protection and dependence, the taste and the affections of English society. This picture teaches, most impressively, that God is good, and man is happy; that the people who cultivate, in nature and in the heart, all that Providence gives and industry creates; who animate their labours by social and domestic affections, and refine them by taste, may enjoy all that is fair to the sense and grateful to the soul. We may learn from it how to improve ourselves as a people; how to employ our multiplied resources in embellishing, as well as supporting life; and to acquire, with the appropriating and adorning of external nature, the habits of order and of mental elegance. The influence of art upon mind, and of mind upon art, is eminently illustrated by the English character. Of all arts, fine writing is the most beautiful; and the influence of a fine writer, who comes home to our sympathies, is, of all influences upon the human mind, most agreeable. Of all English poets, as the companions of our rural walks and our firesides, Thomson and Cowper are the greatest and most universal favourites. Seed-time and harvest, the winter storm, and the summer show-

er; the golden cloud of the sky, the snowy vest of earth, "society, friendship, and love," are all associated with their names and their verses. How many have they taught to speak as they have felt, to feel as they have sung. Like them, the genius of our distinguished countryman will be associated with our purest and highest pleasures, with our home-born happiness, with the still and solitary luxury of the feast of nature; and, when we number our blessings, we shall gratefully remember among them, that he is our brother and our friend. When we read the description of English scenery we are apt to think the descriptive is Mr. Irving's forte, but the Broken Heart convinces us that his prevailing power is in natural and sweet pathos. Sterne and Mackenzie have been heretofore considered masters in this style of writing; but there is in both a degree of artifice, a labouring for effect, which diminishes the power of simple, hopeless, deep-felt sorrow. In the appeal to the heart, Mr. Irving is unrivalled. There is an air of genuineness in his exhibition of suffering, that brings home the victim with all its attractions and its woes straight to our affections, and calls forth, in its behalf, the tenderest and deepest sympathies.

There is a gay and keen-edged satire in *The Art of Book Making*, which the good gentlemen of the craft might feel a little sorely, if they could feel any thing. It is so very amusing that we wish it were a little amplified. It is too short. We are somewhat surprised and sorry when it is done.

We have heard it objected to these recent publications of Mr. Irving, that he is not quite analytical and logical enough; that his premises and deductions are not sufficiently precise; that his aim is not perfectly definite. We mention this observation, because it has been made, not because there is any force in it. For our own part, we think there is quite enough of analysis in the world, without any more of it from Mr. Irving. We sometimes want inference without exposition, results without processes. We love otto of roses better than distillation; the finished statue better than the block, the chisel, and the hammer. If Mr. Irving chooses to write with no aim at all, but to amuse himself

and to delight us, we are infinitely obliged to him; and are disposed to feel toward those who wish him to write in a manner other than he does, as toward the mathematician, who laid aside Homer, asking, "What does he prove?"

ELIZA.

TO HOUSE KEEPERS.

A writer in the *American Farmer* asserts, from his personal knowledge, that the juice of the Elder will destroy skippers in meat, as well as prevent them from getting in. Take the leaves of elder and bruise them in a mortar, rub the leaves thus bruised over the meat, (hams, smoked beef, &c.) and if there are any holes in the meat in which the skippers have found their way, pour in a little of the juice, and they will roll out in a short time. The application of the elder juice does not communicate any bad taste to the meat.

To remove Grease Spots.

Apply powder of white tobacco pipe clay, or French chalk, (that is, stentite, or soap stone;) put blotting paper over it, and apply a hot iron at a little distance. This will take out much of the grease, by repetition. Good ether, or hot oil of turpentine, will efface the remainder.

Where you can venture to wash the place, a good washing with hot soap and water, will answer every purpose.

To remove Stains of Fruit or Wine.

Apply strong spirits of wine; if that does not succeed, apply oxymuriatic acid, and washing with soap alternately.

The oxymuriatic acid may be applied thus: in a small tea-cup put a little common spirit of salt, as three or four teaspoons full; to this, add about half a teaspoon full of red lead, or manganese, having first immersed the small cup in a larger one containing hot water. Moisten the stain, and stretch it over the vapor till the stains be effaced. Wash it well in water.

The custom of wearing wedding rings originated with the Romans, who uniformly placed it on the fourth finger of the left hand of the bride, at the nuptial ceremonies, because they believed that a nerve reached from thence to the heart.

ANECDOTES.

Juvenile Wit.—A literary gentleman of this city, who pays considerable attention to mechanism, has lately fitted up a workshop in his garret, furnished with the requisite tools for constructing models, &c. His little son, about ten years old, getting in a pet with a chisel he was using, threw it from him with such violence as to make a considerable *dint* in the fine edge of an axe, just sharpened. The father instantly threatened to chastise him, as he was determined to forgive no faults which were not the result of accident. The lad, with an arch look, caught up the injured tool, and exclaimed, "Why, father, this is certainly an *axe* I *dint*." The young punster was pardoned.

A merchant in this city advertising an assortment of goods for sale, gives notice, that he will take in payment all kinds of country produce, except promises.

A lady, celebrated in Scotland for her wit and beauty, happening to be at an assembly in Edinburgh, a young gentleman, the son of his majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing bibles, made his appearance dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room to learn who he was; the lady instantly made answer, loud enough to be heard, "Oh! don't you know him? it is young Bible, bound in calf and gilt, but not lettered."

A soldier in the late war having stolen a young lady from a farmer, to whom he would not make restitution: "Well," said the farmer, "if you keep it, you will pay for it in this world or in the next." "Faith," replied the soldier, "if you will trust so long, I will take another."

A gentleman having paid his addresses to a young lady for some length of time, was rather weary of his attendance, and demanded a categorical answer, either yes or no. The young lady replied: "Sir, I neither say yes nor no."

A lady being asked how she liked a gentleman's singing, who had an offensive breath; "The words are good," said she, "but the air is intolerable."

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"THE MORNING OF LIFE."

TO A FRIEND.

Gay, gay are the visions, O Youth! of thy days,
Young Pleasure throws open her bad-scatter'd
bowers;
Her song steals the soul—and she witchingly
plays,
Nor whispers of blights while she fetters with
flowers!
Thou listless, blithe rover, on life's ocean shores,
Thy' night-waves be sweeping thy foot-prints
away;
Breaks the orbit of light—and it largely restores
The sparkle of Hope in the splendour of day!

Then Hope gives thy heart what thy heart never
own'd,

And Hope tells thy heart, what thy heart never
knew;

That the friends who are false—and it warmly
bemoan'd,

Will answer its throbbings unceasingly true!

That those dead bellow'd beings who pillow'd thy
head,

In the home of thy childhood—shall ever be
there!

That thy fond mother's *te* fast—and a banquet it
spread,

Shall exult in thy joy, and thy sorrow shall
share!

Ah! truth tells thee not how the rude world may
sneer,

How those may desert thee who once kindly
smil'd;

How thy father may fall—and he leaves thee a
tear—

Unnoticed thou'lt wander, poor, shelterless
child!

How sad, broken-hearted, thy mother's last kin
May be thine, as she trembles and dies in thy
arms!

No! no, Hope is nigh—and Truth never tells
this—

Life's morning shines bright o'er a heaven of
charms!

Thou' discord pour dread from some fir-sounding
horn,

Thou' forms dark, appalling, are rising afar,
Life's morning unfolded—and fair is its morn,

Tells thy bosom where glimmers one joy-glid-
ing star!

Let Fancy her prospects alluring display,
They glitter—the mists of the morning of life;

That pure beaming star—and it lightens life's way;
Is the bosom-flame fed by the love of a wife!

Oh! life is so pleasing while Hope cheerily smiles,
While fortune is kindest—while care is un-
known;

Tis the Paradise Bird—and his warble beguiles—
Tis the rose's fair leaves round its thorns fully
blown!

Tis the clear, mirror'd river, as noiseless it flows,
Ere, dashing in ruin, it rolls o'er the steep;
Youth stands on the brink—and his cheek warm-
ly glows,

Too happy to sigh, and too busy to weep!
S. OF NEW-JERSEY

July 30, 1819.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

SONG.

O'er mountains and moorland,
I follow the hare;
By brooklet's green border,
Then sweetly sleep there.

There wild music warbles
The wood tops above;
I dream of Louisa,
The maid whom I love.

Reclin'd on a white cloud,
The rain-bow her robe;
The beautiful vision
Descends to the globe.

I leap from my grass bed,
Love's raptures to share;
But she melts in the sun-beam,
And mingles with air.

July, 1819.

AMALGAM.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO THE WORLD.

Retort Coustous.

Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail
against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.
SHAKESPEARE.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.
LORD BACON.

I love not the world—and the world loves not me:
So Byron hath written, right seriously:—

For his lordship, you know, lacks not much the
world's pique,

And he writes, thinks—and acts too, 'tis whis-
per'd—unique.

And, take his own words upon credit, 'tis certain
That, if you but peep through his bosom's dark
curtain,

You shall see there more devils than ever were
sent to

Annoy the best hours of his Grace of Benevovent.
And if, in their capering and frisking it there,

They have wrought his said lordship such trouble
and care,

As his grace erst experienced with his Goliath,
As the world goes at present, I trow, it would be a

Most marvellous thing, that so oft he hath un-
valled

Of rhyme, and brought forth—so bedevilled and
gavilled!

I love not the world—Tis "a garden unweeded,"
Where vice "grows to seed," virtue "withers un-
heeded";

Weeds spring up apace, wholesome plants are
poor'd by
With the glance of indifference—"Be on't, oh! be!"
Do you ask for authority?—Turn to your Shakspeare—
Vide Hamlet, act first—where the matter he
makes clear.

Though Will Shakspeare was sometime a lover of
venison,
Shall not genius and feeling accord him their
beason?

What blockhead his pages hath read, and not felt
his heart glow, madden, rage, and soften, and
melt;

At his tale of distress, what eye hath not run o'er?
His humour the table still sets in a roar.
Then grant him a deer-stealer—so let it be—
Great genius small failings redeems—Q. E. D.

I love not the world—for the world a mere stage
is,

On which man plays his part through his villainous
ages,

Being seven in number—of which, save the first,
Tis a difficult matter to say which is worst:

For I hold, sir, your first age of puking and mow-
ling—

Compared to what follows, of sighing and foeling,
And howling, and wubbling, and swearing and
flitting,

Of halting, and piping, and squinting and writing!
As greatly in preference, as wins to small beer,
To fasting and penance, as hearty good cheer.

I love not the world—for "twas ne'er merry
world."

Since mortality's atoms together were hurled—
In promiscuous heap—wrong and right—as 'twas
done;

That to this in proportion, as twenty to one:
Insomuch, that "to be" well, at peace, as in
vogue,

A man, as I take it, must be fool or rogue.
For honesty, talents, and so forth, are now
here unless commodities, not worth a sou;
Unsaleable chattels, to market when sent,
Which scarce find a bidder at fifty per cent.

O might I be wafted by Eerie, in my mood,
By broomstick conveyance, to Arden's green
wood,

Where whilome my ancestor grumbled away
His time in misanthropy, day after day;
Might I see nought to vex, to disgust, or displease,
Save the folly of lovers' rhymes, marring the
trees;

Or the poor wounded deer adding tears to the
blood,

While his fellows course by in the high flush of
blood;

Might I hear nought but "motley fools" "moral
on time."

How swiftly life flies to its close from the prime,
Gazing calmly the while on the stream gliding by,
With sea-biscuit brain,* and with "luck-lustre
eye."

*—and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage.—he hath strange phrases cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.

As You Like It.—Act II. Scene VII.

Twere something; and much of life's ills might
redeem,

And brighten my pathway, perchance, with a
gleam

Of that sunshine, which Fancy, is youth's early
horn,

Had promised, to cherish the heart's blooming
flowers.

The world loves not me—the reason is plain;
I have not dealt in flattery sufficient to gain

The good will of their worshippers, whose dictum is
law,

At whose nod the rude rabblement tremble with
awe.

I have not at all times adopted its rules,
Nor worship'd its blockheads, nor flattered its
fools.

And, further, for other and divers good reasons,
Which, perchance, may be named at more op-
portune seasons

Massachusetts, June, 1819

JAQUES

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1819.

A QUARTERLY PAYMENT,

It is now due for the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet*, and it is hoped and trusted, that our patrons will be as prompt in fulfilling their engagements, as we have been punctual and regular in the performance of ours. Thus, they will at once command our gratitude, & confer on us the power of expressing it, by an increased assiduity in our future services.

City Subscribers would confer a great favour on us by keeping in readiness the small pittance which is our due, against the call of our *Collector*, as the trouble of repeatedly calling again will load so small a demand with an unreasonable discount.

Country Subscribers, (and all such as do not reside in this city,) are respectfully requested to be punctual in their remittances, agreeably to the terms of this paper, as expressed in the first page; as every neglect of this notice will be considered a relinquishment of their subscription. They are, furthermore, requested to make their payments in such money as will not subject the publishers to an unreasonable discount.

Persons wishing to possess perfect files of the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet*, from its commencement, must make immediate application, as there are but a very few complete sets remaining on hand.

Subscribers who may by chance have obtained duplicate copies of any number, will confer a real favour on the publishers by returning them to the carrier, or sending them to this office.

A Letter Box is now fixed at the front door of our Office, into which our correspondents are requested to drop their communications

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Happiness is received, and shall shortly be communicated to our fair readers, through the medium of the *Cabinet*.

Peter's valuable favour shall have a place in our next.

Herutius is filed for insertion.

Maria S. to her friend *H.*, on the death of her mother, shall have a place.

Edmund's "Horræ" shall not be destroyed.

Fair Anna has chosen an interesting subject, and hit upon a most appropriate title. The *Modern Fugitive* sucks the heart's blood of his fair victims, ignorant or heedless of the fact, that "what is sport to him is death to them." Her story shall have a place.

"*Love and Generosity*," a tale, founded on fact," by our highly valued correspondent *RINALDO D.* shall enrich our next number.

A Subscriber is assured that he shall soon be attended to.

G. of Massachusetts, E. R. Y. of Providence, Henry to Eliza, and several other poetical favours, are on file for insertion.

THE BALLOON.

On Monday afternoon, agreeably to the notice given in our last, Mr. Guille made his aerial excursion, from Vauxhall Garden, to the great gratification of an immense concourse of people, who had assembled to witness a novelty never before exhibited on this side the Atlantic.

The Balloon being filled, and every thing in readiness, at about half past six o'clock, the adventurous aeronaut having tenderly saluted his lady, stepped into the ear, and received the American standards in his hands. The "cords which detained him to earth" were then severed, and he instantly mounted into the regions of air with an astonishing rapidity. In leaving the garden, however, he came in contact with the trees, some of the branches of which becoming entangled in the cords which suspended the ear, were torn off, and carried up with it. To extricate the apparatus from such incumbrances, the aeronaut was obliged to throw away his standards without displaying them, and every thing was then soon adjusted.

The wind blew strongly from the northwest, and conveyed the aerial vessel rapidly toward Long-Island, still rising with accelerated velocity. At length the Balloon and ear were seen to separate, the one dashing upwards like lightning, while the other as rapidly descended. The interest excited at this critical moment, in the palpitating bosoms of the almost breathless spectators, can be better conceived than described. It was momentary, the parachute immediately opened like an umbrella, and held the object of our solicitude suspended between the heavens and the earth, oscillating like the pendulum of a clock. He now gently descended, while the vibratory motion as gradually decreased, till at length he reached the earth in perfect safety, near Bushwick, on Long-Island. In the mean time, the Balloon, which appeared at intervals, like a little speck in the heavens, was still travelling eastward, until at length, it entirely disappeared from view.

It was found by a Mr. Carl, on Tuesday morning, floating in Oyster Bay South, a short distance from the land, about 30 miles from this city. Mr. Carl at first mistook it for a large sea-monster, and kept at a respectful distance, but on venturing nearer, discovered the netting with which it is covered, and recognised it as a harmless Balloon. He let out the gas by piercing the silk with his knife, and brought it to town, agreeably to the written directions on a card affixed to it.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1819.

[No. 14.

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;

AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 164 Broadway;

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable Quarterly in Advance.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

LOVE AND GENEROSITY,

A TALE,

FOUNDED ON FACT.*

If the hatred, dissension, and jealousy, which so often prevail in families, generally possess the most inveterate rancour, and if civil broils seldom offer any thing to the view but scenes of the most horrible cruelty and licentiousness; in the midst of these calamities, with what pleasure does the feeling mind dwell upon a picture of social happiness! It derives much consolation from thinking, that the foul fiend, party spirit, has not entirely extinguished the softer feelings of the human heart; feelings which honour the possessor more than all the vain pomp and parade of sub-lunary greatness. It is an incident of this nature which I shall endeavour to relate; it is not rescued from the musty rolls of antiquity, but of a very recent date, as it lately happened in the unfortunate department of La Vendée.

This will prove, in an incontestable manner, that if there were great excesses committed on both sides, still many virtues, and much greatness of mind, were displayed by the opposite parties. That the knowledge of such transactions as these may be as a balm to the wounded, soften "iron-hearted" hatred, cause grievances to be forgotten, and pour that

divine attribute, benevolence, into the suffering bosom, will ever be the sincere wish of the writer of these pages.

A battalion of the republican army was garrisoned in the town of Fontenay. A lieutenant in this battalion, of the name of Blinval, resided with one of the principal inhabitants, who was a Physician, very skilful in his profession, and much beloved by his townsmen. This worthy man we shall call Ganthearme; he had been a widower several years, and was father to an only daughter.

"Softness and sweetest innocence she wore,
And looked like Nature in the world's first spring."

It may very naturally be supposed, that a military man of twenty-five was rather a dangerous guest in a house with a charming young girl of twenty. Caroline (for that was the name of the daughter) thought that she was much indebted to a man who was one of the defenders of her country; she endeavoured, in every possible manner, to please him, and was particularly careful that he should not want any thing to make him comfortable; she offered every thing with so much sweetness, that Blinval could not refuse, even though he did not want it; and her kind and attentive behaviour melted his heart with gratitude.

The business of the father obliged him to be often absent from home; of course, Blinval and Caroline were left by themselves, but never felt tired of each other's company. Caroline amused herself by arranging the household affairs, and Blinval found an excellent pastime in cultivating the garden or the orchard. He planted, dug, watered, gathered flowers and set others, with as much expertness as though he had been employed in the garden all his life. It was not long before the young persons began to form a strict intimacy: under their circumstances, friendship generally gives place to love; I need not inform my readers that this soon happened.

After some little time had elapsed, Blinval began to explain himself, and open his heart; he was heard with pa-

tience. Caroline was both sensible and prudent; she had not corrupted her mind by reading foolish romances, which only serve to lead young people astray: having always been usefully employed, this had preserved her from those wild flights of imagination to which our young girls, who have no occupation on which they can fix their thoughts, are so much exposed. She received with modesty, but without confusion, a declaration which she had expected; a charming, lovely smile began her reply, and a tender fascinating look completed it.

The two lovers, now acquainted with each others sentiments, spoke frankly on their future intentions. It was at length resolved upon, that they must wait quietly for the conclusion of the war, when Blinval proposed to quit the service, in order to be useful to his country in another manner. He intended to settle upon his god-father's estate at Villefranc, who would enjoy with him, and amongst his children, that happiness and sweet tranquillity which is the patrimony of old age.

Caroline's father, fearing that he should be separated from her, was very unwilling to have her married, and had refused several advantageous matches which had offered themselves. His daughter, however, thought that he would not refuse giving his consent to Blinval, as he had always appeared to be particularly partial to him; but she soon found that it would be best to wait for a convenient opportunity, in expectation of which she was continually assuring him, that she could never bear the idea of leaving him.

In this manner four months glided away in lively and innocent amusements, and a mutual interchange of tenderness; whilst the war, at no great distance, was raging with the greatest fury, desolating the country, destroying the peaceful inhabitants of health, peace, and love.

"The peaceful peasant to the war is press'd,
The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest;
The plain no pasture to the flocks affords,
The crooked scythes are straitened into swords;
Perfidious Mars long plighted leagues divides,
And o'er the wasted world in triumph rides."

* The time when the incidents of this tale are supposed to have happened, is, when several of the departments of France, and amongst the others, that of La Vendée, were victims to that dreadful civil war, by the contending efforts of two factions, one of which was the royal party, the other the republican.

They shed many tears, but they were those of hearts alive to the miseries of their fellow creatures.

On a sudden, an order came to march out the garrison, and fix their quarters in a distant part; soon after the republican army left Fontenay and its environs, and Blinval's battalion was sent thirty leagues from thence. The young soldier quitted Caroline with much regret, but with courage; each took an oath of eternal fidelity, which was sealed by a farewell kiss; but

"The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence, Else who could bear it?"

A month of absence had elapsed; during this month Ganthœume only received one letter from Blinval, and in this letter was one for his daughter. The young man informed them, that being always on the march, and in different parts, he could not even tell them a fixed place to which they might address an answer. After this, all the others were intercepted, and they heard no more of Blinval.

To render this misfortune still more poignant, a detachment of the royal army came to fix their quarters at Fontenay. The reputation of honesty which Ganthœume had acquired, his professional skill, and, consequently, the assistance of which he might be to them, saved him from some excesses into which they launched on their first arrival; and they exacted nothing from him, on condition that he would take upon himself the care of the wounded.

These guests had been two months at Fontenay, and it was almost three since Caroline had heard from Blinval, when one night an alarm was given by the opposite party; the royalists, too weak to withstand them, were obliged to retreat in great disorder. At six o'clock in the morning, when day had scarce dawned, the republicans entered the town. An officer of the royal party, not thinking they were so near, was suddenly surprised, endeavoured to escape, and took to flight, but perceived before him a body of the republican patrol. He instantly turned down another street, fearing to be recognised, and at length found himself before a house, the door of which was open; he immediately rushed in. This house was Ganthœume's, who had been absent two days, and had left Caro-

line at home. The officer soon arrived at the young lady's chamber, and precipitated himself into the room in the greatest agitation.

"Terror froze up his hair, and on his face Showers of cold sweat rolled trembling down apace."

'Twas some time before he was sufficiently recovered to make an apology for so abrupt an intrusion into a lady's chamber. "Madam," said he at length, "I am not a coward, and have more than once braved danger in the field of battle; but it is dreadful to be butchered in cold blood, without power to defend one's self. I have been seen, and, without doubt, known; my pursuers are now at my heels. To your benevolent heart, madam, I appeal for protection."

[To be concluded in our next.]

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

BACON.

EDUCATION is the best gift of parents to their children; and without it, all the advantages of fortune are only evils in disguise; its great objects are to inspire young people with noble, elevated, and generous sentiments; to teach them to despise every thing mean and dishonest; to understand their true interests, to regulate the passions, and to cultivate the affections of the heart.

Education begins in the cradle, says Cicero, and ends only at the grave. Whether individuals shall be happy or miserable, loved or respected, or hated and despised, are circumstances which spring from education, since early impressions are never eradicated, and the disposition to imprudence and vice is easier acquired than that to knowledge and virtue. The moment a child enters into the biased scene of human existence, he commences his destiny, and, like a spotless image, is susceptible of every impression. Without ideas, without reflection, without consciousness—alive only to pleasure or to pain—he is to be moulded as the judgment of others shall dictate. The most essential education is that which children receive from parents; for by it the mind is formed, and its principles established. Moral principles must be industriously inculcated, juvenile

errors are to be corrected, improper pursuits to be guarded against, and the mind should be expanded by knowledge, and the heart enlarged with humanity and benevolence. Deception or idleness should be unknown to youth; they should be taught to reverence truth, and abhor falsehood, to be ingenuous on every occasion, and to enjoy no pleasure equal to that of a kind or virtuous action. Let parents practise veracity, integrity, and religion, themselves, and their children will imitate them; let them curb their own bad tempers, resist their own idle propensities, and control their own vicious habits, and their children will not fail to emulate their bright example. To imagine that children will act differently from their parents, to hope that they will imbibe liberality and knowledge, morality and religion, when they hourly contemplate what is diametrically opposite, is as absurd, as to believe that time may be retarded by the hand of man, or that the sun can be overtaken in his course. Children cannot, intuitively, know the distinctions between right and wrong; and to them the moral virtues must be empty names, unless their nature is explained by precept, and their utility illustrated by practice. If parents, no matter who they are, wish their children to respect them, let them first learn to respect themselves, and no longer presume to censure others for consequences which their own imprudences and immoralities have occasioned. If children be scared, or allured by vile falsehoods; if their tempers be broken by unnecessary severity, or corrupted by mistaken indulgence; if they are soothed one moment, flattered another, and punished a third; or, if they are permitted to follow no course but that of inclination, no path but that of pleasure, and no road but that of ignorance, we cannot wonder if they become weak or vicious men, or vain and thoughtless women. A well educated child is as different from a neglected one, as the light of true religion is from the darkness of contemptible bigotry. He is mild, bold, ingenuous, and kind hearted; open to reproof, and sensible of its utility, eager to perform kindnesses, and hating falsehood and deceit. He charms every eye, and captivates every heart. His temper is good, his disposition noble, his manners frank. Such a boy practices

all the moral virtues, while he is ignorant of their signification; he is the work of God ornamented by education. How unlike this interesting picture is the rickety child of mistaken indulgence, or of perverted education; he is a nuisance to all around him. Captious, petted, and cunning, he lends himself to dissimulation and to lying; he is oppressive to servants, cruel to animals, and resentful to all who either oppose his wishes, or correct his foibles; he is a tyrant in miniature—he is every thing by turns, and nothing long—his faults are always varying, yet they never lean to the side of virtue. Let us pursue these children into manhood, and illustrate the advantages and disadvantages which arise from a good and bad education. The first boy, ripened into a man, pleases wherever he appears; brave, sensible, and generous, he has no enemies but the base and vicious. His grand object is the love of truth and honour; he has no private motives to serve, nor petty resentments to gratify, and he praises, as he censures, from his heart. He indulges no mean suspicions; conscious of his own purity, he suspects not the purity of others, and beloved and respected, he preserves through life the right angled character of man. The second boy, exalted into manhood, exhibits a picture as opposite, as genuine patriotism is to selfish party spirit. Without well regulated principles, he moves onward destitute of a polar star to direct his progress. He is the creature of petty circumstances; the slave of idle forms. He never acts from a moral, but a selfish principle; interest is his only object, and vice his chief pursuit. He is all a lie. He flatters men whom he despises, because they are rich; he enlists himself on the side of power, because it is the safest; he praises the beauty of one woman, or the sense of another, without feeling remorse for the conscious lies he dares to utter. For friendless talent he has no regard; for suffering humanity he has no pity; for unprotected innocence he has no respect. Abject and superficial, he is submissive to his superiors, and insolent to those below him; his temper is bad, and his mind crooked. He is despised by the virtuous and enlightened, hated by those whom he has oppressed or neglected, and, at last, dies as meanly as he lived.

Without fixed principles, neither man nor woman can be amiable or estimable; without integrity and religion, they deserve neither respect nor esteem; without abilities and information, they are below contempt; and the foundation of the whole can only be laid in early life by education.

The minds of youth should be turned to sterling and valuable objects, and every pursuit which is either worthless or unprofitable, ought to be interdicted.

Instead of boys being familiarized with games of chance, with riding, shooting, &c. they should be initiated into politeness, learning, and religion; and it should be sedulously impressed on their minds, that the time must arrive when they will have higher duties to perform in society, which, if well performed, will reflect lustre on themselves, and render them acceptable to their Creator. Girls ought to be equally attended to; with them the gratification of petty and childish vanity must be ridiculed and exposed; they should be taught to prize temper, intellect, and virtue, far above the extrinsic ornaments, and silly expectations, which too often engage their attention; and they should be told again and again, that to become hereafter a sensible woman, an affectionate wife, or a kind mother, is a character far beyond an idle coquette, a faded beauty, or a senseless flirt. The education of many females in schools or at home, is, indeed, frequently conducted on false principles, and their time is occupied in the acquisition of flimsy accomplishments, which neither enlarge their understanding, nor extend the sphere of their utility. Their education principally consists of fine needle work, a smattering of music, an attempt at drawing, a licentious mode of dancing, a few French phrases, and a slender knowledge of their native tongue; while the storing of their minds with real information and sound morality, excellent ideas of human nature, and correct opinions of the various affairs and incidents of life, is altogether disregarded. Hence, females thus educated are pert and shallow; in their prime, conceited, obstinate, and assuming, the usual concomitants of a bad education; and, in advanced age, having nothing solid to rest upon, they stoop to follies which youth could scarce pretend

to, and which intellect mourns for, and propriety condemns.

To expand the youthful mind by judicious instruction, to instil into it moral and religious principles, and to conduct it into the road of knowledge and virtue, is the noblest occupation of humanity; since it promotes all which is valuable among mankind, renders a rising generation wiser and happier, and opposes an insurmountable barrier to the countless ways which "slope the path to crime."

VESTER.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE MODERN VAMPIRE.

The willow weeps o'er her tombstone,
Violets of Spring adorn her humble mound.

A group of fashionablists, glowing in their own native brilliancy of charms, were entertaining each other with sallies of wit and anecdote, when their attention was drawn from present topics by the entrance of a young man, whose countenance was the intelligent index of every manly, amiable, and social virtue. With the ease of a man of fashion, he paid his addresses to the fair hostess, and the company generally. Two young girls, whom he had slightly noticed, appeared to watch with jealous eye all his motions. The name of one was Harriet, of the other Marion, both the daughters of the first families, in point of respectability. When he observed that both Harriet and Marion strictly noted him, he appeared embarrassed for a moment—a past transaction seemed to flit before him—he passed his hand across his brow, a shade darkened his countenance, it rolled over like an April shower. With a flow of conversation, a sparkling liveliness of wit, he soon spread over all around him, the cool humour and the ready smile that lighted his own countenance.

It was now ten o'clock. The various apartments were crowded; gayety and animation, the loud laugh of the careless heart, the noise and bustle attendant on a large company, all tended to interest the eye and diversify the scene. At this moment, encircled by the *beau monde*, entered Louisa Glanville—shining in all the unrivalled splendour of dress, beauty, and winning modesty; her dark ringlets flowing in artless simplicity, her light but

perfect figure, the kindling expression of her eye, commanded universal admiration. Stanley Darling was enraptured. While absorbed in thought, Harriet tapped him on the shoulder. "When shall we see you at our house?" said Harriet. Stanley started, and hesitatingly answered, "I know not."—"Know not, Stanley! it was not once thus." At this moment the mistress of the mansion approached, and making a few cursory remarks, carried Stanley with her to introduce him to the reigning belle.

The eye of Harriet followed Stanley—saw the introduction, saw him her most attentive admirer. I'll think of him no more, she sighed to herself. I once thought, but it is over now; a touching hue mantled her truly interesting countenance. Marion's watchful glance noted his every action—her penetrating look seemed to read his very thoughts. The assemblage at length broke up; to Harriet and Marion diamally tedious, to Stanley and Louisa passing as the sweets of spring.

"It will be necessary for me to return to the country to-morrow," said Stanley to Louisa, as they were sitting one evening in the house of Louisa's father. "To-morrow! so soon." Louisa ceased, hung down her head, and blushed. Stanley had won her affections by his constant attention, his respectful and manly deportment, and the many amiable propensities that he had exhibited. He had not brought to his assistance that baneful medium employed by many, for the purpose of lulling to security her whom they would ruin.

The clock struck twelve—Stanley rose. To leave her now without declaring himself, Louisa thought it was strange, but made no comment. She accompanied him to the door, he did not even mention writing. Stanley took Louisa's hand—she looked him in the face—there was no struggle of suppressed affection. "Good by," said Stanley, mounted his horse, and was soon from the sight of Louisa. A chill froze her warm heart. Having closed the door, she returned ruminating to her room, that room which but a moment ago contained her most valuable treasure. She cast her eyes around the apartment, dear from the remembrance of the many pleasant hours that came thickly over her mind, associated with

Stanley Darling. She had of late been accustomed to view him as her future guide and protector. Her aching head reposed on her pillow. Could it be possible, thought she, he never intended marriage?—Oh, no! he is too generous, too noble, to commit such an action. Sorrowing, she lost reflection in a temporary oblivion.

For one week Louisa denied herself to all. Her anxious parents viewed with solicitude, the paleness of the lily succeeding to the bloom of the rose. Louisa was at length constrained, by the intreaties of her loved parents, once more to appear in public.

In the interim, the fashionable world had been busy in conjecture respecting the cause of her absence. She had shone as a brilliant star and passed from sight. Her affability and sweetness had won every heart, and though Stanley had been constant in his devoirs, each in turn had partially experienced the warmth of that sun enlivening all within its genial rays. When she again appeared, greetings, cordial and heartfelt by many, testified their pleasure. Louisa herself was changed, but though her cheek had not that perfect richness, it was more interesting. The vivacity resulting from a heart untouched by the frost of disappointment was gone; a twilight melancholy, settled in her countenance, evidenced she felt the neglect of Stanley. One evening, attended with her usual train, she saw Stanley enter the room—her bosom beat, her whole frame trembled. How sad was her sigh, when he joined another party.

How many are there of the present day who may be classed with Stanley; who, without any settled principle of depravity, gain the esteem of artless innocence, and when the poor girl has anticipated ideal felicity with her bosom's choice, he, on whom she had fixed every fondest thought, forgets all moral obligations, and devotes his attention to the next novelty. Harriet, Marion, and Louisa, in turn experienced the same fate. But Louisa was constant. She lived unmarried to a respectable old age. When she died, the widow and the orphan blessed her name—the best memorial of "a well spent life."

ANNA.

KOTZEBUE.

Every thing relating to the life of this great dramatic poet, has been rendered doubly interesting by the terrible singularity of his death. Who does not admire Kotzebue? In the hemisphere of German literature, he was a brilliant comet; and though his course was wild and erratic, it was followed by a luminous trail of glory, which still enlightens this mundane sphere, though the celestial essence from which it emanates, is concealed from our view by the dark cloud which separates eternity from time.

Love him, ye fair, for he adored you; honour his memory by contemplating those talents which were ever ready and eager to assert and defend the rights and dignity of your sex. His conjugal tenderness was unswerving, and we need offer no apology for permitting its expression to soften and adorn the columns of the Ladies' Literary Cabinet.

During the year 1790, he lost a beloved wife, by which catastrophe he was almost distracted. To alleviate his distress, he instantly quitted the place where she died, and fled to Paris. Of this melancholy circumstance, and of his journey, he has published an affecting narrative, entitled, *My Flight to Paris*. This piece is translated by Miss Plumtre, and added to his life. It is a beautiful composition, and cannot be read without exciting the tenderest emotion of sympathy. The *Preface* to this work is of so original a cast, and reflects so much honour on the feelings of its celebrated author, that we cannot refrain from introducing it to our readers. It will serve to illustrate the character of the renowned Kotzebue, more than any thing which we ourselves can put to paper on the subject.

"DEAREST READER,

"I do not pretend to consider this little work as likely to be useful; perhaps it may not be even entertaining. I write it to sooth the anguish of my soul—I write it in the most wretched moments of my life. The loss of a wife, whom I loved inexpressibly, drove me forth into the wide world. I fled the place where my repose was buried for ever—whence angels had claimed a sister's presence among themselves. Ah! the place I could fly, but the image of my Frederica followed me every where, and only in death, when I shall press the original again to my bosom, will it forsake me.

"'Tis become a matter of indispensable necessity to my heart, to be always talking or writing of her. The hope of allaying my anguish has placed the pen

in my hand—but the form of my beloved wife hovers over the paper; I know not what I shall write, yet I see plainly it will be only of her.

"Ye, who have hearts capable of sympathy!—Ye, who have sometimes dropped a tear at the representation of my dramas! if ever I acquired merit in your eyes, reward it by weeping with me for my beloved Frederica!—Or at least, spare your censures if you take this book into your hands, and, perhaps, do not find in it what you seek. Indulge me with writing of her!—spurn me not if even the remotest object still brings me insensibly to her!—Heaven preserve ye all from experiencing a like affliction! yet if ever a similar fate should be yours, ye shall not intreat my compassion in vain.

"Every husband, who at this moment still possesses his beloved wife, who can still clasp her affectionately to his bosom, when he rends this and thanks God for the blessing yet spared him, I ask not tears of him—yet even he may surely pity me!—But ye, whom a similarity of fate draws nearer to me! ye, who have lost a husband or a wife, who are not yet forgotten, let us weep together! we are brethren! To such, I make no excuse for writing a book solely for myself and a few friends, a book to relieve a wounded heart.

"I will at some time erect the fairest monument I can to my Frederica, but not here!—At present, I am unequal to the task. When my mind is somewhat more composed, I will write the history of our love and of our marriage. What a moment will it be for such a heart as hers when I draw aside the veil that modesty threw over all her virtues—Oh, she was so truly, so inexpressibly good, not from cold reasoning and principle, but from the overflowing of a warm and affectionate heart! Her feelings were always noble, for there was not a place in her bosom that could harbour an ignoble thought. Her heart and hand were ever open to the relief of distress; she gave freely, and always as one human being should give to another, as though it had been to a brother or a sister.

"It was only last spring, that on the first of April, I indulged myself in a joke, which ended in still farther proving her benevolence. I wrote her an ill-spelt,

illiterate letter, as from a poor widow living in a remote part of the town, with two half-naked children, and no bed to lie on, and who, having heard of her goodness, implored her assistance. The day was cold and windy, yet my Frederica ordered the carriage to be got ready immediately, and looking out some clothes and linen, set off for the place. I had run thither before; I saw the carriage coming, but as it drew up to a house in the suburbs, I began to be afraid my trick was discovered. Oh, no! she only stopped to buy some rolls for the hungry children, and with these, her bundle of linen, and two roubles in her hand, she proceeded to the house pointed out, where I met her. She was less angry at my boyish levity, than concerned that she was disappointed at doing a good action. Yet in the eyes of God it was performed!—Oh never will the first of April return without bringing tears into my eyes!—And this was only one instance out of ten thousand!—Such a wife I have possessed! such a wife I have lost!

"You, my cherished friends and acquaintance!—You, to whom I have been able to write nothing but *my wife is dead*! You will receive this book with candour and kindness, since it will tell you what, and where I have been, ever since fate, while it spared my life, robbed me of all that made life valuable!—Alas! I once thought that I had lost my greatest treasure when I lost my health!—Oh how was I mistaken!—Even in the horrible winter of 1788, when I laboured under such severe bodily suffering, still with my Frederica by my side, I tasted the soothing consolation of domestic joy, not to be purchased by wealth or honours. For my sake she renounced all company, all diversions, and considered it as no sacrifice to confine herself entirely to my sick chamber. If, then, I was but for a few minutes free from anguish, how serene was my soul! how deeply did I feel that all other happiness is poor and weak when compared with wedded happiness! One kiss from my wife, one pressure of her hand, made even the most nauseous medicines sweet.

"Thus was she my sole support, when I was lost to every thing else, and now I could again have enjoyed life with her as formerly, now she is no more!—But she was, perhaps, only a protecting angel

sent to save me—her errand is accomplished, and she is returned to her blest abode—yet she still hovers invisibly over me!—We shall one day be reunited!—Oh sweet self-battery, forsake me not! in this hope alone can I find a balsam for my wounds.

"I know not by what name to call these effusions of my heart. This should be a preface—but what resemblance does it bear to a preface? No matter! it speaks of Frederica, and my bosom is relieved!

"It was my design to state to thee, compassionate reader, what thou wert to expect in this book. 'Tis a tour to Paris, yet has it no resemblance to the common mass of tours, since I saw nothing but my lost wife!—she followed me every where!—she, then, must be almost my sole theme!

"Yes, I was for awhile an inhabitant of Paris, but of Paris I knew very little. The principal occurrences during my stay there, I have noted down in the form of a journal. This employment has soothed my wounded mind, it has enabled me to shed tears when my soul wanted such relief. When I thought that beneficent source exhausted, I sat down to write, and it flowed again. My object is attained! my despair has subsided into a calm and gentle sorrow!

"AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

"Paris, January 1, 1791."

From this period Kotzebue was for some time unsettled in his place of abode, but not unoccupied in his favourite engagements.

His pieces have been numerous, and most of them well received. They have been translated into various languages, and in England they have been acted with a few alterations, and honoured by the most flattering tokens of approbation.

SEDUCTION.

How abandoned is that heart which begets the tear of innocence, and is the cause, the fatal cause, of overwhelming the spotless soul, and plunging the yet untainted mind into a sea of sorrow and repentance! Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a demon? first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory! When villainy gets the ascendancy, it seldom leaves the wretch, till it has thoroughly polluted him.

From the Boston Courier.

SCOTCH LITERATURE, COURTS, &c.

A correspondent has favoured us with a letter from an American young gentleman, now in Scotland, from which we have made the following extracts:—

“EDINBURGH, Dec. 13, 1818.

“There is one feature which distinguishes this city from all other places I have ever visited, and which is too obvious to escape the most superficial observer—I mean its literary character. To a stranger it is not very manifest at first to what Edinburgh owes its prosperity. A city of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, with little or no commerce, and no manufactures, and not possessing the advantages of being the seat of the legislative government, may be considered as rather an anomaly, especially in a country whose inhabitants have been proverbially styled a nation of shop-keepers. Upon a nearer view, he will find that all this prosperity is dependent almost entirely on the celebrity of its civil and literary institutions. So little is the commercial character known, that there is no exchange for the transaction of public business, nor any thing answering to it in town, and the reason is, there are no merchants. If you have the curiosity to listen to the conversation of the small collections of people in the most public streets, you will more commonly find it turning upon some literary topic instead of the price of stocks or the state of the markets, as you would expect in similar situations in other cities. The courts of law, and the university, are the centres around which, and in reference to which, every thing moves in Edinburgh. Almost all the legal business in Scotland is transacted in the metropolis, which brings a vast concourse of people to the city in term time. There is a brilliant constellation of eminent pleaders at present at the Scottish bar, at the head of which is the celebrated Francis Jeffrey, the reputed editor of the Edinburgh Review. I had the pleasure of listening to his eloquence a few days since, in a splendid speech of two hours and a half in length. His manner is extremely vehement and forcible, and his rapidity of speech exceeds every thing I ever heard; yet is not hurried; and his

language has all the eloquence and perspicuity which we find in his written composition. His eloquence is not of that class which is addressed principally to the passions.

He is said seldom to draw tears from a jury, and yet has brought off more criminals that ought to have been hanged, than any advocate at the bar. Jeffrey's great fort in this seems to be involving the arguments of his opponents in such a complete labyrinth of sophistry, as to make light darkness, and darkness as light, and thereby bewilder and confound the judgment.

The lectures in the University commenced early in November; 1779 students have already matriculated. They are from every quarter of the globe, and among them are about twenty-five Americans, mostly from the southern states. Besides these, there are many students who resort here for the purposes of education, who do not attend the University. There are in Edinburgh no less than fifteen private lecturers on medicine, and its auxiliary branches, many of whom are more distinguished than the College Professors, and more numerous attended. The names of Barclay, Murray, Fyfe, &c. are well known to the scientific and medical world.”

WASTE PAPER.

Franklin says, that our poets are the “Waste paper of mankind.” If this be true, we can only say, that between *bankers* and *rhymers*, the country was never so completely deluged with *waste paper* as at present. Not only every city, but every country village, abounds with each kind—mostly below par—fictitious—without intrinsic worth, and representing nothing solid. The only difference appears to be this—when the banker issues his paper, he receives for it an equivalent of *real value*—not so the poet. His paper is issued merely for the pleasure of seeing it circulate, and hearing it talked of. The banker grows rich—the poet remains poor. The former preys upon the vitals of the public, the latter upon his own brains. We know them both to be useless, and yet we are very eager to get hold of their *trash*.

From the Rhode Island American.

SAVE ALL YOU CAN.

A receipt for Shoe Blacking.—Take 4 ounces Ivory black, a half pint of sharp cider vinegar, of the first quality, and apply this to the boots and shoes in the common way. This will not only save expense, but is more durable than those kinds of Blacking which are generally sold in shops, which are composed of the oil of vitriol, spirits of wine, &c. as common sense will teach us that these ingredients must injure the leather, and the cost generally for a half pint will be 25 to 30 cents, whereas this receipt will not cost more than 8 cents. Let them who doubt try.

A FRIEND TO ECONOMY.

ANECDOTES.

A lady asked a very silly Scotch nobleman, how it happened that the Scots who came out of their country, were, generally speaking, men of more abilities than those who remain at home. “Oh, madam,” said he, “the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that, for the honour of the country, no one be permitted to leave, who is not a man of understanding.” “Then,” said she, “I suppose your lordship was smuggled.”

An agreeable man, and of a merry disposition, but very poor, finding one night some thieves in his house, told them, without putting himself in a passion, I cannot imagine what you expect to find in my house in the night time, gentlemen, as I can find nothing in it myself in the day time.

Certain it is, says a great writer, that the finest show in the world excites but little curiosity in those who have seen it before. “That was a very fine picture,” says the connoisseur, “but I had seen it before.” “‘Twas a sweet song,” says the amateur, “but I had heard it before.” “A very fine poem,” says the critic, “but I read it before.” Let every lady, therefore, take care, that while she is displaying in public, a bosom whiter than snow, the men do not look as if they were saying, “‘Tis very pretty, but we have seen it before.”

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO ANNA.

Away ! It is done !—I will ask it no more,
Tho' the object I sought is relinquish'd with
pain ;
Yet the pride of resentment disdains to implore,
When contempt throws a frown o'er my efforts to
gain.

Away ! It is done !—And the struggle is past !
I could weep !—but not now—lest perchance
some deceiver !
Tho' regret and a gloom o'er the present are cast,
Yet hope lights a beacon in lovelier skies !

Away ! It is done !—'Twas but friendship I sought,
And her cold heart denied me the boon it might
give ;
And 'tis well !—now my soul with indifference
fraught,
Can retire—and again in its solitude live.

Away ! It is done !—I will breathe not a sigh ;
But a smile shall spring up o'er the tear that
would rise !
And at least, with a look that shall calumny smite,
I will hide my regret from upstaring eyes.

Away ! It is done !—Yet a sorrow remains !
I could wish it were pass'd—but it seeks for a
tear !
Oh, who would not rather, than suffer such pains,
Never feel the warm glow of a sympathy here ?

Away ! It is done !—And the gloom of my
mind,
Still envelopes the tho't that delights to be sad :
Be it so !—for e'en there an enjoyment I find—
It is strange !—yet there's pleasure in grief, to
be had !

Away ! It is done !—And the tear of the soul
Shall be shed—tho' 'tis weakness to weep when
we bleed ;
Yet 'tis better our folly thus secretly roll,
Than to trouble the world with a noisier deed.

Away ! It is done !—Still I cannot resign
Such a sad, pleasing theme—tho' it springs from
regret ;
For a feeling—a thought—and a deep gloom are
mine,
Which have never been told, and which cannot
be yet !

Away ! It is done !—Ah, soon all shall be done !
Life's taper is dim, and it wanes into night :
But a livelier ray, from a holier sun,
Shall rekindle a soul of a happier thought !

Away ! It is done !—I will think on't no more !
Tho' it cling to my heart like the canker of grief :
A time !—and this pilgrimage struggle is o'er ;
O, then !—and then only—I hope for relief.

SORROW'S CHILD.

July 19th, 1819.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO ADELINE.

Didst thou think, when life's pathway seem'd
strewn o'er with flowers,
That those bright thornless roses could never
decay ?
Didst thou think when affection and joy wing'd
the hours,
That those blessings so valued could ne'er pass
away ?
Hast thou seen the flowers wither—those bright
moments flee ?
If so, thou hast felt—and must still feel, like me.

Did thy life, like the bark on an unruffled stream,
Glide smoothly along, with Hope's gay colours
deck'd ?
Didst thou start in wild anguish, as if from a
dream,
When the tempest was near which thy blessings
has wreck'd ?
Did the world then appear a wide desert to thee ?
Was there no ray of Hope ?—thou hast felt, then,
like me.

Hast thou struggled with anguish, and strove to
be gay,
And mix'd in the world's pleasing follies once
more ?
Hast thou not from those scenes oftentimes stole
away,
Unseen, unsuspected, past days to deplore ?
Dost thou dread that the world thy soul's anguish
should see,
Dost thou scorn its cold pity ?—thou feel'st, then,
like me.
August 8th, 1819. HARRIET.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO ELIZA.

Beauty beams in Celia's eye,
And Mary's lip invites a kiss ;
But every feature we deary
In fair Eliza's form'd for bliss.

Diamonds bright the face bedeck—
Her glossy curls of auburn hair
Strive in vain to hide the cheek
And rose, which Nature planted there.

But (Oh ! the poet's painful duty)
Though every grace her form discovers,
Coquette airs still spoil her beauty,
Disgusting friends, and foes, and lovers.
JULIO.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE KISS—TO ELIZA.

I remember the time—I remember it well,
When we told o'er our loves as we sat in the
bower ;
When the moon climbing softly, look'd o'er the
hill,
And hearing us talk, peep'd in at the door.

I remember the time—Oh, I ne'er shall forget,
When with rapture my lips were press'd upon
thine,

That you blush'd, that you smil'd, that you sigh'd,
and that yet
The kiss was with rapture return'd upon mine.

And again 'twas sent back, and again 'twas re-
turn'd,
And the kiss flew from each to the other so fast,
As if in a quarrel with anger we burn'd,
To see which should have it and hold it at last.
Gone by is the time, yet I've thought of the hour,
As through various climes I've wandered the
while ;
And often have fancied I sat in the bower,
And watch'd for the moon on the top of the hill.

Gone by is the time, and long past is that hour,
Yet still will remembrance call it to this ;
When the moon whispers softly, remember the
bower,

Remember Eliza, remember the kiss.
HENRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO MATILDA,

With a flower plucked from the top of a rock at
Falcon Falls.

On the summit of a steep,
Where a promontory rock
Hangs stupendous o'er the deep,
Threat'ning nature with a shock—

As I tread, with cautious foot,
This small flow'ret caught my sight ;
In a crevice was its root,
Bending o'er the dreadful height !

First I pass'd, and breath'd a sigh,
Gazed attentive on the flower ;
'Tis a lovely thing, said I,
Would it were within my power !

Yet I thought were't easy gain'd,
Had I found it on the mead,
I had then its form disdain'd,
Or had trod upon its head !

Wherefore, then, I cried again,
As I view'd the depth beneath,
Am I anxious to obtain,
What were worthless on the heath ?

Should it deck Matilda's breast,
And emit its fragrance there ;
'Twere unworthy, if possess'd,
Such a privilege to share !

But my swelling heart replied,
It is not the flower that charms ;
Nor its beauty, nor its pride,
'Tis the danger that alarms !

'Tis the danger, threat'ning near,
That holds charms, unreal, forth ;
Danger makes the object dear,
And appreciates its worth !

If at risk of life, I thought,
(For it was a daring step :)
From the rock that flower were brought,
And for thee, Matilda, kept ;

It would well evince the love
That propell'd me to obtain,
Which I long have strove to prove,
But have strove to prove, in vain !

Urged by such inspiring power,
I, with careful hand and foot,
O'er the cliffs, approach'd the flower,
Clinging by each shaggy root ;

Till I gain'd the farthest verge,
That projected o'er the bay ;
Gaiest whose base, the foaming surge
Dash'd, and broke, and turn'd away !

Then, one fearful hand I cast
Anxious o'er the shelving edge ;
With the other holding fast
To the rough and broken ledge !

From a chasm of the rock,
(Hanging fearful o'er the flood,)
Rent by earth's convulsive shock,
Tremblingly I pluck'd the bud.

Now, to thee, with pride, I give,
What to gain I brav'd the tomb,
And, 'till thou shalt cease to live,
Laid it in thy memory bloom.

G. OF NEW-JERSEY.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1819.

TO READERS.

Magnanimity, chapter 12, is crowded out of this number, but shall appear in our next.

The continuation of the story of *Josephine*, commenced in our last, is delayed by an accident which destroyed the copy. As soon as we can procure another, it shall be published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. I. H. does not write sufficiently correct for the Ladies.

Amalgam's favours are always welcome.

Woman's Eye has charmed us, and shall not be withheld from the public.

Juvonia is received.

Floods is no poet, and his friends ought to tell him so. It is true that he grants as liberty to alter and amend his pieces; but it would be "much easier to make new ones," as the link-boy said of Pope.

Edwin's address to Jane is smooth, but not poetical. The following is a specimen, being the third verse—

"Then many a season quiet did pass,
In converse sweet with thee,
When we sat down upon the grass,
Beneath the spreading tree."

Now, we have on hand reams of *foolscap* written in the same style, or worse, and our letter-box nightly groans with the weight of such favours.

George's favour is received.

J. F. will accept our thanks—his hint shall be attended to.

The rights of women established by ancient precedent.

The following singular translation appears in the edition of the Bible, "VIMPRINTED AT London, by ROBERT BARKER, printer to the kings most Excellent Majesty, 1610."—In the 3d chapter and 7th verse of Genesis, and which, for the benefit of all concerned, we here transcribe :

"Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed figge tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches."

Another musical wonder!—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Franklin Gazette, announces Mrs. Gray as a vocalist of the first order, who had already astonished the Philadelphians by singing "The Soldier's Trid"; and as about to sing "Tully Ho," at Vauxhall. "Her talents," (says her eulogist) viewed either separately or together, are, indeed, superlatively excellent; and it is probable such taste in music, and power of execution in song, and we say it with a recollection of all that have been here, both male and female, have not been heard or looked upon before. It seems, Mrs. Gray made her entrance into this profession as Miss Trajette, at the age of fourteen, and has yet scarcely attained that of sixteen!"

Perpetual Motion.—An ingenious piece of Machinery, formed by a native self-taught American, is now exhibited at the Museum in Albany. It is supposed, by many scientific persons, to contain the elements of that important principle, so long sought after with aridity, to wit, Perpetual Motion.

REPORT OF INTERMENTS.

The City Inspector reports the deaths of 112 persons, from the 1st day of July to the 7th of August, 1819. Of whom were of the age of one year and under, 27; between the age of 1 and 2 years, 9; 2 and 5, 4; 5 and 10, 3; 10 and 20, 10; 20 and 30, 15; 30 and 40, 21; 40 and 50, 8; 50 and 60, 10; 60 and 70, 4; 70 and 80, 1. Diseases: apoplexy 7, cancer 1, cholera morbus 3, consumption 16, convulsions 3, cramp in the stomach 1, diarrhoea 1, drinking cold water 3, dropsy 8, dropsy in the head 3, drowned 4, dysentery 13, fever 8, inflammatory fever 1, remittent fever 1, typhus fever 3, flux infantile 10, inflammation of the chest 1, inflammation of the liver 1, insanity 1, intemperance 2, palsy 1, spasms 1, still born 2, sudden death 3, suicide 4, tinea mesenterica 1, teething 3, tinea capitis 1, ulcer 1, unknown 3, worms 1—Men 34, Women 27, Boys 22, Girls 29.—Total, 112.

GEORGE CUMING, City Inspector.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Theodore Fowler, to Miss Mary Bage, both of this city.

On Wednesday morning, by the Rev. Mr. Spring, Lieut. John B. Montgomery, of the U. S. navy, to Miss Mary Henry, of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 25th ult. by the Rev. Archibald Macley, Mr. Archibald Brown, of Westchester, to Miss Sarah Zellers, of this city.

On Monday, the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Whitehead J. Cornell, to Miss Juliet Hicks, daughter of John M. Hicks, Esq.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Kuyper, Mr. James Thompson, to Miss Ann Parule, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, the Rev. William Patten, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Weston, of this city.

On Thursday morning, the 5th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop Kemp, Mr. Granville S. Oldfield, merchant, of Baltimore, to Ann, eldest daughter of Ralph Higginbotham, Esq. of Baltimore.

On Friday evening, the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Milledoler, Augustus Washington Clason, Esq. to Miss Maria Wood, daughter of John Wood, Esq. of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Archibald Macley, the Rev. John Finlay, of Albany, to Miss H. M. Lewis, of Stratford, Connecticut.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Abraham King, to Miss Sarah Turner.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Thomas Lyell, Arthur Hirst, of this city, to Ann Cornell, daughter of John Cornell, Esq. of Brooklyn.

At Newark, (N. J.) Mr. Lewis Chandler, of Newark, to Miss Betsey McClellan, of Caldwell.

At Le Roy, (N. Y.) Mr. William H. Wells, to Miss Rachel Ganson, daughter of Major James Ganson.

At Carlisle, Schoharie County, (N. Y.) Mr. Frederick Uman, Jun. to Mrs. Catharine Van Ness.—At the same time and place, Horatio Gates, Esq. to Miss Hannah Head.

At Buffalo, (N. Y.) Mr. Adams Holt, to Miss Sylvia Hawks.

At Franklin, (Penn.) on the 29th of June last, Mr. Duncan McDonald, of Johnstown, (N. Y.) editor of the Montgomery Monitor, to Miss Julia Ann Spafford, daughter of Horatio Gates Spafford, Esq. of the former place.

At Norwich, (Conn.) Charles Sigourney, Esq. of Hartford, to Miss Lydia Huntley, the elegant Connecticut poetess.

At Fairfield, (Conn.) on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Ripley, Mr. Morris Ketchum, merchant, of Savannah, to Miss Catharine Burr, of the former place.

DIED,

On the 3d inst. after a painful illness of three years, Effie M. Sullivan, wife of Benjamin Sullivan, aged 22 years.

On the 3d inst. after a very short illness, John Curtis, an old respectable citizen, aged 76 years.

On the 3d inst. at Flushing, (L. I.) John Murray, Jun. aged about 60.

On the 4th inst. of a lingering illness, Miss Sarah Cargill, in the 20th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. of a lingering complaint, Jane Maria Gordon, aged 16 years and 5 months.

On the 4th inst. at Brooklyn, Mrs. Margaret Barbur, wife of Col. A. I. Barbur.

On the 6th inst. Miss Eliza Clarkson, daughter of the late Mr. Freeman Clarkson, in the 13th year of her age.

At Philadelphia, on Sunday last, Lieut. John A. Shaw, of the U. S. army.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1819.

[No. 16.

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;

AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 154 Broadway;

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable Quarterly in Advance.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER

THE foregoing letter, which was placed in the hands of Sophia's heart, was a masterpiece of art. It produced on a delicate frame, not yet recovered from an agitation which had been produced by the very constancy which was here suspected. She fainted—and Woodville had raised her in his arms, before either of the ladies had recovered sufficient presence of mind to afford any assistance. Though insensible to every object around her, she still grasped the fatal paper in her hand.

The usual restoratives were applied, and Sophia at length revived, slowly and reluctantly unclosing her beautiful eyes, as if sick of the scenery, and tired of the journey of life. For a moment she appeared bewildered, and lost in a labyrinth of vague conjecture—but returning reflection directed her eye to the letter, and she wept.

There is a relief in tears experienced only by bosoms of sensibility; they restored Sophia to the exercise of all her faculties. She gently, but firmly, disengaged herself from the support of Woodville, snuggled on the sofa, and, while with one hand she concealed her eyes, with the other she handed him the epistle of Fitz-James—emphatically asking him—

"Have I merited this?"

Woodville cast his eyes over its contents, and exclaimed—

"No, Sophia—but I merit the hell I

now feel, and deeply deplore the errors I cannot recall. But I will instantly make the only atonement in my power. Fitz-James may despise me, but he shall respect you. I deserve to be humbled, and, therefore, I entreat you, when sufficiently composed, to expose me, as I am, to your friends, while I convince Fitz-James, that my madness has been the ordeal for testing the purity of a treasure which he has relinquished in despair. Magnanimity is a virtue which Flanders shall not monopolise to himself. My friends shall see that I am not entirely lost to justice and honour."

With this exclamation he took an abrupt leave, and immediately proceeded to the lodgings of Fitz-James, whom he soon convinced of Sophia's unaltered affection and unwavering fidelity. He recapitulated every particular of their late frequent interviews, to the entire satisfaction of his attentive auditor, and dwelt with peculiar energy on her prompt and peremptory repulsion of every attempt he had made on her affections. He accused her of selfishness and duplicity, but praised her arduousness of his hopeless passion, and the purity of his conduct.

Fitz-James heard him through with delight, and after rewarding him with the ardent embrace of friendship, accompanied him back to Mrs. Percival's, and peace was again restored to the distracted bosoms of her little family.

Woodville soon took his leave, and retired to peruse his father's admonitory letter, which tended not a little to augment the poignancy of the various feelings which agitated his bosom. The predominant features of this effusion of paternal solicitude, were gentle reproof and affectionate remonstrance, tending to dissuade their object from taking the precipitate step against which the uncle had so properly protested, and which the nephew might live to review with the keenest regret.

As soon as Woodville could sufficiently command his feelings for the purpose, he framed such an answer as genuine penitence would naturally suggest to a filial bosom, and such as could not fail of

removing every disquietude from a paternal one. He then repaired to the lodgings of his friend Flanders, to whom he candidly related all the foregoing particulars, and who as candidly confessed his conviction that Woodville was still worthy of his friendship. They parted at a late hour, after passing the evening mutually happy in the friendly interchange of sentiment, and the amicable discussion of subjects relative to literature and the arts.

Thus terminated the eventful first of May, 1805—a day pregnant with incidents not unimportant in themselves, and which, in no small degree, influenced the subsequent destinies of the characters engaged, as will be seen in the sequel of this authentic narrative.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

LOVE AND GENEROSITY,

A TALE,

FOUNDED ON FACT.

[Concluded from our last.]

The compassionate Caroline was affected, and humanity began to plead strongly in her bosom; she forgot that the officer was an enemy, and only regarded him as a fellow-creature in distress. "Alas!" cried she, "I will serve you, if it is in my power." She immediately began to assist him to pull off his uniform, which she threw into a large tub of water under the window; she afterwards informed her father's servants of the circumstance, and enjoined them to be secret.

A quarter of an hour had scarce passed away, when they were alarmed by a great noise at the street door. This was occasioned by the patrol who came to search the house, and see if there were any of the enemy concealed within it. All the entrances were guarded, they began to ascend to Caroline's chamber, and there was no way left for the officer to escape, nor a place in the chamber where he could conceal himself. Caroline immediately formed a resolution.

She desired the officer to get into bed and only let his face be seen; this done, she opened the door, and said aloud to those who were at the top of the staircase, "there is no one here, except my husband, who you see is gone to bed." She had scarce uttered these words, when her lover, Blinval, entered the room, and she was under the necessity of repeating to him what she had just said. My pen is not adequate to the task of describing the different contending emotions of the young couple at that moment. Blinval was fixed to the ground in mute astonishment. He at last turned to the pretended husband, whose situation was not much less painful than his. "Do you not recollect me?" said he, "Do you not remember Blinval? We studied together at Ronen; and your paternal residence is ten leagues from hence. I find you in a sacred asylum, for which I have the greatest respect, and whatever may be your personal opinions, I will not violate this sanctuary. Come," cried he aloud, "let us depart, comrades, there is no person here but this lady's husband." Though Blinval spoke thus to his soldiers, he was perfectly convinced that the officer was not married to Caroline, being firmly assured of her attachment, and soon perceived how the affair was, after the first emotions of surprise had given place to reflection. He asked after her father's welfare in a reserved manner, and left the house with his troop.

When Blinval had been gone a short time, and the officer felt himself a little recovered, he could not resist giving vent to his feelings in the following terms:—"Ah! madam, how humane and generous is Blinval; he has discovered me, and I cannot, nor do I wish to deny it; he knows that I am the Baron de Lassalliere, that my estate is ten leagues from hence; he also knows that I am one of the royalists; but he was resolved to save the life of his former college companion, or rather, it is to the respect which he bears to your family, that I owe my preservation. The obligation shall not be forgotten on my side."—"I do not repent what I have done," said Caroline, who, however, could not help sighing at the thoughts of Blinval's suspicions, and at length burst in a flood of tears; "but do not," added she, "impute my grief

to regret for doing a good action! no, the cause is very different, they are for my troubles alone."

Lassalliere pressed her so earnestly, and with so much respect, to inform him of the cause of her distress, that she at length told him the affection which she had for Blinval, and their former projects of happiness. "What you have risked for me," replied the Baron, "informs me of what I ought to do in return; I do not wish to be surpassed in generosity. A man of honour, in my situation, has only one thing to which he can have recourse, and that is, to repair the mischief of which he has been the innocent and involuntary cause. Whatever may be the consequences, I will immediately put myself into the power of the republicans, and will inform them of all the particulars. I will tell them that the terror of the moment caused me to enter your house, into which I had never before been. I will tell them with what admirable greatness of mind you exposed yourself for a man entirely unknown to you, and whom you considered as an enemy! My resolution is firmly fixed, for I will not be the cause of one moment's uneasiness, in either your bosom, or that of the brave young man who wished to serve me. I go to the front." "Oh, stay for heaven's sake," cried Caroline, "I have undertaken to serve you, and I will finish what I have begun; you shall not go out during the day, but at night, by the favour of the moon, you may escape the observation of your enemies. Promise me to be careful of your life, and do not let me be unhappy without having the consolation of thinking that I have been of some service." "Twas useless for the Baron to expostulate. Caroline was immovable, and he was obliged, apparently, to consent to every thing she wished, though he made a secret resolution to put his design into execution the first opportunity, and run the hazard of what might happen.

About the hour of dinner Ganthæume returned, and with him brought a guest—this guest was Blinval! "My dear child," said he to Caroline, "here is our old companion, who is returned to this country, but Heaven only knows how long he will remain. I met him this morning as I was turning the corner of a street; after having embraced me, the first words that

he said were, that he loved you with all the sincerity and ardour that man is capable of; he then asked you in marriage, and as I do not think that I shall ever meet with one more worthy of you, I have freely given him my consent—nothing is wanting but yours."

Caroline was much affected, and troubled by contending emotions. She continued silent, and was meditating upon a reply, when in rushed Lassalliere from an adjoining room, covered with one of old Ganthæume's morning gowns. "I will answer for it," cried he, "that she consents, for I am acquainted with her thoughts. Permit me to have a share in your happiness." This sudden appearance much astonished Ganthæume.—"Who are you," said he, "and what business have you here in my gown?" Blinval burst into a fit of laughter at the strange conduct of Lassalliere, and the surprised man. "I thought you would send me to the Baron," said he, "and I did not think it necessary to inform my friend of your adventure this morning."—"I see," replied the Baron, "that you understand virtue, as well as Caroline can practise it; you are worthy of each other."

(It may, perhaps, be necessary to inform my readers, that Blinval, being known by the servants of Ganthæume, was drawn aside as he was leaving the house with his soldiers, by Beatrice, the house-maid, who fully confirmed his suppositions, by informing him of what her mistress desired her to conceal.)

The father, who knew not what to make of these mysteries, demanded an explanation; they then informed him of what had passed. He highly extolled his daughter's goodness of heart and presence of mind.

It was then agreed upon by all the parties, that the Baron should depart in the night, disguised in one of Ganthæume's suits. The remainder of the day passed very happily, and in the greatest harmony.

When the time of parting arrived, Lassalliere said to his benevolent hosts—"I return to make war against you, but from this house I carry respect, friendship, and gratitude, to those who inhabit it. May I often have an opportunity of rendering such services to your party as you have rendered to me. I shall think my-

self still more happy, if any of my endeavours should tend to restoring to us our former peaceable state."

He kept his word, and was one of those who contributed, in the greatest degree, to the peace of La Vendée. Since then he has been with Blinval, and they have both marched under the same standard. They have also passed some time together at Fontenay, where they now reside. Blinval, extremely fond of his wife, and still more of his country, feels his most sanguine wishes gratified by the general restoration of peace.

"Enough of war the wounded earth has known!
Weary'd length, and wasted with destruction,
Sadly she rears her ruined head, to show
Her cities humbled, and her countries spoiled."

RINALDO D.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

ON

"O! blest with temper, none unblest may
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

POPE.

Without a well regulated temper, man is intolerable, and woman despicable. Temper is not born with human beings, but is acquired, or modified, or formed anew by education, reflection, and judgment. The influence of temper over the various occurrences of life is great indeed; and the unhappiness of private circles, and the evils arising from an extensive intercourse with the world, are attributable to its perversion. Whether to men, or women, an excellent temper is an admirable recommendation, since it throws a delightful charm around their actions. In domestic life, temper performs wonders, and either renders individuals fascinating or repulsive, according to the character which it assumes. A woman of sweet temper possesses an irresistible power over every one within her sphere. Nothing ruffles the serenity of her mind, nor diverts it from its accustomed calmness. Do unforeseen accidents occur, the sweetness of her temper disarms them of their force; is she treated with undeserved neglect, or exposed to the bitterness of detraction, she shames her calumniators by her forbearance; and if she be the victim of rigorous persecution, or the daughter of an unfeeling father, or the wife of a tyrant

husband, she excites general admiration for the silent martyrdom which she suffers. The disgraceful quarrels which arise in public life, the heart-rending bickerings of private circles, the notorious separations of those whom God has united, have their origin in ill-regulated minds, which can brook no control—which magnify the veriest trifles into momentous matters, and which expect from human nature what never can be performed. When individuals lose their temper on every occasion, and permit their minds to be agitated by every petty gust of passion, they forfeit that pre-eminence which distinguishes humanity, and descend to the level of the meanest of animals. A well bred man, of a highly cultivated mind, invariably preserves his equanimity, and whatever trials he may be exposed to, he is never excited into anger. Whether in public or in private, in the looseness of convivial hours, or in the gravity of serious circles; whether in the warmth of disputation, or in the heat of argument, he maintains a constant suavity, although he may be attacked with all the keenness of malice, of envy, or of disappointed pride. In private life, the bad tempers of men or of women, frequently render their homes a scene of misery; and to those causes are ascribed numerous vices, and occasions are often to be assigned. The vile temper of a husband has often driven an amiable wife to practices, at the thought of which she once would have reddened with shame. Tell us, ye advocates of morality, ye severe censors of your sex's failings, who never make allowances for virtue sorely pressed, who is most to blame? The hapless woman, naturally good, who struggled long, and sunk at last to crime; or the cold hearted being who drove her to it? The errors of such a female will find pity in every generous mind, while of the man to whom she is married, there can be but one opinion. But let justice be done, even with Roman strictness. The wayward temper of a woman has often forced an estimable man into inproprieties foreign to his nature, and which he despised while he committed. He cannot please one who is not willing to be pleased, and he strives to forget human sufferings in human pleasures. He suffers long; perhaps, silently suffers; but his

mind becomes soured, he falls into excesses, he is the shadow of what he once was; his wife complains that she has a bad husband, her friends and acquaintance pity her, she thinks herself an injured woman; yet she never suspects that her own temper was the occasion of all, nor does she take any shame to herself for the ruin she has caused. Certainly, the crooked temper of a wife, affords no justification for misconduct by her husband, nor does that of a man authorise a woman to forget what she owes to herself and to the world. We are speaking of human beings, not as they ought to be, but as they are; and in vain shall philosophy preach to, and religion condemn, the broken hearted sufferers, who know that they are wrong, but who also know, by sad experience, that they are unable to act rightly. A man of mind, whose own temper was good, would consider the bad temper of his wife as one of the unfortunate blots of life, to which humanity is always subjected; and he would take especial care, that no infirmities of her's should induce him to depart from his own respectability. An excellent woman placed under similar circumstances, would conduct herself in a similar way. She would submit, because she would know that submission was wiser than resistance; and though she might virtually despise the man to whom fate had consigned her, yet, being her husband, she would seem to respect him. The bad tempers of parents, principally of mothers, deserve strong condemnation, because the baneful example is exhibited to their children, who are driven into worthless pursuits, to avoid apparent unkindness. If children, so treated, disappoint expectation hereafter, the cause is obvious, and the blame ought to be attached where it is most justly merited. To escape from tempers, which spare neither friends nor foes, and which wither wherever they assail, young women have either voluntarily thrown themselves into the arms of licentious youth, or have reluctantly sunk into the paralytic embraces of impotent age. If it be the duty of a mother to make her daughter happy, what shall be said of her who revenges a law of nature, and forces her innocent offspring to exchange maternal tyranny for legal prostitution? The irritable temper of peo-

ple who have the charge of youth, sometimes lead them to beat children with unexampled cruelty, or to exercise toward them a system of petty oppression, which is subversive of every principle usually held good, and which inculcates hatred in youthful minds against guardians and instructors, and creates an inclination to practise on others, the tyranny themselves have suffered. Let these weak and fallible beings teach themselves before they dare to teach others; before they presume to form the minds of youth, let them first govern their own; before they pretend to initiate children into moral and intellectual light, let them examine into the corners of their own dark minds, and expel therefrom all the ignorant and grovelling passions which are lurking there, for while the fountain is corrupted, the stream which flows from it will partake of its qualities, and diffuse them amongst every thing within its course.

Individuals living together ought to attend to their tempers, and carefully suppress every disposition to irritation and violence, which can only render them unpleasant to each other, and unamiable to strangers. Something must be sacrificed to preserve tranquillity, and acrimony on one side should be neutralized by sweetness on the other. Bad tempers are often made worse by being opposed to bad tempers; and they are frequently changed to good, from being in contact with good ones. The work of improvement, whether it be in temper, knowledge, or benevolence, cannot be commenced too soon; nor can it be continued too long, when the object is the correction of human frailty, the promotion of domestic happiness, and the acquirement of moral virtues.

VENERA B. A.

CONTENTMENT.

The good government of our appetites and corrupt inclinations, will make our minds cheerful and easy. Contentment will sweeten a low fortune, and patience will make our sufferings light.

He that can well endure, may without difficulty overcome.

If you would live happy, endeavour to promote the happiness of others.

HAPPINESS.

NO. I.

Happiness is an object, of which every person is in pursuit. All classes, from kings down to beggars, are in search of it, and, however different may be their pursuits, the object is in all the same. Every person takes that path which he thinks will lead him to the goal, but alas! few there are, who are so fortunate as to find, or to pursue, the right one.

My present object is, to explore some of the different paths which are most generally followed, and endeavour to find the true one which leads to this great object. I am induced to do this, by beholding thousands enter paths which they fancy will lead them to the object of their heart's desire, but which fatally lead them into thorns and brambles, and frequently to the abrupt precipice, where they are precipitated into the abyss beneath, and dashed to pieces.

It may be compared to a beautiful and delightful country, which flows with milk and honey, and furnishes all that can please the eye, delight the soul, and make man happy. All are travellers to this happy land; but, unfortunately, there are but few true paths, and many false ones. The false paths, at the first, are deceitfully clothed with flowers and false beauty, which lead the unwary traveller to ruin; they lead him into intricate wilds and mazes, where voracious and venomous beasts are roaming concealed, "seeking whom they may devour." The true path, at first sight, does not seem so alluring as the false, but the farther you advance, the more beautiful and charming it appears, till, at length, it leads you to this Canaan, where all is beauty, tranquillity, and happiness.

Many, who are not acquainted with the vanity and deceitfulness of empty pomp and show, vainly imagine that fine clothes, gaudy baubles, gay company, places of amusement, and all the appendages of a fashionable and dissipated life, are sources of happiness. Egregious mistake! Those who follow these paths, will find that they lead to mortification, disappointment, and, not unfrequently, to ruin. A moment's reflection must convince any one of the truth of this assertion. Look around you, and behold the numerous victims of fashionable life. It is the great

fountain, from which issues prostitution, poverty, and infamy. How many, who are now living in guilt, misery, and despair, might have been useful and ornamental members of society, but for these accursed snarls. It is sickening to the heart of morality and philanthropy, to behold the numerous victims, who are daily sacrificed at the shrine of dissipation.

I am no enemy to rational amusements; on the contrary, I delight in them; it is the excess of them I deprecate. When I see a young lady, who might be an ornament to her sex, and the delight of her friends, devoting the whole of her time to the toilet, and then rushing into all kinds of amusements, and spending the mid-night hours in the house of dissipation, it fills my mind with anguish, and I cannot but exclaim, "Alas! thou hast fatally mistaken thy way. When I see a young man, who is the delight of his friends, and whose friends are the most propitious, dashing the cup of felicity to the ground, and plunging into dissipation and vice, I cry, "Alas! poor youth, thou hast sadly mistaken the way. I have thus briefly adverted to the evils that flow from a fashionable life; I were I to describe them fully and minutely, I should far exceed the limits which are imposed upon me by time and room; it is a sad picture, but I believe it to be a true one. The following beautiful comparison, between the life I have been describing, and one of virtue and retirement, shows very forcibly the advantages of the latter: "Oppose the sentiments of a solitary man, who has passed his life in pious conference with God, to those which occupy a worldly mind, forgetful of its Creator, and sacrificing its dearest interests to the enjoyment of the moment. Compare the character of a wise man, who reflects in silence on the importance of eternity, with that of a fashionable being, who consumes all his time at ridottos, balls, and assemblies, and we shall then perceive, that dignified retirement, select friendships, and rational society, can alone afford true pleasure, and give us what all the vain enjoyments of the world will never bestow, consolation in death, and

* By a fashionable life, I mean that life in which every principle of morality and prudence is sacrificed.

hope of everlasting life." In my next, I shall endeavour to point out the true path to happiness.

AURELIUS.

* The above extract is taken from an excellent work on Solitude, by Zimmerman; and I take this opportunity to declare the pleasure and instruction I derived from a perusal of it.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

No. II.

The reign of beauty, like the blooming flower,
Is but the pride and pageant of an hour;
To-day its sweet perfume the ambient air;
To-morrow sees it shrivel, and languish fall;
Such the extent of all external sway;
At best the glory of a short-lived day.
Then let the mind your solest care engage,
Its beauties last beyond the flight of age;
'Tis mental charms protract earth's dying grace,
And renovate the bloom that deck'd the beauteous face."

I would not have my fair readers to consider me as usurping the place of a dogmatist, or teacher. My design is merely to direct their attention to those things which immediately concern their happiness and welfare in society. I wish to warn them against following the impulse of fashionable folly, the constant pursuit of vain and trifling amusements, and the indulgence of idle habits, to the utter neglect of the mind. Youth is the season which ought to be employed in laying a foundation for happiness through life. Can that young lady, who passes her days in a continual round of pleasure, surrounded by flatterers and admirers, slighting the important concerns of education for the uninterrupted enjoyment of the present moment—I say, can she suppose that it will always be thus with her; does she imagine that the path of life will be strewn with thornless roses to the end? No, rather let me suppose the business of futility does not at all engross her attention, or if, in any of her thoughtless moments, the subject presents itself to her imagination, it is speedily dismissed, to give room to more welcome and entertaining reflections. But let me remind such an one, that "if Spring put forth no blossoms, in Summer there will be no beauty, in Autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old-age miserable!" Let the season of youth, then, be devoted to the acquisition of those qualifications,

which will insure your happiness and comfort hereafter, and fit you for every domestic and rational enjoyment. If you wish to secure your future felicity, you must study economy and frugality, and learn rightly to estimate the value both of time and money. Refrain from imitating the absurdities and vices of fashion; they are calculated to perplex the mind, and to irritate and ruffle every scene of life. Fashion renders its subjects, of all beings, the most unhappy. "Always idly busy, their peace is disturbed by a whisper, a look, and a thousand other trifles, too ridiculous to mention. Your engagements and company should be of the very best kind, and every opportunity should be devoted to the attainment of knowledge.

It is a duty incumbent on parents to train up their children in the way they should go, and to instil with care, into their minds, the principles of learning and virtue. In order to do this more effectually, I would recommend private instruction, where it can be afforded; but the teachers should be persons of known erudition and virtue. I have known several young ladies, whose minds have become corrupted and depraved, by the example of those who have had the care of their education.

Where private instruction may be inconvenient to parents, I would advise them to place their daughters in a school at a distance from the rices and allurements of a city life. A certain writer compares boarding schools to "hot beds which bring fruits and flowers quickly to their growth, but they have not their proper essence, healthiness, or flavour." This remark may be just in some measure, but there are several respectable boarding schools near our city, where, under the judicious government of the instructors, the improvement of the pupils in their different studies is truly gratifying. In my next number I shall recommend some studies which I consider essential to a polite and liberal education.

PHILAGATHOS.

An industrious and virtuous education of children is a better inheritance than a great estate. To what purpose is it, said Crates, to heap up great estates, and have no concern what manner of heirs you leave them to.

FINE ARTS.

Washington Allston, Esq. a native of America, is rapidly rising to eminence in England, as a painter. His last production is *Jacob's Dream of the heavenly Ladder*, and is thus noticed in the *London News Monthly Magazine*.

JACOB'S DREAM.

By Washington Allston, A. R. A.

This artist, considering the *ladder* mentioned in the text, in a figurative view, has taken a license much in favour of this composition, and substituted three successive and immense flights of broad steps in its place. This ascent from earth to heaven occupies the centre, and its terminations, on each side, are concealed by clouds. Jacob is represented in the middle of the foreground, at the foot of the steps, asleep on his back, with his head resting on a stone. His position is nearly horizontal, but with a very delicate foreshortening of his whole figure. An angel stands at his head; two more very beautiful figures stand on the lowest step close to him, and three on the foreground near his feet. These angels are not infantine or cherubic forms, but of youthful stature and celestial grace; and their attitudes and gestures show that their attention is fixed upon Jacob. The top of the first flight of steps is a vast plain, on which a heavenly host is seen in the form of a crescent. The most distant figures are in the concavity of this bow, and those which stand near its points rise in height, and are painted in stronger hues. In the centre of the front of this plain the Holy Spirit rises gracefully, with wings extended and hands crossed on the breast. This part of the composition is painted in golden aerial hues, and connected with that which is on the foreground below, by two angels, half way up the flight of steps; one, on the left side, is ascending, and seen in a back view, just above the three angels near Jacob's feet; the other is descending, and near the angel who stands at Jacob's head.

Above the first flight of steps, behind the celestial host, a second flight rises to an immense height, on which another crescent of angels, clothed in the brightness of eternal day, is scarcely discernible. Behind this radiant choir the ascent continues, with forms angelic, diminished and melting into light. This flight rises

to the throne of the Omnipotent, whose presence is veiled in ineffable glory, at an immeasurable height above. The flood of divine illumination is contrasted by the deep shadows of the foreground below, where the blackness of night overspreads the earth. This impervious darkness rises, in dreary masses, on each side and round the top of the picture, so as to concentrate the visionary lustre within, and give an idea of inconceivable distance from the spot on which Jacob sleeps, to the highest region of the heavens.

The delicacy of the execution, in some of the details, betrays anxiety, which, in a perceptible degree, takes away their firmness; and there are a few inequalities in the heads and forms, although the artist's skill and fine taste, as a draughtsman, are evidenced by the general elegance and beauty of the naked parts. There is a sublimity in Mr. Allston's conception of the subject, which places it among the foremost of the first class of sacred compositions in our time. There are some touches of the finest sensibility in the disposition of Jacob; and the beauty of form and attitudes of the two angels on the lowest step, and of the one who is descending near the angel at Jacob's head, may well be termed Raffaellie, although perfectly original. The gentle action and gliding motion of disembodied beings under a human seeming, their unaffected simplicity and undefinable grace, give a spiritual character to the messengers of God, with which the ascents are peopled; and, notwithstanding the infinity comprehended in the scene, the whole is, at once, impressed upon the eye and mind with an imposing serenity and celestial grandeur.

Mr. Allston, who is a native of America, was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy last year. He possesses the classical mind of a poet, with the skill of a painter, and the manners of a gentleman, and is universally beloved by his brother artists; a proof that the eminent abilities of an artist, when accompanied by amenity and candour, are a recommendation to professional esteem in this country. This gentleman was not in England to canvass for himself, but his merits canvassed for him! What an honour to the electors and elected!

ON SOUND.

"We do not in general reflect how much the voice, or any noise, extends on a level. Of this, Dr. Franklin, that ingenious observer of nature, in all her operations, informed me of an instance. Some years ago, the inhabitants of Philadelphia had a new bell imported from England. In order to judge of its sound, the bell was raised on a triangle in the great street of that city, and struck, as it happened, on a market day; when the people coming to market were surprised on hearing the sound of a bell at a greater distance from the city than they ever heard any bell before. "This circumstance excited the attention of the curious; and it was discovered, that the sound of the bell, when struck in the street, reached nearly double the distance it did when raised in the steeple."—*Old English Magazine*.

Lockman, the celebrated Persian moralist, relates the following story of himself:—"I was once," said he, "so poor, that I had not wherewith to buy me a pair of shoes, and was obliged to go barefooted. However patient I had been till then, I was become very dissatisfied with my lot, and entered the Temple of Cuffa extremely melancholy and discontented. I there saw a man who had no legs. Reflecting on his condition, I no longer complained of wanting shoes, but gave thanks to God, from the bottom of my heart, that I could still walk, though barefooted. How much better is it, thought I, to be without shoes than without legs! If this poor man could recover his legs, how extatic would be his joy, though he should have no shoes."

CIVILIAN PREJUDICES.

The citizens of Vienna, the metropolis of Germany, considering that capital the most elegant and commodious of cities, frequently exclaim—"There is only one Vienna!" The inhabitants of the capital of Portugal say, "He who has not seen Lisbon, has seen nothing!" An expiring Spaniard said to his son, "I recommend you for once at least to see Madrid!" The Neapolitans who resided at a distance from their chief city, exclaim to each other, "See Naples, and then die!" The English declare, that

"London is the most noble, most magnificent, and most opulent city in the world!" The French affirm their metropolis to be "The whole world!—There is nothing worth seeing out of Paris," say they; "this grand and opulent city, filled with patriotic and enlightened citizens, surpasses all others in beauty; it is the vast emporium of nations, all of whom contribute to its grandeur—the four quarters of the world contribute their tributary stores!"

ANECDOTES.

A French Ambassador, at an audience with James the First, conversed with such rapidity, gesticulation, and grimace, that he became the public talk. King James asked Lord Chancellor Bacon what he thought of the ambassador. "Sir," replied the philosopher, "he appears a fine, tall, well-built man."—"I mean," replied James, "what do you think of his head? Do you think it equal to his employ?"—"Sir," rejoined the chancellor, "men of high stature very often resemble houses of four or five stories, where the upper one is always the worst finished."

A French Abbe having engaged a box at the Opera House at Paris, was turned out of his possession by a *Marshal*, as remarkable for his ungentlemanlike behaviour as for cowardice.

The Abbe, for this breach of good manners, brought his action in a Court of Honour, and solicited permission to be his own Advocate, which being granted, he began his complaint thus—"I complain not of M. Suffren, who took so many of the enemy's ships in the East-Indies; I complain not of Count de Grasse, who so bravely fought Lord Rodney in the West; I complain not of the Duke de Crillon, who took Minorca; but I complain of Marshal *—*, who took my box at the Opera, and never took any thing else." The court at once paid the highest compliment to his wit, and gave him the most ample revenge, by refusing him a verdict, in consequence of having already inflicted punishment sufficient on the cowardly Marshal.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

WRITTEN ON THE BATTERY.

Tis twilight—in the western realm
A gilded blotch of clouds is thrown,
Benignly shaded by a film
That gleams in nights of loveliest tone.

And o'er those burnish'd banks appear,
A pure wan sky of swallow cast;
A vision far—a substance near,
More calmly beauteous than the last.

Upon the Battery-rock I lean,
With tear-damp eyes, and fever'd cheek—
And gaze upon the noiseless scene—
And feel—far more than life can speak.

Oh, God! it glads the soul to see,
The speechless emblems of thy power—
To trace each nook that worships thee,
Amid witch'd evening's languid hour.

Oh, hear, great God! an orphan's prayer,
Whose orphanage is that of friends; ~~Oh~~
Look, in thy mercy, on despair—
Despair—in that to destruction tends.

Oh, may he glean, from nights like these,
The tinges that o'er heaven shine—
The soul of inspiration's lees—
Till his young heart is wholly thine.

MCDONALD CLARKE.

August 17th, 1819.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

LINES

*Addressed to a Friend, on her lamenting the loss of
her Children, one of whom died at sea.*

Alas! my heart can kindred claim,
With all who sorrow's power have known;
It still can feel for other's woes,
Tho' mark'd so sadly with its own.

Thy heart has felt that cruel pang,
From which no earthly power can save;
And still it grieves, that death so soon
Summon'd thy infants to the grave.

Thy first lov'd babe, whose infant charms
Around thy heart were closely twin'd;
I know how fondly it was lov'd,
And with what pang it was resign'd.

Thy lovely as the opening day,
A beauteous flow'ret early blasted;
Call'd from this world of grief and care,
Ere the its grief or care had tasted.

And ere thy heart had learn'd to bow,
Submissive to the will of heaven,
Another babe, to soothe thy grief,
And claim thy tenderest cares, was given.

Oh! it was hard, when thou had'st brought,
From distant shores, the tender blossom,
To see it quickly droop and die,
And leave it—in the ocean's bosom.

Yet, tho' fond nature prompts the tear,
This thought is for thy solace given;
They have escaped a thousand ills,
And are supremely blest, in Heaven.
July 23d, 1819.

HARRIET.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO THE VOTARY OF LOVE.

Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate!
Pleasures of Hope.

There is a season passing sweet,
Which few on earth may know;
'Tis rapture's thrill as near complete
As may be felt below.

And brief its date—the dewdrop bright,
Which gems the morning rose,
Fades not more quickly from the sight
When the warm sunbeam grows.

Did e'er thy heart this season greet,
With feelings from above?
'Tis when congenial spirits meet,
And mingle sighs of love!

'Tis than Hope sheds her brightest gleam
On Fortune's cloud of gloom;
And Fancy weaves her loveliest dream,
To charm us from our doom.

All lovely tho' the vision seem,
How soon it fades away!
'Tis gossamer—the lightest beam
That glimmers in the ray.

And ill its time the heart employs,
In labours all amiss;
Reality's rude touch destroys
The fabric of our bliss.

Massachusetts, June, 1819. J. J. J. J. J.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO THE CHILD OF SORROW.

Though aloe'd in dark afflictions night,
Yet weep thou not, sweet child of sorrow;
For though to-day grief shrouds thy light,
Thy sun may brightly rise to-morrow.

Though o'er thy head black tempests howl,
And mark thee with despair's dark furore;
Let not the gloom o'erwhelm thy soul,
But wait with patience for the morrow.

While on the darkest shades of woe,
Of hope sweet consolation borrow;
She will her beaming smiles bestow,
To glid with cheering ray thy morrow.

Or if that morrow darkly rise,
And thou art still immersed in sorrow;
Let faith still point beyond the skies,
And whisper, there's another morrow.

Then let this cheer thy drooping heart,
And guide where grief can never follow;
Let faith and hope their smiles impart,
Oh, still look forward to the morrow.

EDWIN.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

HAPPINESS.

In search of happiness we rove,
From rooms of state, and seek the grove;
Now wishing solitude, and then
Desiring company again.

Thus through the changing scenes of life,
We're kept in one continued strife;
Requiring what we do not know,
And wish to find all good below.
Do visionary schemes invite,
Or future prospects give delight,
And promise fair to make us blest.
By giving peace and tranquil rest;
Believe them not; 'tis all a dream,
And life itself a passing stream.
We always forwards cast our eye,
And slight the moments passing by;
Thinking, perhaps, a future day
Will dart down pleasure's silver ray,
And youth, or middle age, will give
The happiness for which we live.

How vain to pant for trifles here,
And wish the future ever near!
Thoughtless about the rapid flight
Of Time, who hastens dismal night.
Ends a few short years ago,
Faster I wish'd my days to flow;
Impatient for the present time,
I spent my hours in foolish rhyme;
The prospects of the present day,
Would cheer my heart, and make me gay,
And drive my sorrows all away.

The present day, alas! is come,
And I'm approaching nearer home;
But keen my disappointments prove,
And empty all that charm'd to love.
Hence may I gather maxims wise,
And Earth, with all her cheats, despise,
And place my hopes above the skies,
Where happiness, without control,
Forever reigns, and fills the soul.
August, 1819. AMALGAM.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"ME NO LIKEE DAT."

Last evening at twilight, to inhale the fresh breeze,
As I walk'd with Bellinda to chint;
I said her white hand with a delicate squeeze,
She exclaimed—"me no likee dat."

We talk'd, as we stray'd, of conjugal bliss,
Till my heart burst'd, and went pit-a-pat;
I attempted—I did—I attempted a kiss,
O, he, said she—"me no likee dat."

Thus baffled, in silence I walk'd on a while,
First thinking of this—then of that;
I thought I could see her bewitchingly smile,
Which I interpreted—me no likee dat.

More encouraging by this, I in tremulous haste,
A seat procured—soon down she sat;
With my arm I encircled her beautiful waist,
She blush'd, saying—"me no likee dat."

With hope scarcely gleaming, I heard a deep sigh,

My head ached—as I pulled off my hat,
She saw me look serious, and said the cause why,
I replied—"me no likee dat."

The tear in her eye which soft pity had started,
While love seem'd with soft to combat,
I tremblingly kiss'd from her cheek—and we parted,

Both exclaiming—"me do likee dat."

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

WOMAN'S EYE.

When ere impels the deadly hail,
E'en howe would vain from danger fly;
But warlike might will harmless fall,
Disarm'd by woman's kindling eye.

Shrieks round the tempest's earshing way,
Wild rain's frightened moaning cry;
But fades in gloom life's waning days,
When frowns dear woman's darkening eye.

In fortune's train soft pleasures rove,
Her fav'rite, hope and joy, may glow;
But earth his gloomy waste would prove,
Robb'd of its charm, sweet woman's eye.

A thousand varied glories have
The blush which tints the evening sky;
But pencil ne'er charms more witching drew,
Than melting joys of woman's eye.

The plaintive sound the harp strings breathe,
Is love's voluptuous winning sigh;
But music round the heart can't breathe,
Such thrilling hopes as woman's eye.

Weep! for no more in love's sweet bowers,
Fresh garlands round our brows we lie;
But joy! for see, new blooming flowers
Thence can find, in woman's eye.

ROBIN ADAIR.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EPIGRAM,

On Michael Chase and Joseph Ketchum, Ministers of the Gospel.

Michael and Joseph, two Divines,
Of different profession;
Pursue lost sinners day and night,
To get them in possession.

They both with equal ardour strive,
To overtake and fetch 'em;
But Michael, he can only Chase,
While Joseph's sure to Ketch 'em.

RONDEAU.

A long way off Lucinda strikes the man;
As she draws near,
And one sees clear,
A long way off—one wishes her again.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nick's toasts would afford the ladies no amusement, were we to give them a place.

To Frederick we would say, that "thou art so like" a good poet, that thy effusion shall have a place.

The Rising Sun shall, in due time, enlighten the columns of the Cabinet.

Common Sense, being the best of sense, shall enrich our next number.

Orthopaedia is only delayed for want of room.

The Wife, by ROLLA, shall have a place.

S. of New-Jersey sent his favour too late for this number.

Ready Rhine shall appear.

Anna's favour shall have an early place.

A number of other communications are on hand, and shall be attended to.

SUMMER AMUSEMENT.

Roman Theatre.—Messrs Vitali & Co, still continue their exhibitions at Washington Hall, which consist of Figures and Metamorphosis. Their scenery and decorations are very splendid, and the mechanism is extremely curious and interesting. A corps de ballet perform with the ease and agility of real life; and it is hoped they will receive, from the citizens of this city, that encouragement which their genius, as artists, so justly entitle them to.

Mrs Grey, celebrated as a public singer, has arrived in this city, and is expected to exhibit her talents before a New-York audience.

The Balloon.—We understand Mr. Guille is so much encouraged by the liberal proffers of numerous citizens, that he proposes to make another ascension before he leaves town, or as soon as proper arrangements can be made—probably about the last of this month.

Summer Complaint.—It is said that a strong decoction of mullein, afterward mixed and simmered with new milk, has been found to be a most effectual remedy for the dysentery. This simple prescription is recommended, at this particular season, with a desire of affording relief to our suffering offspring.

WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS.

The City Inspector reports the deaths of 111 persons during the week, ending on Saturday, the 14th inst.—Of whom 46 were of the age of one year and under; between the age of 1 and 2, 17; 2 and 5, 6; 5 and 10, 1; 10 and 20, 3; 20 and 30, 12; 30 and 40, 14; 40 and 50, 4; 50 and 60, 1; 60 and 70, 2; 70 and 80, 4; 80 and 90, 1. Diseases: abscess 2, apoplexy 2, cholera morbus 4, consumption 11, convulsions 6, diarrhoea 1, drinking cold water 3, dropsy 4, dropsy in the head 4, drowned 2, dysentery 20, dyspepsia 1, typhus 1, fever 1, bilious remittent fever 1, erysipelas 3, infantile flux 16, hives 1, inflammation of the chest 1, killed or murdered 1, measles 1, nervous disease 1, old age 1, July 2, sprue 3, still born 3, takes mesenterica 4, tetting 1, ulcer 1, unknown 2, whooping cough 1, worms 1. Men 20, Women 18, Boys 38, Girls 35.

GEORGE CUMING, City Inspector.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Bourke, Mr. Arel Stevens Rose, to Miss Mary Walker, daughter of the late James Walker, Esq.

On Thursday evening, the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whipple, Mr. G. Bushnell, to Miss Anna Vosburgh, all of this city.

On Monday evening, the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Charles P. Vandervoort, to Miss Ann Devereux, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bourke, Mr. Richard C. Foodick, to Miss Ann Eliza Van Beuren, eldest daughter of Capt. Peter B. Van Beuren, all of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Labagh, Mr. John Adams, to Miss Mary Kuries, all of this city.

At Scampronius, (N. Y.) Mr. Samuel Bartlett, aged 77, to Mrs. Elizabeth Forbush, aged 70.

At Essex, (N. Y.) Stephen Cleveland, Esq. of Foughkeepsie, attorney at law, to Miss Deborah R. Vaughan, of the former place.

At Ghent, (N. Y.) on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Gephard, Robert B. Rutgers, Esq. of Belleville, (N. J.) to Miss Cornelia Van Rensselaer, daughter of Henry Van Rensselaer, Esq. of the former place.

At Cranberry, (N. J.) on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Woodhull, Dr. Horatio Stanbury, to Miss Margaret Daniels, both of that place.

At New-Orleans, Mr. Peter K. Wagner, editor of the Orleans Gazette, to Miss Sidonia Lewis, daughter of the hon. Joshua Lewis, Judge of the District Court of that state.

DIED,

On Wednesday, the 11th inst. after a long illness, in the hope of a blessed immortality, Mrs. Jane Kip, aged 78 years, relict of Mr. James Kip.

On Wednesday, the 11th inst. Mr. James Smith, aged 31 years, deservedly regretted by all who knew him.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Leonard, aged 36.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Varick, aged 80 years.

On the 12th inst. in the 47th year of her age, Mrs. Baker, wife of Daniel Baker.

On the 13th inst. after a short but severe illness, Mr. Thomas Youle, aged 41 years and three months.

Suddenly, on the 13th inst. Mr. Eli White, aged 31 years.

On the 14th inst. of a lingering illness, in the 67th year of his age, Abraham Reynolds.

On the 14th inst. Mr. Benjamin Crookshanks, a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, aged 90 years, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. Hyndes, widow of the late John Hyndes. She has left an orphan daughter to deplore the loss of both father and mother.

On the 15th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. Susannah Sumler, relict of the late Casper Sumler, aged 70 years.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. Harriet Jones, wife of Mr. B. H. Jones.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Hester Deereaner, relict of Isaac Deereaner, aged 49 years.

On the 17th inst. Amelia, only daughter of Isaac Levi, Esq. of this city, aged 7 years.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1819.

[No. 16.]

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;

AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 154 Broadway;

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable Quarterly in Advance.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XIII.

SELINA PERCIVAL possessed a heart formed for love; and she had now arrived at that critical age, when this little fluttering tenant of the human breast pants to escape from its native home, and nestle in some congenial bosom of the opposite sex. From the character drawn of Woodville, by the partial pen of her cousin, Selina was prepared to proffer him her heart at their first interview, and she spoke with more sincerity than she was aware of, when she told him, (as recorded near the conclusion of the first chapter,) that his acquaintance was "a pleasure which she had long desired." It is true, that he did not, in every respect, seem the original of the perfect portrait her fancy had delineated; but then she could not help acknowledging that all deficiencies in symmetry were more than compensated by a richness of colouring, and felicity of expression, which she had not been led to anticipate. He had been represented to her as a studious rustic; of cultivated mind and amiable disposition; but she saw before her an accomplished youth of easy deportment, and fascinating address; a professed admirer of the softer sex, and (in her estimation) a paragon of constancy in his affection for one. Her heart instantly whispered—"Were I Sophia, I should love him."

Our fair readers will doubtless recollect, that, on the following morning, when he was expected to renew his visit,

Selina had paid such particular attention to the decoration of her person, as to excite the rallery of her mother; that she listened to every knock at the door, "with an eager expectation, perhaps not unmingled with some sentiment analogous to hope;" and that she promised her cousin "to take Woodville off her hands," and to "cozen him of his heart."

Sincerity often borrows the garb of levity; and Selina was more in earnest than either of her friends suspected. Whatever were Woodville's moral defects, an exterior speciousness which habit had rendered familiar, never failed to secure him the esteem and confidence of every one with whom he chose to ingratiate himself. A tincture of romance, which was visible in every act, look, and expression, rendered him interesting to the young; and a superficial knowledge of the sciences, aided by a strong and retentive memory, enabled him to pass respectably with the more experienced part of his associates. With the happy faculty of pleasing all, by making them pleased with themselves, he was sure to gain friends wherever he went; and he was too unassuming and prudent to create an enemy.

His introduction to the Percivals, under the particular circumstances with which that incident was connected, formed a new era in the history of Selina. She had hitherto lived retired and secluded, reluctantly submitting, with the best grace she could, to the restraints and privations of that economical system which her widowed mother had been compelled to adopt. She knew nothing of the world or of fashionable pleasures, but what she had derived from novels; but from that source she had learned sufficient to make her secretly repine at the lot in which fortune had placed her.

The visit of her cousin, however, and the presence of Woodville, soon changed the scene. Sophia's father was wealthy, and she had now revisited the metropolis with permission to partake once more of all its innocent amusements, previous to entering on the new sphere of duties which awaited her as a village matron.

Selina was, of course, her companion, and adventitious circumstances procured Woodville for their protector. The young merchant was of respectable connections, and bore an unblemished reputation; Mrs. Percival, therefore, felt no hesitation in confiding the young ladies to his care, and Selina felt no inducement to be more scrupulous than her mother. She saw in him a gay, fashionable gallant, prodigal of wealth, an enthusiast in pleasure, and in all respects what is commonly termed "a lady's man." After an intimacy of two weeks, she felt alarmed to discover that its continuance was indispensable to her happiness. He had in that period conducted her through a delightful round of fashionable amusements, and afforded her a taste of pleasures which she could not find it in her heart to relinquish. He was, in short, the very being that she sighed for as a protector for life, and she determined, if possible, to secure a heart which was only thrown away on her cousin. For this purpose she put in requisition all those feminine arts which are reserved for such occasions, and exercised, with no little dexterity, every misive weapon in the armory of love.

Could Woodville's attention have been for a moment diverted from the one object which engaged it, he would not have remained blind to the marked partiality of Selina; but of this he had not the most remote suspicion, until Sophia had returned to Sandville with her intended husband. He had then the power of attending to other objects; for every hope being totally extinct, with regard to Sophia, he began in earnest to erase her image from his breast, and to look around for another to supply its place. Habit still insensibly directed his footsteps to the tranquil abode of Mrs. Percival, who continued to evince for him all the affection of a mother, and tenderly console him under the anguish of his disappointment. Selina, also, who was equally eager to offer him every soothing consolation in her power, insisted upon becoming her cousin's successor, as to adopted relationship, and bade him call

her sister. Flattered by this little mark of affection, he strove to merit it by every delicate attention that propriety would sanction. Sophia's portrait insensibly faded from his imagination. His heart, which, like the patriarch's dove, had been out on a fruitless excursion to find a resting place, was reluctantly returning, when Selina held forth the olive branch of amity, on which it fondly perched, and eagerly plucked the leaf.

The month of June had not expired, when Woodville, in a letter to Flanders, fulfilled the prediction of his friend, by confessing that "he had never *really* loved before." But, for some reason which he did not choose to advance, he carefully avoided naming to Flanders the object of this his *genuine* passion.

Woodville's discernment had convinced him that nothing but a formal declaration on his part was wanting to place himself and Selina on the high road to the temple of Hymen, where he might yet arrive as soon as Fitz-James, whose nuptials, on some account or other, had been postponed until the ensuing winter. It is true this would be pursuing an old beaten tract, far from the delightful mazes of *romance*; but recent experience had taught him a lesson which he had not yet forgotten—that the path of *romance*, however pleasing to the fancy, sometimes terminates in disappointment and mortification.

The summer months flew pleasantly along, and Woodville's intentions, with respect to Selina, were not yet formally declared, though he knew that such a declaration was hourly expected and desired. The fact is, he was apprehensive of being charged with inconstancy and fickleness, and felt ashamed of having boasted of the strength of a passion which he was now ready to sacrifice to a new object; for he was aware that his professions of attachment were liable to be doubted; and that the natural inference would be, if the present are sincere, the former must have been fictitious and hypocritical. This consideration sealed his lips, until an impending calamity burst upon his devoted head, and changed all his fairy prospects of earthly felicity to a black dreary waste of misery and despair.

[To be continued]

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

—
HOW TO REMEDY

MOST OF

THE EVILS OF LIFE,

AND BECOME RESPECTABLE AND HAPPY.

"How very precarious is the result of all our pains for our children," says one anxious parent to another; "how often good examples, wise precepts, and unbounded expense, are thrown away. Look at that young man. All that tutors and colleges, money and foreign countries, could do to make a character, has been done for him; yet he is, in fact, nothing at all; he has a thousand frivolous and low propensities; he exhibits none of the fruits of study; he has no fine thoughts, no variety of knowledge, and no liberal views. He drives a gig well, dresses well, walks well, and is a prodigious favourite with the ladies. But the worst of it is, that all this dexterity and frippery in a man, though it makes a very fine *young* fellow, makes a very contemptible, stupid, uneasy, old one. No man who has lived long enough to feel his spirits flag a little, but must know, that all this success in trifles, and all the praise which the world gives for specious mis-named excellence, while they increase the want of excitement, diminish the relish of enjoyment. It is ten to one that this very dasher, before he is twenty years older, will become, either the most lazy, miserable dog alive, or the most degraded of profligates. But all this cannot be helped, do what one will. There is a perverseness in human nature quite *unaccountable*, which makes a man, first the slave of his passions, and afterwards of his habits."

This is common-place remark, but it has the authority of reason with superfluous observers. The worst of the inference which concludes it, is, that it is not only false, but that it has the most unhappy tendency of error, that of establishing and propagating itself. It intimates, that the human mind is a blind, uncontrolled, and uncontrollable agent, and denies the responsibility of those entrusted with the virtue and welfare of the young. It tranquilizes conscience by the misrepresentation of duty; and

reconciles parents to the defeat of their hopes, instead of detecting the fallacy which has occasioned that defeat. The true reason why this "style of man," which excites such admiration in one part of society, and so much fearful anticipation in another, constitutes the prevailing cast of fashionable character, is, that education is solely confined to tutors and colleges; and that money and foreign travels are relied upon, to give the tone and finish to the mind and manners; while no higher motive than self-love is placed before the thoughtless, brilliant, elegant, young man, as a principle of action. It is not neglect, induced by indifference, which produces the perversion that is lamented. A wrong theory of human nature, formed by superficial attention to it, is the source of the miscalculation of causes, which produce these grievous effects; thence flow our disappointments in those we love; that is the spring of those waters of bitterness, which are, to the old age of multitudes, fountains of tears.

The controversy, whether education forms character; whether example, admonition, and the excitement of competition, are effectual means to call forth talent, and to foster virtue; or whether the intellectual energy and moral conduct of human beings, result from endowments and propensities, which modify the influence of external means, will never, perhaps, be precisely settled. But if it is impossible to ascertain exactly the reciprocal action of circumstances, and the intelligent principle, it is sufficiently obvious, that the quantity of knowledge, the power of motives, and the energy of the will, are regulated, in a great measure, in every individual, by his opportunities of observation, by the relative value arbitrarily annexed to the objects of his pursuit, and by the degree of freedom or restraint under which his habits of thinking and acting have been formed.

They who deny the importance and sovereign efficacy of education, unduly limit the meaning of the term. The philosopher does not consider the lessons of masters, the suggestions of books, and the elementary demonstrations of science, as constituting the whole of education. He knows that whatever is presented to the senses, whatever is addressed to the understanding and the heart, all that is in

action, every where, and at all times, has its influence upon our susceptible nature. He knows that the political and religious institutions of a man's native country; his station, fortune, and occupation; the morals and sentiments, the conversation and prejudices, the manners and habits of daily and transient associates, all combine and blend their influence to make him what he is at maturity. In consequence of such a conviction, the enlightened instructor, or parent, endeavours to make his pupil as little the passive subject of circumstances as possible; he endeavours so to fashion his mind, that he may give, as well as take, the tone of character; and that he may suffer personal experience to have only its due proportion of influence in the formation of principles, he is furnished with other rules of judgment and of action beside those of simple observation; and the assistance of learning is called in to furnish such contrasts of virtue and vice, of truth and falsehood, as shall appear to the innate affections, to the natural conscience, and to the irresistible consent of the soul, in order, at once, to enlarge the conception of virtue, and to determine the will to such a choice as shall not only lead to virtuous conduct, but rectify habits and opinions otherwise derived.

Though the student thus learns to consider his experience as only a partial guide, yet his augmented intelligence does not for that reason diminish his self esteem. As our views of human nature are multiplied and elevated, we ascertain with more satisfaction the true dignity of the species. We learn what genius has produced, what perseverance has discovered, what disinterested benevolence has effected. By this collective proof of man's glory and greatness, the young man is taught to exult in his participation of this nature, which is God's image; by the beauty of thought and of truth, he is allured from exclusive fondness for earthly and sensual good, which he is led to regard as but a small part of his privileges and gifts. Men have acted so worthily, have suffered with such fortitude, and enjoyed existence with such elevated tastes, that he resolves to illustrate the dignity which belongs to himself as man. He feels, that although he may not enrol his name with the names which cannot die, he is, nevertheless, assimila-

ted to those lights of the world, that he too may become a benefactor, in a narrower sphere, and that his example and his efforts may likewise diffuse intelligence and joy. Such is the natural impression received by the ductile and unsophisticated mind; and received, too, with an ardour of purpose, and an enthusiasm of admiration, which, if put into action, give the highest relish and the happiest grace to the conduct they inspire. But if the mind be not *unsophisticated*, if it have been early vitiated by the corruptions to which infancy may be exposed, and which blight its expanding beauty, as the insects of spring cut off the hopes of the year, then the insufficiency of literature to supply exalted motives, or to correct folly, may be accounted for. If that divine principle of our nature, which seizes upon congenial knowledge as its proper aliment, be checked at the first development, one may plant, and another may water, but weeds only will thrive, the flowers will wither.

The higher philosophical purpose of education is always to be modified by the station and means of those to be educated, by the gradation of society, and by the talent which is developed in extraordinary cases. The complete object of education, is to fit a man to do as much good, and to enjoy as much happiness, as possible; to regulate his conscience, and to implant such moral principles as grow out of his relations; to discipline the passions, to enlighten reason, and to cultivate taste. It will not be asserted, that any individual mind, as it controls and guides another, can control all the influences which necessarily promote or frustrate this object. It is not easy to follow out a plan, which shall constantly keep in view all that is desirable in human attainment, and shall uniformly avoid all that instils error and obstructs the reception of truth; nor is it easy to prescribe those limits to the passions, which shall indicate, "so far shalt thou go, and no farther;" which shall enable a man to govern, and not to extinguish them—to indulge, and not to submit to them. It will be found as difficult to direct reason, as to regulate passion. To inquire without credulity, to decide without arrogance, to compare without partiality, are as necessary to the satisfaction, as they are to the

improvement of the mind; but the deference due to authority, the pleasure of self-importance, the labour of investigation, all check the freedom, modesty, and mental application, which should be, inculcated, in training the understanding. All this is difficult, but not impossible; and the labour attending this duty is constantly excited and encouraged by the rich reward that crowns it. We cannot control the circumstances in which our children are placed, nor the operation of those circumstances, in all respects; but we can set such motives before them, we can suggest such occupations to them, as shall determine them, by the laws of their nature, to decide in favour of what is laudable instead of what is despicable; we can make them prefer truth to prejudice, generosity to meanness, action to idleness, and the approbation of the wise to the homage of fools. Perhaps the greatest difficulty to be encountered in the formation of character, is to correct the illusions of the senses, to diminish the authority of opinion, and, by the cultivation of independent judgment, to awaken a lofty ambition founded on the nature of man, directed, but not trammelled by local and personal condition. But, till we have a definite object in education, till we have employed specific means, and made some particular use of casual influences, we have not made an experiment upon the human mind, which authorizes the conclusion, that all the bad consequences of the present system cannot be avoided, "do what one will."

If we cultivate the understanding and the heart, with that double and united object—the good of the individual and of society—and early make the object of instruction feel that his happiness and duty include others beside himself, we give the motive which at once expands the heart, and enlarges the province of reflection, and the scope of action. We must early point out the privileges of the citizen, and the nature of social and domestic claims; we must make honour, equity, and the virtues of daily life, intelligible obligations; we must examine the books, the instructions, and the companions which suggest new ideas; and, since virtue and vice, intelligence and ignorance, things lofty and things low, are mingled in the whole web of experience, we must teach the nature of vir-

tue, by exhibiting that of vice. By demonstrating the dignity and duration of the higher objects of human pursuit, by our veneration for good men, and our approbation of good conduct, we must attach ambition to the service of virtue and the enlargement of knowledge, and direct the love of praise to seek its satisfaction, and the gratitude of the obliged, in the suffrages of the wise.

No person is well educated, whose faculties are partially comprehended, or imperfectly developed and limited to those objects which confer happiness on but a small portion of existence. In minds so trained, there is a constant struggle between the faculties and the affections which have been called into operation, and those which remain useless; there is a restless, undefined consciousness of want, which seizes upon some glaring, busy, transitory pursuit, upon which to employ its unappropriated energies: which chases shadows, but fertilizes, and meteors, with as much confidence, hope, and eagerness, as if there were nothing else in the compass of human attainment to exalt, invigorate, and refresh the soul. If it be said, that all suggestions regarding the comparative value of fleeting, present, outward things, and the permanent nature of the better objects, which should employ the attention, fail to enforce conviction and to interest the heart, it may be replied, that the suggestion, then, is implied in some cold and heartless form, or that it is frustrated, not by the individual to whom it is addressed, but by the intervention of some hidden agency, which infuses its heaven secretly, and which may leaven the whole lump, if we have not vigilance and sagacity to detect it. We must be entirely consistent in our cares and methods. If one individual counteracts another—if one pursuit interrupts another—if “all the nurse, and all the priest have taught”—if the language of the school, and the lessons of the world, suggest only a chaos of facts, and contradictory principle, surely none but the most vigorous minds can be expected to elevate themselves to just judgment and right conduct. But we may reasonably hope, from the evidence of experience, that if we inculcate the principles of benevolence; if we accustom the young mind to independence of judgment sufficiently guard-

ed to prevent temerity and presumption; if we quicken the understanding by industry, and refine it by taste; if we show the young man, that though no great occasions and privileges may ever command his talents, there are gradations of opportunity, of wisdom and goodness, worthy of his best feelings and exertions, we shall not make him grovelling and frivolous—artificial in the beginning, and insignificant at the end of his career:—no, we shall see him diligent in the culture of intellect, and active in the dissemination of happiness; we shall procure for him daily and hourly enjoyment in the pleasure of his pursuits, in the complacency of his own mind, and in the esteem of the wise.

Those very persons whom we see distinguished in trifles, would have taken a loftier flight, had not the domination of fools first circumscribed ambition; and the talent so unhappily thrown away, might have been rendered the ornament and honour of society. Every dignified man feels an emotion of regret when he sees the art “to curb the steed and guide the wheel,” swell a youthful breast with exultation and vanity; and he may well express his sentiments in the language which a poet imputes to Plato on a similar occasion:

“With indignation I surcey,
Such skill and judgment thrown away;
The time profusely squander’d there
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ’d, at less expense,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
And rais’d thee from a conchman’s fate,
To govern men, and guide the state.”

COMMON SENSE.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE BEACON.

A short period after the termination of the Dutch dynasty, a neat, comfortable building reared its lowly roof amid the wild, romantic scenery of the Highlands of America. The sweet briar fantastically woven around its white-washed walls, said to the wanderer as he journeyed onwards, “here dwells domestic harmony.” In this dwelling resided the parents of Woodburn; and here Woodburn opened his eyes upon day. Under the shade of the willows, whose weeping branches waved in front of the paternal

mansion, was he cradled; here his infancy sported, and here he first touched the maternal bosom with the cry of sorrow. Fourteen summers passed on, heedless of remark. In the commencement of the fifteenth, his father determined to separate him from home, by placing him at a classical institution in New-York, that the branches of knowledge might be grafted in his mind, and its harvest prove abundant. When the parting hour came, his mother bade him prove worthy of his father—his sister kissed away the tear that hung on his cheek like a dew-drop on a rose. Each spot, endeared by boyhood’s frolic, claimed the tribute of a sigh. Many relics of old favourites were treasured, to be looked at again and again, when blither days were to be refreshed by the sight of those tender memorials. The parent and son entered the city at the most interesting period. Twilight was disappearing. The multitude were returning from their daily round of industry to peaceful habitations and loved converse of their respective families—the wife with face of eagerness watching the husband’s return; the children longing for the kiss of welcome; all had charms for the generous mind of Woodburn. The noise of carriages, the rattling of carts, the quick step of the passenger, the hurried importance of the lamp-lighter, the dazzling appearance of the various shops of merchandize, all novel spectacles to Woodburn, caught his young heart, and wrapped it in ideal prospects of perfect happiness.

The first morning of his arrival, his father walked with him to the habitation of the conductor of the seminary; and concluding the necessary arrangements, and directing him to pursue the road of sincerity, uprightness, and piety, parted from his only son, with feelings which burn not in a stranger’s bosom.

Woodburn’s situation was critically interesting. For two years he bid fair. The third had nearly gone by, when, unfortunately, he passed one evening with the gay. Then followed a long train of ills that trod in each other’s steps with rapid succession. Need I tell, how tightly the sister vices riveted their bonds about his body and soul; that studies, credit, parents, were buried in the chaos of dissipation; that the vicious of

both sexes were his bosom friends; gaming houses his nightly resorts; that honour was lost, debts accumulated, the roses of health withered? His parents bowed beneath the fatal mildew that blasted every fond wish formed by paternal tenderness. Letter after letter was written, but the effect was momentary. Night and its delusive joys blotted from thought whatever of good had crossed his mind. In some melancholy moment (for the most vicious are subject to sombre feelings) he would regret his deviation from that correct standard, by the model of which his father had directed him to guide his life; and a tear would glitter in his eye, whenever waking fancy touched the chord that vibrated on the heart those busy remembrances, hovering around the wild abode of his blest parents, his sister's image of native innocence.

Such intervals were transient as few, and would never have effected a radical change, had not a horrid event interposed between him and destruction.

Of all Woodburn's pursuits, none were so enthusiastically followed as gaming. Interest and pleasure were here combined; his debts had become so burdensome, that whatever could diminish their weight was caught at with precipitation. After a day literally employed with creditors, he directed his course toward — house, with a desperate resolution of dispersing the heavy black clouds that threatened, or to feel their complicated force burst with their strongest vehemence.

When night had shadowed the city, Woodburn, with hurried pace, entered the narrow lane that led to the abode of guilt. A low, long room was fitted with all the apparatus for those who there bartered honour and substance. The few lamps that hung around the apartment, cast a consumptive paleness over the countenances of the beings who glided by each other in silent agony. The solemn silence, the short breathing, the quick throbbings of the heart, the flickering gleams of light, rendered this gloomy tenement not unlike a room that containeth a corpse dressed in its shroud, faintly perceptible to the midnight watchers, from the dubious glare of a solitary taper.

When Woodburn entered all the tables were engaged. No noise was heard,

save the words necessary for the games. Woodburn's attention was attracted by one engaged at *faro*. His external appearance was respectable. His forehead was noble and open; his eye dark and piercing, expressing intelligence; the formation of his body of the finest order. Forty winters had gone over his head, and, as Woodburn uttered to himself, perhaps those had been of the most chilling severity; that he had realized a life overflowing with the "waters of bitterness;" that he had writhed under the lash of malice, treachery, and revenge; that the vessel of his youth, laden with the precious treasures of family, had sunk under the wide waste of the boundless waters; that the felicitous sunshine which beamed so gayly on existence in embryo, had been shrouded behind the cloud that is presented to the eye when maturity freezes the warm glow of youthful energy.

Woodburn watched the actions of this man. One hand passed through his vest, and appeared as if it clenched something within. During the game, his long, dark eye-brows were so closely contracted, that the working of the ball was unseen. Though he was constantly losing, not a muscle moved—no sudden start betokened impatience. When his last sum was gone, he rose with the calmness of despair. Inadvertently he drew forth his hand. Woodburn, who was near him, beheld it covered with blood. Determined to obscure the terrible heavings of his soul, to assist in maintaining that composure, his hand had gripped his bosom. When fortune darkened around him, his feelings were wrought to so agonized a pitch, and all his members acting from the impulse of that agony, the gripe had become so desperate, that finally it wrenched out the very flesh.

He was on the point of making a casual remark to Woodburn, (ignorant that his situation was known,) when both were startled by the report of a pistol in the adjoining room. A groan of torment was succeeded by a death-fall. The stranger seized Woodburn's arms, and whispered in his ear, "come and view the end of the gamester." Without delaying for an answer, he hastened him toward the place whence the sound had proceeded. When they entered the room, Woodburn turned his aching eyes from the ghastly

spectacle. The wick of an only lamp, waning for want of replenishment, increased the solemn impressiveness of the scene with its wavering light, and that light glared too brightly upon the livid corpse which was stretched along the floor. A young officer, but awhile ago breathing the air of life, lay wrapped in his bed of blood. His parting struggle had distorted his manly limbs—the eye had burst from its socket. The balls had entered so variously that his flesh hung from his body like tattered garments.

The stranger clenched the arm of Woodburn more tightly, and turning toward him a countenance torn with emotion, said, "I knew that body when a soul animated it, generous and daring as ever was formed; I knew him when as infant—fondled him in my arms. He was innocent then! The world made him guilty, so did it *myself*." His frame quivered with the contending waves that fluctuated within his bosom. Emotion appeared to have exhausted itself. He cast a look of other times (for it could only have belonged to lovelier and to happier days) toward the poor fallen youth, so full of pity, so wan, so sorrowful, that Woodburn thought a crystal drop had strayed upon his cheek. "He was the remnant of a widowed parent," eulogised the stranger—"He had fought in battles."—When, suddenly turning to Woodburn, he said, with a tone that still rings in his ears, "Let the early doom of that gallant spirit, who is laid so low, be unto you as a beacon; lest, like him, you murder both body and soul; or, like me, your latter days be lonesome and dreary; and when the soul taketh its flight, it be consigned to an abode still more lonely and dark; lest your abode be distant from man, from the cheerful converse, the cheerful pursuits of your fellow creatures." Again he reiterated, "Remember the beacon," and was gone.

Woodburn directed his steps, slowly and mournfully, homeward.

The next evening Woodburn was seated in the window of his boarding house. The month was August. The melancholy silence of the night, the soft breezy gale sighing as it glided by, the cloudless grandeur of the midnight orb as she rode in her own sublimity, all impressed its mild softness on the virtuous and pious mind. Fancy roved with Woodburn to

the rural and tranquil abode of his parents—to that fair day of youth, when he could pluck the May rose, and love it as an emblem of himself. "I will return to them again," he murmured to himself, and a tear blessed the resolve.

"May you remember the beacon," said his father to Woodburn, as he finished his narration.

It is the constant remark of Woodburn, since his return to morality and virtue, "that if the vicious could only taste the sweet felicity of the good, all mankind would unite in harmony and love.

ANNA.

CURIOUS INCIDENT.

It was formerly usual for the Senators of Rome to enter the Senate-house, accompanied by their sons, who had taken the *prætexta*. When something of superior importance was discussed in the senate, and the farther consideration adjourned to the day following, it was resolved that no one should divulge the subject of the debate till it should be formally decreed. The mother of the young Papius, who had accompanied his father to the senate-house, inquired of her son what the senators had been doing. The youth replied, that he had been enjoined silence, and was not at liberty to say. The woman became more anxious to know; the secrecy of the thing, and the silence of the youth, did but inflame her curiosity; she, therefore, asked him with more vehement earnestness. The young man, on the importunity of his mother, determined on a humorous and pleasant fallacy; he said it was discussed in the senate, which would be most beneficial to the state, for one man to have two wives, or one woman to have two husbands. As soon as she heard this, she was agitated, and leaving her house in great trepidation, hastened to tell the other matrons what she had heard. The next day a troop of matrons went to the senate-house, and with tears and intreaties, implored that one woman might have two husbands, rather than one man have two wives. The senators, on entering the house, were astonished, and wondered at the intemperate proceeding of the women, and what their petition could mean. The young Papius, advancing to the midst of the senate,

explained the importunity of his mother, his answer, and the matter as it was. The senate, delighted with the honour and ingenuity of the youth, decreed, that from that time no youth should be suffered to enter the senate with his father, this Papius alone excepted. He was afterward distinguished by the cognomen of *Prætextatus*, on account of his discretion at such an age.—*Aulus Gallius*.

MELANCHOLY!!!

It is our painful duty to record, says a London paper, that yesterday morning, between the hours of two and three, the amiable and accomplished Marchioness of H—d, while gentle slumbers were shedding sweet repose upon her spirits, and her fancy teeming with delightful visions, was suddenly started from her pillow by the bite of a huge overgrown flea, exactly 2 1-8 inches above the right elbow. A tumor as large as a pin head, and an inflammation, half an inch in diameter, were the deplorable consequences. Dr. Phlebotomy has applied a balsamic union with auspicious effect. The pestiferous insect was taken with inimitable dexterity, by her ladyship's own fair thumb and finger, and put to instant death.

Reasons for preferring a thin woman.

Mr. — fell in love with a remarkable thin woman. On his being asked by his friend the reason of his choice, he made answer, "it was to ease the fatigue of courtship, as the avenue to her heart must be so much shorter than that of one more plump."

PORTRAIT OF PLEASURE.

Pleasure is a beautiful Harlot, sitting in her Chariot, whose four wheels are Pride, Gluttony, Lust, and Idleness; the two Horses are Prosperity and Abundance; the two Drivers are Idleness and Security; her attendants and followers are Guilt, Grief, Late Repentance, (if any,) and often Death and Ruin; many great men, many strong men, many rich men, many hopeful men, and many young men, have come to their end by her; but never any enjoyed full content by means of her.

ANECDOTES.

It was told to Lord Chesterfield, that Mrs. —, a termagant and scold, was married to a gunester. His lordship said, "that cards and brimstone made the best matches."

A lady asked her husband what the difference was between exportation and transportation. "My dear," replied the good natured husband, "there is a difference, and I will endeavour to bring it as near your understanding as possible: suppose that you were exported, I certainly should be transported."

A gay spark, who had taken up lodgings at a public house in London, and got considerably in debt, absented himself, and took new quarters. This so enraged the landlord that he commissioned his wife to go and dun him; which the debtor hearing of, he declared publicly that if she came he would kiss her. "Will he," quoth the lady, "will he? Give me my bonnet, Molly, I'll see whether any fellow on earth has such impudence." "My dear," said the cooling husband, "pray don't be so rash; you don't know what a man may do when he is in a passion."

An Irish lawyer had a client of his own country who was a sailor, and having been at sea for some time, his wife was married again in his absence, so he was resolved to prosecute her; and coming to advise with the counsellor, was told he must have witnesses to prove that he was alive when his wife married again. "Arrah, by my shoul, but that will be impossible," said the other; "for my shipmates are all gone to sea again upon a long voyage, and will not return these twelve months." "Then," answered the counsellor, "there can be nothing done in it; and what a pity it is that such a brave cause should be lost now, because you cannot prove yourself alive."

ADVANCEMENT IN LIFE.

An auctioneer having commenced publican, and soon after being thrown into the king's bench, the following article appeared in a newspaper: "Mr. —, who lately left the pulpit for the bar, is promoted to the bench."

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE INVITATION.

Addressed to my dear friend, Henry M. D^o,
of New-York.

Why slumbers the lyre of my friend ?

Oh ! rise, and together we'll go

Where the brier-rose and bittersweet blend,

Where some torrent exults in its flow :

Where the meadow-lark shakes from her wings,

White, warbling, she seeks the bright skies,

The dew of the morning, and sings

'Till a voice from the woodland replies !

Where mist, hanging on the green trees,

As night is best breaking away,

Hy'd with deep cold—and the breeze

In autumn seems sweeter than May :

Where the cedar-birds, social and free,

With their glossy effulgence of eye,

Tho' sportsmen are bending the knee,

Like innocence, know not to fly !

Where rude rocks are tow'ring above,

And smooth'd ones are trembling beneath,

Where affection is taught by the dore,

And nature may riot and breathe !

Where grape-vines are clamb'ring, we'll swing,

Chase butterflies over the plain :

With tears of regret it will bring,

The sports of our childhood again !

We'll tread that true land of the lyre,

That cradle and home of the muse ;

Where summits primeval aspire,

And leigh his journey pursues !

My friend, thou shalt form a sweet pipe

From alders that blossom around ;

I'll gather thee bilberries ripe,

Like asure drops check'ring the ground !

While echo is answering away,

The music that raptures mine ear,

Each warbler suspends his fond lay,

The soul of wrapt music to bear :

He raises his gay speckled crest,

He turns to the breather of song ;

His head settles on his small breast,

While leaves the wild witch'ry prolong !

Behold yonder glimmering star,

A gem from the fingers of morn !

Dropp'd bright in the ocean afar,

To spar-cove'd caverns 'tis borne ;

Now night arms his pale from the world,

The vapour-banks melt into air ;

The east's purpled robes are unfur'd,

Day, day in his splendor is there !

Now, rolling sublime from the hills,

A gold-colour'd river is seen ;

It sparkles when crossing the rills,

It dandles when sweeping the green !

'Tis the mighty stream pour'd by the sun,

The tribes of creation awake ;

Proclaiming the uncreate One,

Whose word bade it, noiselessly, break !

Oh, friend of my bosom ! arise,

Aboard is the grandeur of light !

The muse at thy apathy sighs,

Her bays are resign'd to the blight !

Hie ! hie to some dark, shaded vale,

The spirit of life's in the wind ;

Past pleasures—past objects we'll hail,

With music—the balm of the mind !

S. OF NEW-JERSEY.

August 17th, 1819.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

LINES

Written on the battle-field of Queenston, the death-
scene of the celebrated General Brock.

The chieftain came in the pride of might,

His dauntless soul in his eye was beaming ;

His frown was the mountain storm at night,

And his glance the lightning brightly gleaming.

The clarion's blast at the dead of night,

From the distant shore was swelling loudly ;

And hests were marshall'd in the moon's dim light,

With banners unfur'd and floating proudly.

The prey-bird's shriek was heard in the air,

When the foemen met on the field of slaughter ;

And hearts were beating joyous there,

That lay at night in the dark blue water.

Where the fight raged fierce, 'mid heaps of dead,

His warriors sought their chief, and found him ;

For they knew his plume of deepest red,

And his falchion flashing brightly round him.

When the heat of the conflict was o'er,

The chief in his glory was lying ;

His martial form was drench'd in gore,

And many a foe was round him dying.

At evening they made his lonely bier,

On the field where his country had prov'd him ;

And the sod was wet with sorrow's tear,

From many a warrior's eye that loved him.

U. C. July 29, 1819. JOCELIN.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

A DREAM.

Tw'as soft as the tear-drop, from pity's eye flow-
ing,

Tw'as bright as the moon-beams that rest on
the stream ;

Tw'as gay as the rain-bow at summer's eve glow-
ing,

And it faded as soon—for it was but a dream.

Tw'as a dream of delight, that has vanish'd forever,
Of hopes fondly cherish'd, yet cherish'd in vain ;

Of affection and friendship, whose ties ne'er
should sever,

Of the heart's purest joys, unembitter'd by pain.

Yet how quickly it fled—like the light bubble
breaking,

Like the swift passing shadows that glance o'er
the stream ;

And, ah ! like the sleeper, reluctantly waking,

I scarce can believe—it was only a dream.

August 17th, 1819.

HARRIET.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

YOUNG LOVE'S BOWER,

A SONG.

Air—The Young May Morris

I prithee come to the Bower, love,

Fast falls the dewy shower, love,

The evening star,

Shines bright afar,

And I've waited 'till midnight hour, love ;

Then haste ! oh, haste ! I intreat thee, dear,

How oft you have bounded to meet me, dear ;

And oft when the moon,

Had faded too soon,

Have you sigh'd that her beams so could cheer
thee, dear.

Uncloaked smiles the sky, my love,

Each breeze is hush'd to a sigh, my love,

The violet's blue

Is pearl'd with dew,

And it hoards all its sweets 'till thou'rt nigh,
my love ;

Then haste ! oh, haste ! I intreat thee, dear,

How oft you have bounded to meet me, dear ;

I'll pluck from the Bow'r,

Each wild blooming flow'r,

And weave a rich garland to greet thee, dear.

HENRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

" Love, mysterious love ! begins in the first sigh,
and terminates, in a certain degree, with the first
kiss." *Zim, on Sol.*

Ah ! Zimmerman ! how can the kiss

Love's countless charms destroy ?

Is that endearing, tempting bliss

The assassin of our joy ?

Surely, had happy Wieland known,

What did the deed await,

A kiss had o'er his fondness shown,

Nor urg'd him to his fate ;

But still with youthful raptures fired,

The fair one's hand had press'd ;

And though with virtuous love inspir'd,

He had not thus been bless'd.

Yet, will not now the muse believe,

That love's extinguish'd so ;

That passion cannot so receive,

Its dreaded, fatal blow.

For when the heart's oppress'd with care,

And wo succeeds to bliss,

The lovely sympathising fair

Dispel it with a kiss.

When tears bedew the pallid cheeks,

For some departed friend,

The morn'ring kiss in comfort speaks,

And bids our sorrows end.

When love-sick swains each art have tried,

To win the wily fair—

Pray, is not by a kiss implied,

Acceptance of his pray'r ?

Where, then, ingenious sir, any where
The painful death you preach?
Kisses dispel both we and care,
And soft emotions teaseh.

A hand may surely love betray,
When by a hand compress'd;
And lovely darting eyes display;
A heart supremely blest'd.

But yet the touch that thrills the heart,
Or eye expressing bliss,
Can but assimilate in part,
The joy-diffusing kiss.

If kisses, then, transcend the joy
Which other actions give,
They cannot surely love destroy,
Or bid it cease to live.

These sweet endearments oft unite,
The hearts that else would sever,
Increase each rational delight,
And bid it bloom for ever.
August 14th, 1818. X. PLOYS.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1819.

NOTICE.

Our Patrons who reside in this city, are requested to pay no person for this paper, unless a receipt is presented, signed

WOODWORTH & HUERTIS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Poetical correspondents must excuse the tardiness with which we publish their numerous favours. In devoting three or four columns to original poetry, we do as much as our limits will warrant; and we have now on hand thirty-three pieces filed for insertion, which are pronounced good; and fifteen which we have not had time to examine. Every week adds between twenty and thirty to the number, three-fourths of which are generally consigned to that fatal pigeon-hole,

— from whom borrow,
No traveller did e'er return.

Adela, on the death of an only Son, is filed for insertion.

Vester, R. A. on Judgment, shall appear in our next number.

Happiness, No. 3, in our next, if possible.

Henry to Eliza is filed for insertion.

Thomas is entitled to our thanks for his judicious selection, which shall appear when room will permit.

Harriet to Adeline, on the subject of the *Modern Vampire*, in our next.

The Grace of a Friend is a production of much merit, and more feeling; but the transcriber has unfortunately omitted the second line of the last verse but one. When that is supplied, it shall be published.

The Duellist is received.

Is the Old Bachelor's Soliloquy original or selected?

The Sailor's Return is filed for insertion.

Henry to Harriet (not our fair correspondent) shall appear.

Adela, on *Idleness*, as soon as practicable.

Veritas, on *Hope*, is not so happy as Campbell; but his production is worthy of a place in the Ladies' Literary Cabinet.

The Favourite shall appear.

The Bleeding Heart shall have an early insertion.

G. of New-Jersey to Delia, *The Feeling Heart*, and *Sorrow's Child*, as soon as possible.

The Theatre, in this city, will be re-opened on Monday evening next, lighted on an entire new plan, having undergone many important alterations and improvements during the recess. The favorite comedy of "*Who Wants a Guinea*," and the "*Reverie*, or *The Wags of Windsor*," will be performed on this occasion.

TO THE LADIES.

Having published some judicious speculations upon the subject of Female Education, in the Literary Cabinet, we have thought it might be useful to suggest a practical pursuit which has lately been offered to the ladies as well as the gentleman; but which is, in our opinion, too much neglected by both, especially the former. We mean, the accurate study of the English language. Many young ladies are at present exceedingly interested in the acquisition of the French language, while they are inattentive to the cultivation of their own. It is true, people may speak so as to be understood without a correct acquaintance with English; but while elegance and fashionable distinction are sought in every thing else, propriety ought not to be overlooked in the style of conversation; the vulgarity, or elegance of which, more decidedly denotes the genteel or low-bred woman, than the colour of a mantle, or the adjustment of a cap. Feeling desirous that the taste of the ladies should be as conspicuous in their language as in their appearance, we venture to propose to them an easy and agreeable mode of accomplishing this object. We had frequently observed the advertisements of Mr. Ingersoll's lectures on English grammar, before we could overcome our reluctance to become a second time a pupil, but feeling the deficiency of early instruction, and being conscious of some bad habits derived from common custom, we resolved to avail ourselves of the benefit of these lectures; and have been amply compensated, for the expense of time and money, by the useful knowledge thus obtained. During repeated and occasional attendance, we have had the pleasure to meet mothers and children, teachers and their scholars; we have been pleased to see ladies at the age of maturity conscious of the imperfection of their own education, and sedulously striving to supply it; to find teachers furnished with an easy method of treating this important subject, and children so thoroughly grounded in its first principles as to prevent the necessity of future application. Having witnessed the advantages that result to females especially, from these lectures, we recommend them as an easy, agreeable, and efficient aid in the pursuit of a useful and necessary attainment; and we are assured, at the same time, that those who have shared this benefit unanimously agree in appreciating its value, and that they would cordially recommend the Lectures on English Grammar to the attention of

others; to mothers particularly, who will thus be enabled, in conversation with their children, to communicate the first elements of this science more efficiently in a few weeks than they can be taught in schools only, in many months. Mothers may thus qualify themselves to judge of the equanimity and knowledge of teachers, and learn to discriminate between those who are adequate, and those who are incompetent to the duty of instruction.

A LADY

Who has been several years employed as an instructor, who is suitably qualified, and can be well recommended, proposes to undertake the education of twenty pupils. They will be faithfully instructed in Reading, Writing, Geography, Grammar, and Needle Work, and when sufficiently advanced in other studies, in History and Rhetoric. Particular attention will be paid to the cultivation of literary taste, as well as to mere elements; and great care will be taken to form a style of conversation, which shall counteract those vulgar habits of phraseology and pronunciation—that are too often inadvertently formed by children, and overlooked by teachers.

The higher accomplishments are purposely omitted in this plan, and a sufficient portion of time is left in every day for the acquisition of Drawing, Music, &c. by appropriate teachers. The common mixture of these latter ornamental arts, with the more simple and solid subjects of early study, has been found to distract the minds of children from the attentive and active pursuit of useful and indispensable knowledge. By separating the departments, the business of each can be most easily and efficiently discharged. This practice is universal in the education of young gentlemen. The best Seminaries for boys are neither Dancing nor Drawing Schools; but such as lay the foundation of science and learning, leaving leisure for attention to such other pursuits as their peculiar talents and tastes make desirable. It is presumed that a similar arrangement in female education will be found advantageous.

The terms of instruction \$12 per quarter—quarter 12 weeks. Half the price of tuition to be paid in advance. Fuel for the season \$2. If suitable encouragement be given, this Seminary will be opened October first. For further particulars, inquire at the Office of the Literary Cabinet.

WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS.

The City Inspector reports the deaths of 101 persons during the week, ending on Saturday, the 21st inst.—Of whom 41 were of the age of one year and under; between the age of 1 and 2, 20; 2 and 5, 5; 5 and 10, 4; 10 and 20, 8; 20 and 30, 7; 30 and 40, 7; 40 and 50, 5; 50 and 60, 4; 60 and 70, 1; 70 and 80, 1; 80 and 90, 1; 90 and 100, 1. Diseases: apoplexy 3, cholera morbus 12, consumption 11, convulsions 6, diarrhoea 4, dropsy 2, dropsy in the chest 1, dropsy in the head 7, dysentery 19, fever 2, remittent fever 1, typhus fever 2, scintillate flux 6, hæmoptoe 1, hives 2, inflammation of the brain 1, lunacy 1, interperence 1, marasmus 1, measles 1, mortification 1, old age 2, still born 2, sudden death 2, tubes mesenterica 5, teething 1, unknown 4, whooping cough 4—Men 17, Women 12, Boys 38, Girls 39.

GEORGE CUMING, City Inspector.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1819.

[No. 17.]

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DEANE STREETS;

AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 154 Broadway;

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable Quarterly in Advances.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOME extensive failures in Savannah and Charleston, in which the house of Owen & Woodville was deeply interested, involved the latter in such serious embarrassments, as to compel them, at once, to stop business and suspend disbursements. This event diverted Woodville's attention from every other object.

On a critical inspection of the books, it was found, that the whole of Owen's fortune (to the acquisition of which he had devoted so many years of persevering industry) would scarcely meet the exigencies of this unexpected disaster. A consciousness, however, of having ever acted correctly in his dealings with his fellow men, supported him under the pressure of such a heavy misfortune; and he smiled with a heartfelt satisfaction, when, on footing the last page of the *balance-sheet*, he found that no human being (except his own relatives) would suffer through his unfortunate speculations, but that every creditor would be satisfied in as short a time, as, under such circumstances, could be reasonably expected. As he closed the book, he seized the hand of his desponding nephew, and exclaimed:

"Take courage, my lad—every thing is fair and square; we have only to begin the world anew—and even at my age, that idea has nothing in it very terrible. If I feel a pang, it is for your sake; but, perhaps, it is all for the best, even if we never rise again; since, through the

blessing of Providence, we have neither of us a family to drag down with us into the gulph of ruin."

The word family, either by accident or design, was pronounced somewhat emphatically, and Woodville felt the rebuke. But that was not all he felt; for he reflected, that his own thoughtless extravagance had forever shut from his view those flattering hopes which consoled his uncle; that his own private debts, which his expensive pleasures had accumulated, were mill-stone weights from which nothing could relieve him. He could perceive "no hook to hang a hope on." He looked back on the past with regret and remorse; and contemplated the future with the haggard eye of despair, for he beheld nothing in the dismal perspective but voluntary exile or perpetual imprisonment. His emotions became too violent for suppression, and he precipitately left the counting-house to give them vent in solitude.

Should this faithful history of facts be fortunate enough to outlive its author for half a century, the astonished reader of that day will learn, that at the period when these events took place, imprisonment for debt was tolerated in this land of liberty! Yes, reader—even when the nineteenth century had wasted twenty years, that infamous relic of royal despotism and Gothic superstition—that demon of persecution and private revenge, which had been for so many ages worshipped as a god, by civilized Malice and christian Avarice—that win-monster of the Spanish Inquisition, and the unnatural parent of perjury and fraud—was still glutted with human victims, immolated by free-born christians, on the altar of relentless Moloch! In Boston, the boasted cradle of Liberty, the savage system still existed in its highest state of refined barbarity.

This was the persecuting fiend which now haunted the imagination of Woodville. He knew that his personal liberty was suspended by a thread, which, once severed, could never be re-united. A few hours would circulate the news of his embarrassments among hundreds who

would instantly pounce like harpies upon their devoted prey. His only hope was in flight, and there was no time to be lost.

His arrangements were all completed in the course of the day; and having written a long letter to his uncle, expressing his gratitude for all his kindness, and his remorse for not having made a better return, and explaining the irremediable cause of his sudden and clandestine disappearance, he left his lodgings about midnight, repaired to the general stage office, and took a seat for Worcester, at which place he arrived in season to breakfast with his friend Flanders, to whom he immediately confided the story of his misfortunes.

After much consultation on the subject, it was arranged, that the fugitive should remain with his friend, until he could procure from his uncle, (and other gentlemen of influence to whom he could safely confide his intentions,) letters of introduction to mercantile houses in any of the southern cities, and then to proceed accordingly. Having placed this business in a regular train, he next devoted his attention to an affair of a still more private nature, which he did not confide even to Flanders. This was an affecting epistle to Selina, bidding her an eternal adieu, as his persecuting destiny had destroyed the tender hope which he had so lately cherished, of one day calling her his own. He concluded in the following language:—

"Let Fate dispose of me as she pleases—though I may merit her frowns, I will smile at her malice; but, oh! may you be happy as you deserve. May indulgent Heaven ever protect you, and shower down its choicest blessings on your head. I fly, I know not whither; but I do not expect to fly from misery; but the load will become light and easy, if I can learn that you are happy. May peace and tranquillity be the constant inmates of your bosom, and a husband that deserves the possession of such excellence, the sharer of all your joys. Adieu, dearest girl—adieu—adieu!—Adieu!"

The next mail from Boston furnished

him with the requisite letters, together with a generous remittance from his uncle. He then took an affectionate leave of his friend, and departed in the southern stage.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

CHARITY.

As sketches of society, we know of none more faithful and more beautiful, than those described by the "Hermit in London." There is in them so much fidelity, that they bring the models from which they are copied, back to our recollection, or introduce us to scenes and characters in perfect affinity with our previous knowledge of life and human nature. There is a charm of vivacity in the style and the subjects of these little essays, which engages attention and sympathy, without the least effort on the part of the reader, which makes folly amusing, without making us ill-natured; and excites that benevolent laughter which is purified from all infusion of malignity. Their chief beauty is the fine moral tone which animates every exhibition of character, and which, without announcing a principle, or referring to a theory, insinuates the most admirable lessons of conduct. When the Hermit entertains us with the frivolous and the foolish, the imagination involuntarily supplies a contrast, and suggests a preference. He does not assault our door and knock us up at midnight, saying, "why sleepest thou in torpor and apathy," but like a sweet serenade, his strain comes over us, rousing our dormant sensibilities, awakening the recollection of better feelings, and breaking and penetrating that dry and hard surface of selfishness, with which artificial manners and habits have encrusted all that is melting and expulsive in the human breast. The ferocity of savages, and the crimes of the uninstructed poor, do not furnish an argument half so strong in favour of natural depravity, as the coldness, indifference, uncharitableness, and exclusive self-love, which chills and hardens the heart in a certain situation of life—that very situation which appears to include in itself, all the circumstances which favour the development, and give

opportunity to the exercise of the best affections. The state of affluence is that which presents "the gayest, happiest attitude of things;" that which exhibits the human being most refined and cultivated; which furnishes the means to communicate happiness by multiplied influences; and, at the same time, frequently removes the individual who enjoys it, beyond all concern for the attainment or preservation of its inherent privileges. From the nature of the human mind, it might be inferred, that such a condition would inspire the most perfect tranquillity, and that self-complacency would extend itself from the favoured individual to the judgment and the feelings with which he should regard every object around him. It might be presumed, that the mildness and sweetness of in-born feeling would diffuse itself spontaneously, and that the conscious exemption from vice, and from sorrow, would inspire lenity to those whom temptation may have driven to crime, and excite compassion for others oppressed with grief, or soured with disappointment.

The very reverse of this presumptive result, so perpetually meets our observation, and so much excites our regret, that we were particularly struck by an exception to it, which we hope is not purely ideal. It may be found in No. XXII. of the Hermit in London—it is the character of "Lady Eleanore, the Dean's wife," who came to visit the brilliant Lady Mary, as she was about to make a tour of shopping accompanied by the Hermit.

"Lady Eleanore now entered the apartment. She perceived that Lady Mary was going out, and made her visit very short. She came to request the former to give a young lady arrived from the country, a seat in her box at the opera, and to petition in favour of an officer's widow under peculiar circumstances of distress. Lady Mary granted both these requests, and was so moved by the eloquence of Lady Eleanore, in behalf of the widow, that she accompanied a most generous donation by a tear of pity, which trembled like a diamond in her eye, and reflected her beauties with tenfold lustre.

"During Lady Eleanore's short stay, I remarked a quality in her very rare amongst modern ladies, and very becom-

ing in the wife of a divine, namely, *real, genuine* charity, in its most delicate kind, and in its noblest form; I mean that charity which judges mildly of humanity, is prone to praise, warm in panegyric, backward or slow to blame, silent in the midst of slander, and apologetical for the failings of others. She is the *only woman* of my acquaintance who possesses this treasure of the mind.

"The extravagant and ruined Lady Rackrent was named; she pitied her embarrassment because she knew she had a good heart, that she had done generous things, and was profuse from want of order, but not from want of principle. Mrs. Mirabel's dreadful temper was next made the subject matter of conversation: she regretted extremely that so worthy a woman should have so little control over herself; but a variety of misfortunes and bad health had rendered her temper rather uneven, and she suffered so much from it herself, that she became rather an object of compassion than of resentment. The newspaper lying on the table, contained Lady Lightfoot's *faux pas* and elopement; both were mentioned: she turned the conversation, and only observed, that she knew her at a very early age, that her heart and her disposition were admirable, and that it was so painful to her not to think well of her, that she could not bear the subject.

"What a contrast to Mrs. Marvelous, and to hosts of male and female gossips! Slander is the food of their idle hours, the seasoning of their conversation. Their breath, like a blight in the midst of summer, withers every thing that it touches; whilst Lady Eleanore's, like the bland breeze of a salubrious clime, revivifies and refreshes."

This charming example, whether it is borrowed from real life, or is only an imaginary personification of that charity which covereth a multitude of sins, hardly needs a commentary; there is an alluring loveliness in it, which, if we regard it with a conviction of its actual existence, might withdraw us from the contemplation of vice and error, and determine us by its intrinsic beauty, to abandon the indulgence of a censorious disposition and every unfriendly sentiment. But the power of inveterate habit will still fix our attention to the blemishes of our nature, and impel us to the eternal

reprehension of those whom we choose to summon to the bar of our judgment. Perhaps it will not be without use to inquire into some of the causes which engender this disposition, and to exhibit some of the consequences which flow from it, particularly as it operates in the better classes of society among ourselves. The habit of unjust censure is at first produced by imitation. Foolish and ignorant people blame with zeal and without proof, and we catch their warmth and their prejudices, and adopt their views and their language, before our understandings are sufficiently enlightened by any principles of justice, to enable us to comprehend the fallacy which misleads us, or to estimate the injury we inflict upon others. The theory of universal and total depravity, is a dogma early inculcated upon many, and by its indirect influence, affects others to whom it has not been formally stated; it wants illustration—the ignorant are not furnished with abundant and unquestionable evidences of it; but a short way to establish its truth is, to observe its prevalence every where, and to perceive its manifestation in every body; that is, to call all actions by its name, and to fix the reproach of it wherever we can. Pride and envy frequently envenom the breath of slander. We hate the superiority of others. When we can show that we despise the fault which tarnishes another, it implies that we are exalted above him; we condemn; it shows that our opinions are wiser than his actions; that we are free from the passions or follies which degrade him. It shows, if we have not the advantages and virtues to boast that distinguish him, we have others that exalt us in comparison with his defects. We never condemn the vices of which we are notoriously guilty, except with the view to deceive others into the belief, that the odium of them is falsely attached to us.

This habit of detraction proceeds, often, from superficial observation and reflection, from the same misuse of the thinking faculty as is frequently exhibited in the carelessness and imperfection with which we apply the senses. We have ears that hear not, and eyes that see not, the half that is presented to them. In the same way we often make up our moral judgments, neither looking before

nor after, around nor beneath, but taking a single point in the surface of fact, and convincing ourselves of it without regard to any circumstances which establish its certainty, or shake its probability. The love of novelty, the love of the marvellous, the desire to gratify those propensities in others, and the desire to produce a high opinion of our own sagacity, all concur to make us presuming, credulous, and self-confident, and to make us fond of communicating to others what is easy and agreeable to us to believe.

Justice and truth are the very foundations of happiness and peace of mind. We may be much pleased with the success of our own malice, with the mortification of those we hate, with the credulity with which others believe our misrepresentations, with the deference which is paid to our discernment. But this pleasure is spurious and insignificant. The pleasures of candour and benevolence are infinitely greater. The pleasure of contemplating goodness, in all its gradations and modifications, is in itself exquisite. We can never entirely separate ourselves from those whom we praise or blame; it is common nature that we discuss when we describe an individual; the better it is, the better we are; the more we love it, the happier we feel. Complacency is a more agreeable sentiment than dislike and distrust. To observe only what is ludicrous in others, turns the attention from their higher qualities to their insignificant peculiarities. A successful mimic may be admired for the felicity with which he catches the flying traits of character, for the talent with which he represents them, for the accuracy and expressiveness of his exhibitions; but he is not likely to form just conceptions of the virtues of those he describes; he is not likely to take elevated and wide views of human nature. If he does not blend in himself the infirmities of all, whom he observes with the view to detect the ridiculous in their manner, it can hardly be anticipated, that he should not tarnish and degrade that ideal model of human nature, which every being sets up as a standard in his own mind, and which is a latent excitement to his efforts after excellence. In this point of view the talent we have mentioned is dangerous, if it is not guarded by some happy counter influence; but

it is hardly to be named as the occasion of moral blame, with the spirit of censure which assumes the name of virtue, and which affects its office and its praise. This specious folly infuses bitterness into the heart, and corrupts the judgment; it confines the attention to whatever is worthless and degrading; it sharpens vigilance only to multiply objects of deformity and occasions of ill will; and by the perpetual influence of the favourite subjects of contemplation, actually communicates the very nature of those subjects to the mind that is fixed upon them. We cannot dwell always in the abodes of disease, and inhale its tainted breath, without apprehension or care, but its subtle pestilence will impair the vigour and purity of health; nor can we accustom ourselves to all that is mean, false, sensual, unkind, and foolish, with the attendant emotions of suspicion, anger, hatred, and contempt, without acquiring a character which is any thing but pure, lovely, and praiseworthy. If we would form such a character, we are told, we must think of those things which constitute loveliness, purity, and honour; and we cannot think of them unless we perceive them, nor perceive them unless we search for them where they are to be found—in the virtues of our fellow creatures; and found, too, mingled with infirmities, sullied by vices, and obscured by misfortunes. It is sufficient, perhaps, to address self love in behalf of virtue, to show that vice disturbs a man's peace, and abridges his pleasures; but it appeals to a better principle in the human heart, to show that the vice to be avoided injures others besides him who practises it; that the contrary virtue not only augments his happiness, but that it forms the happiness of others. To want this sweet virtue of charity, to act under an opposite impulse, is to rob an intelligent and susceptible being of his most valuable right and possession—the esteem of his fellow man; it is to heap upon his head the most grievous calamity—the sense of injustice and disgrace; it is to defraud him of the fruits of his virtues by concealing or denying them; it is to limit the exertion of his powers, by removing the motive which the hope of approbation inspires.

Let us not satisfy our consciences that we are virtuous enough when we de-

spise and reproach what we believe to be despicable ; let us not think this indirect perverted homage to virtue is her reasonable service ; but let us look upon, and love, and applaud her, as she shows herself in her highest and her lowest displays ; as she appears in that love which shines upon the just and the unjust—as she smiles in him who delighteth to forgive—as she is manifested in those sublime intelligences who rejoice in the amendment of human hearts—as she breathes in the aspirations of those who aim at perfection—as she beams dimly through the struggles of obscure merit—and as she attracts us in the innocence of dawning reason and affection. Let us call her forth where she is hidden, and exalt her when she is found ; let us not quench her flame where it may be unkindled, nor shake the slenderest prop on which she leans.

We remember an admirable German writer, who could not look upon the head of Jove, the “father of gods and men,” as he was represented in a fine bust at Rome, without feeling himself a better man. He could not look upon the expression of power, of love, and divine intelligence, without feeling himself elevated above sordid earth-born vulgar things. Nor can we fix our regards upon the good gifts of our species, without feeling their beauty, and without partaking of them ; without aiming to purify and exalt them ; and without enjoying them as rich and abundant blessings from the inexhaustible treasury of infinite love.

We would not inspire false hopes and false confidence in human virtue ; we would not extinguish the discriminating faculty, nor confound right and wrong ; but we would apply the discoveries and inferences of the moral sense chiefly to the correction and improvement of our own hearts and lives, and rely upon the influence of our sentiments and our example to guide those whose judgment and actions are particularly intrusted to our direction, without aiming at a wider province of scrutiny, correction, and reprobation. We would never reveal what cannot be exposed with any good purpose, nor fail to prevent, if possible, the extreme consequence of a fault already committed. We would weigh the whole merit of an offender, always regarding the circumstances in which he may have been

placed, and would always consider the prevailing character of his life, as well as the occasional deviation ; we would always forbear to decide upon partial evidence, or to repeat to others what might extend a prejudice, or propagate a lie.

COMMON SENSE.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

ON JUDGMENT.

“— celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.”

JOHNSON.

Judgment is the most important faculty of the mind. It is the controlling power of intellect which enables mankind to conduct themselves with propriety in all the various relations of life ; and to judge correctly, not only of all the human actions, but of the causes whence they have originated. Without judgment, neither abilities nor information can be displayed with effect. Judgment is not necessarily united with talents ; and numerous are the instances where the reverse obtains. But talents, however splendid, struggle against considerable disadvantages, when not accompanied by sound judgment, which rightly estimates their powers, and successfully directs their application. A mind possessed of judgment, acts, on every occasion, with a felicity which appears to be the result of intuition, and decides on matters of moment with an accuracy and promptitude surprising to those who never think. Judgment sees things as they really are ; strips them of the artifice, delusion, or falsehood with which they may be invested, and assigns to every action its right motive and due praise. The speciousness of designing men, the sycophancy of interested flatterers, the affected kindness and friendship of worthless hypocrites, and the mock humanity of barbarous and contracted hearts, never yet deceived minds under the dominion of unerring judgment. Judgment, or the want of it, not only manifests itself in the highest, but in the lowest actions, and will frequently be conspicuous in the title page of a book, the dress of an individual, or the management of a family. Let not these be denominated trifles. Nothing is trifling which appertains to human conduct, or which adds to, or derogates from, its dig-

nity ; and every circumstance becomes important, which tends to render either man or woman an object of ridicule or of respect. Who has not seen an author smiled at for the empty titles which he has affixed to his name ? Who has not known a man pitted for the ludicrous inconsistency of his dress ?—and who has not beheld a worthy woman ridiculed in her own house by pretended friends who enjoyed her hospitality ? We need only examine into society to discover abundant instances of want of judgment, and from which mortification, unhappiness, misery, and disgrace, have certainly resulted. But let us view these truths with closer eyes, that they may carry conviction with them. A young woman gifted with a handsome face, aspires to imitate her betters, and out of the wages of labour, purchases the trappings of future shame. She exhibits herself in the dress of a lady ; but has she the mind and manners of one ? Her equals deride her, her superiors compassionate her, but does the mischief stop here ? She cannot gain esteem, since she is beyond her sphere ; she cannot be thought respectable, because her behaviour is absurd, and she falls the prey of a practised seducer, and adds to vice one victim more. We forbear to expatiate on the happiness she has lost, the respectability she has forfeited, the pain she may have inflicted on her parents. All these evils arose from want of judgment. Judgment would have prevented her first error—that error from which every one springs ; it would have taught her, that since she could not be genteel, she ought not to be ridiculous ; since she could not be fashionable, she should scorn to be vicious. Look at the thoughtless females who infest this city—see the unhappy figures which appear in public situations not to receive applause, but to expose themselves to bitter scorn ; not to be admired for ingenuous modesty, but to be despised for persevering impudence ; observe the numerous women who have spent a husband's fortune, blasted his peace, and damned his name ; and in the want of judgment behold the unfortunate rock on which they all have foundered. What is it but want of judgment, which leads men and women to commit themselves in numberless ways, whether in writing, speaking, or con-

duct; which causes them to betray foibles and vanities that even partiality and friendship can ill excuse; which induces them to enter into follies, or to engage in extravagances, neither becoming their fortune, station, nor manners. Judgment would tell them, that to write without elegance or talent, to speak without liberality or sense, or to act weakly or imprudently, is always disgraceful; and that vanity, folly, and extravagance, are ever contemptible, whether they attach themselves to a cottage, or emanate from a throne. What is it but want of judgment which leads a young and pretty female to encourage various admirers? She cannot be more than pretty—she cannot be more than fascinating; why should she be less? Since she cannot marry more than one man, why should she endanger innocence and reputation by a swarm of danglers which never yet did a woman honour? Judgment would dissipate the cloud from her mind and irradiate it with light. Then, and not till then, would she know, that to be admired is not to be respected; that wide is the difference between adulation and truth; and that to be followed by numbers, oftener tends to celibacy than to marriage, since men are not anxious for a heart in which every coxcomb has a place. What is it but want of judgment which leads a father to boast of a son's extravagance, a mother to be proud of a daughter's folly, or a sister to disregard a brother's shame? But it must be acknowledged, that it is easier far to cite proofs of want of judgment, than to point out how that judgment may be acquired. Observation, study, and reflection, appear to be the most likely modes of imparting judgment to minds eager for its attainment. Observation, properly directed, will of itself do much; for it makes us acquainted with the conduct of those who are distinguished for sense and propriety, and by imitating them whenever opportunities offer, an advance is made toward improvement, which study and reflection cannot fail to extend. Undoubtedly it is the lot of humanity to err, and be that would seek to banish error altogether from the world, would be as mad as the philosophers who fancied that all the ships sailing down the Hellespont were their own. But, though error cannot be wholly removed, it may be great-

ly diminished; for, like vice or virtue, it is only a relative term, and notwithstanding it intimately blends with mundane affairs, this is less attributable to the nature of things than to extrinsic circumstances. It does not seem exceedingly difficult for individuals to act, in every instance, with correctness and purity; nor would it be so, were it not that their minds have commonly a wrong bias; that they view matters through a false medium, and are too proud to be instructed, and too obstinate to be convinced. The mind which loves truth, will attend to its dictates, and be expanded by its admonitions; conscious that all are prone to error, it will adopt with pleasure, and pursue with alacrity, the suggestions of experience and judgment; and surely the mind must be strangely constituted, which has only its own rule of right; which measures every thing by its own little standard, and which imagines that it is alone the depository of all which is valuable.

VESTER, R. A.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

August 18, 1819.

To ADELINE,

I read, in last week's paper, a sketch of the character of a male coquette, or, as the writer very aptly terms it, of the *modern vampire*. The description was certainly sufficient to excite contempt of such a character; a character which is, alas! too common; but it appears to me that the writer has touched it with too tender a hand, as if fearful (while pointing out the mischief) of placing a fellow being in too detestable a point of view. The indignation I have ever felt toward these *torturers of hearts*, forbids me to be lenient. The mischief occasioned by such a character may—nay, undoubtedly does, extend farther than the disappointment of two or three amiable females; though certainly all must acknowledge that it is the height of barbarity to trifle with the heart's tenderest affections. The wretch who can act thus, must be lost to every principle of virtue and honour, and incapable of appreciating the charms of a sincere attachment. Yet this very being is tolerated, nay, caressed in society; and too frequently it happens, that those who have suffered most by his conduct,

have not courage to treat him with the contempt he merits. I hinted that evils, beside the bitter feelings of disappointed love, may be caused by the pernicious character described in the sketch before alluded to. We will suppose, for example, such a person has frequent opportunities of conversing with a female, whose greatest fault is, that she has not penetration to discover the art of him whose pleasing manners and studied attentions have won her regard; her affections are engaged before she perceives that he is only seeking his own amusement, or, more properly speaking, that he is pursuing his occupation, of *gaining hearts* merely for the glory of the conquest. Before this conviction has forced itself upon her mind, she perceives him directing his artillery of smiles and sighs against the heart of a beloved friend; she perceives with consternation that he pursues the same mode of conduct he had adopted toward herself; she beholds that friend likely to become a victim to the same delusion which destroyed her own peace. Delicacy (false delicacy, perhaps,) prevents her speaking openly upon the subject; yet her manners insensibly acquire a reserve toward the friend before so dear; who, in her turn, is doomed to see herself neglected, or, what is worse, to learn that they are both in turn the objects of his empty professions. Misfortune, in most instances, more closely knits the bonds of affection; but I am doubtful if in such a case it is not rather the cause of distrust, and certain unpleasant feelings totally inimical to that entire confidence which is the only cement of friendship. But I will carry the *supposition* no farther, for the "*Modern Vampire*," when once known, must ever be an object of indignation as well as of fear.

HARRIET.

If you have lost your love, and think there is not such another in the world, consider that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were taken out of it.

A beau is like a cinnamon tree, whose bark is of more value than the trunk.

A mild tempered woman is the balsam that heals all human sorrows; but a perverse woman is a perpetual blister.

Extract from the "Brief Remarker"—a Writer in the Connecticut Courant.

"Among the vain sons and daughters of men, there are those who despise labour, even though their circumstances sorely need it; as if the point of honour lay in being useless, improvident, and helpless. This is Folly's pride. Who-so despiseth labour, despiseth an ordinance of heaven. Not only is labour made necessary by the law of our general nature, but it is enjoined by a positive law from above—"Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work." So far from being despised, it will always be held in honour by the wise and good. To honour useful labour—to encourage the industrious—to bring up children to early habits of industry and frugality, and, on the other hand, to discountenance and hold in reproach, a life of sloth, improvidence, or dissipation, are *indispensables*, that ought to be engrained in the public mind. They are truly republican sentiments and habits; and, as far as they prevail and become fashionable, so far will there be order and thrift in any free republic, and especially in this free country, where there is such an unbounded scope for industry.

"Honest industry," says a sentimental writer, "is sadly out of fashion. Our dashing men of spirit hate slow, creeping ways of acquiring property. They must strike some capital stroke—set fortune, integrity, happiness, every valuable consideration upon that chance, and either become great people, or, in their own language, *nothing*. This spirit of rash adventure is one of the features of the times, and is derived from that fatal system which despises the bounds of propriety, and laughs at the dictates of rectitude."

William Bilderdyck, admired as the first poet that modern Holland has produced, and not less distinguished by the other brilliant qualities of his mind, did not in his youth show any happy disposition for study. In 1776, his father, with a newspaper in his hand, came to stimulate him, by showing him the advertisement of a prize offered by the society of Leyden, and decreed the author of a piece of poetry, signed with these words:—"An author eighteen years old." "You

ought to blush, idler," said old Bilderdyck to his son, "here is a boy who is only your age, and, though so young, is the pride and happiness of his parents; and you—" "It is myself," answered young William, throwing himself into his father's arms.

There is a monument at Berne, erected to the memory of a most beautiful woman who died in childhood. The lady is represented at the moment of resurrection: a kind of grave is sunk sufficient to contain a statue—in it is placed a large stone, unequally split, or broken, and so contrived, that the young wife appears rising from her coffin, just awake from the sleep of death, holding her child in one hand, and pushing away the stone with the other. The dignity of the figure, her innocence, and the pure celestial joy which shines in her countenance, combine to give the whole a most pleasing and sublime expression. The epitaph is worthy of the tomb; the lady is supposed to speak—"I hear the trumpet! it penetrates to the depth of the tombs! awake, child of anguish, the Saviour of the world calls us! the empire of death is ended, and an immortal palm will crown innocence and virtue. Behold me, Lord, with the infant thou gavest me!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WAS LOST—A Friend—be disappeared immediately after asking a favour of him. Any person giving information where he may be speedily regained, will be gratefully recompensed; if he speedily returns, no questions will be asked; and if offered for sale, it is desired he may be stopped, and notice given to

SARAH DESPAIR.

WAS FOUND—A Heart—bloomed on the one side with vanity, and mortified on the other with pride; the maker's name effaced; the owner may have it again, it being useless to any but herself, without proving property, or answering any expense, by applying to

ANDREW INTEGRITY.

Olympia, the mother of Alexander, said of a young man in the court of Macedonia, who had married a beautiful woman, but of doubtful character, that he had indeed consulted his eyes, but not his ears.

ANECDOTES

A finished coquette, at a ball, asked a gentleman near her, whilst she adjusted her tucker, whether he could *flirt a fan* which she held in her hand? "No, madam," answered he, proceeding to use it, "but I can *fan a flirt*."

A physician observed to a clock-maker, whose work needed mending, that if he was to make such errors in practice, it would be attended with the loss of all his patients. The man dryly replied, "good doctor, the sun discovers my faults, the earth hides yours."

A fashionable young lady asked a young gentleman, which he thought the prettiest flowers, *roses or tulips*? he replied, "your ladyship's two lips before all the roses in the world!"

Country wit.

"I think," said a facetious farmer, "that I should make a Parliament man. I am frequently using their sort of language. To other day I received two bills from two of my creditors, accompanied with requests for immediate payment. One of the bills I ordered to be *laid on the table*, and the other to be *read that day six months*."

A small Mistake.

"This way, this way, sir, she lives at the head of the yard," said a boy to a dirty beau, who was sauntering along with a half dozen dirty cravats tied round his neck and chin; actually supposing, that being ashamed to carry a bundle, the poor beau had taken this method of conveying his clothes to the washerwoman.

A schoolmaster, belonging to a small village in France, was deputed to compliment Louis XIV. as he passed through. A nobleman, who knew the place to be celebrated for an annual fair of asses, asked him, in the middle of his speech, "how they sold last year."—"My Lord," says the pedagogue, "those of your colour and size, fetched little or nothing;" and finished his harangue amid the applause of thousands.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO ANNA.

While treading life's unjoyous round,
Where constant dangers hidden lie,
Should my poor heart receive a wound,
And tears of sorrow fill my eye,
O, ever valued maiden—say,
Would'st thou not pluck the thorn away?

If, while my hopes were warm and bright,
And love beguiled my youthful heart,
Some adverse cause those hopes should blight,
With disappointment's cruel dart,
Then, gentle maiden—kindly say,
Would'st thou not pluck the thorn away?

Should Envy's ruthless clamour rise,
With foul reproaches on my name,
And Slander's most malignant lies,
Heap on me undeserved blame,
O, would'st thou not, dear maiden—say,
Pluck the inhuman thorn away?

And when with painful care oppress'd,
My bosom throbs with languid grief,
If to thy sympathetic breast,
I fly to find a sweet relief,
Dear, generous, lovely maiden—say,
Wilt thou not pluck the thorn away?

If ever human heart was torn,
By Malice's foul and dark design—
If ever human heart has borne
Inhuman wrongs—that heart is mine;
O, then, most lovely maiden—say,
Wilt thou not pluck the thorn away?

BORROW'S CHILD.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO ELIZA'S MINIATURE.

Thou art so like ! but where's the smile
That dimples on Eliza's cheek;
Whose softness doth each care beguile,
And makes the silent beautiful speak?

Thou art so like ! but where's the grace
Recurrent on that lovely form;
The mind reflected in the face,
This surface *these* cannot adorn?

Thou art so like ! but where's the eye,
Which, floating in cerulean blue,
Darting its thrilling fires, might vie
With the pure ether's beauteous hue?

Thou art so like ! but where's the lip,
Whose pouting fragrance doth disclose:
The sweetness of (ah who'd not sip
The nectar of) the ripen'd rose?

Thou art so like ! but where's the breast
On which my head so oft has lain;
Where I might sink me down to rest,
And dying, wake to life again.

FREDERICK.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

When oppress'd with the cares of the world,
Diseas'd both in body and mind,
In the vortex of troubles when hurld,
What hope—what relief can we find?

When dangers before us arise,
When poverty calls us his own,
When friends will no longer advise,
And forget that we ever were known—

When our pilgrimage draws to a close,
And the tyrant lays claim to our breath—
Th' religion can soften our woes,
Can assuage e'en the terrors of death!

THEODORE.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

SEASONS.

When Delia's first enticing charms,
Invited Strephon to her arms,
She was a charming thing:
He saw her beauty, own'd her wit,
And, as a simile most fit,
He call'd the period Spring.

The fleeting moments pass'd away,
And show'd, in bright meridian day,
That woman's state became her;
The joyful mother and the wife
Diffus'd around her all the life,
As well as bliss, of Summer.

Advancing still in life's career,
The nymphs to Delia lent an ear,
And what she'd learnt she taught 'em;
She, matron-like, advis'd around,
Till ev'ry listening virgin found,
The choicest fruits of Autumn.

Tho' Delia's force is faded quite,
Yet honour can't adjudge it right;
Of mental charms to mint her;
For she who Summer so employs,
Will taste the Autumn's solid joys,
And melt the frost of Winter.

EDMUND.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO ELIZA.

Say, sweetest maid—when beauty's loveliness
Strikes on the eye and sinks upon the heart,
Swells not the bosom with a dear distress,
And wish we not that feeling to impart?

Cold is the eye that looks on beauty's smiles,
And does not feel the pleasing thrill of love!
And when the fair enchantress spreads her wiles,
Cold is the bosom that forbears to move!

Not mine the heart that hesitates to swell—
Not mine the eye that marks not beauty's ray!
Ah, no!—Thy own dear influence shows too
well,

How easily my heart is led astray.

THE FEELING HEART.

Bethlehem, Pen. May 27th, 1819.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO MARY.

O, thou wert all to me—Mary,
When honest love was thine;
And thou didst seem to be—Mary,
All I would have thee—mine.

When thou didst pledge thy love—Mary,
And seal it with a kiss;
All I would wish to prove—Mary,
Was mine, of human bliss.

But now thou art forsworn—Mary,
(Alas! perfidious youth!)
My loss I cannot mourn—Mary,
But mourn *thy* loss of truth.

Tears shall not wet my eye—Mary,
To find thy love untrue;
I scorn to breathe a sigh—Mary,
For one so false as you.

Then go, falsehearted! go—Mary,
Since love nor truth are thine;
To gain me *all below*—Mary,
I would not call thee mine.

Yet, may you never dead—Mary,
While you life's path pursue,
One, like yourself, unkind—Mary,
Nor, like yourself, untrue.

For know, dissembler, know—Mary,
Though thou art false to me,
Pure Friendship's warmest glow—Mary,
Still animates burns for thee.

Long may thy joys remain—Mary,
And may those joys be dear,
But when thou lovest again—Mary,
O, may'st thou love sincere.

THE BLEEDING HEART.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

Oh, praise me no more! for tho' flattery is sweet,
When we can't the sweet poison discover;
Yet, when 'tis so plain, that *perforce* we must see't,
I think it high time it was over.

It is said that our sex are delighted with praise,
Nor are scribblers averse to it either;
For there ne'er was a poet who lov'd not his lays,
In fact, nor a poetess either.

But the praise which alone my ambition can
move,
And flowers in my pathway can scatter,
Must proceed from the lips of the friends that I
love,
And who *love me* too truly to flatter.

HARRIET.

A GOOD EXCUSE.

I heard a Judge his tipstaff call,
And say, "Sir, I desire
You go forthwith and search the hall,
And send me in the cryer."

"And search, my lord, in vain I may,"
The tipstaff gravely said,
"The cryer cannot cry to-day;
Because his wife is dead!"

MAN AND WOMAN.

Man is the rugged, lofty pine,
That frowns on many a wave-beat shore,
Woman's the slender, graceful vine,
Whose curling tendrils round it twine,
And deck its rough bark sweetly o'er.

Man is the rock, whose towering crest,
Nod's o'er the mountain's barren side;
Woman's the soft and mossy vest,
That loves to clasp its sterile breast,
And wreath its brow in verdant pride.

Man is the cloud of coming storm,
Dark as the raven's murky plume,
Save where the sun-beam, light and warm,
Of woman's soul and woman's form,
Gleams brightly o'er the gathering gloom.

Yes, lovely sex! to you 'tis given,
To rule our hearts with angel sway,
Blend with each woe a blissful leav'n,
Change earth into an embryo heav'n,
And sweetly smile our cares away.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1819.

LADIES' ADVERTISER.

We are sorry to inform our fair patrons, that the experiment of issuing an Advertising Sheet has totally failed, and must, consequently, be abandoned; the expenses of printing it have far exceeded the receipts for advertisements. In order to accommodate our friends, however, we are willing to write editorial paragraphs, (as they are technically termed,) which will, perhaps, prove of more real benefit to them than would the same ideas clothed in the dull garb of advertisements. For example—

"Our fair readers will do well to bear in mind, that *Habits and Pelices*, of the first style and fashion, and *arranged with Braid*, in the most elegant manner, are made by M. JEFFREYS, No. 36 Vandewater-street."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Music, by EUSTACE, is approved.
The correspondent who dropped into our letter-box, a few lines commencing thus—

"Say, what is life, then son of pleasure?"

forgot to add his signature, and we do not recollect the handwriting. His favour, however, is filed for insertion.

The beautiful effusion of our fair correspondent *Agnes*, shall be set, like a diamond, to sparkle in a column of our next number.

The *Retrospect*, and *Sundae*, are both received, and though they are evidently the productions of an unaged muse, they afford promising indications of future genius. But their great length is one strong objection to their publication, and their style is not of that sparkling, brilliant cast, which distinguishes such poetry as the fair readers of the Cabinet are entitled to expect. A song,

ode, or melody, must possess uncommon excellence to excuse its extension beyond sixteen or twenty lines. "Brevity is the soul of wit," and we hope our correspondents will take the hint.

Cora must excuse us, we cannot insert *arcades*. We have much better poetry on hand than that of *William, Nerthus, or A Friend*.

We shall not decide upon the favour of *Tyre*, until we hear from him again.

Sidonias' favours shall be attended to.

LITERARY.

We have seen proposals for publishing by subscription, a volume of Poems, written by ALEXANDER McDONALD CLARKE, (a young man, said to be yet in his teens,) to contain about 300 pages, and to be embellished with a portrait of the author, who promises to return the subscription price to any one who, on perusal, is not pleased with his poetry.

Madame Blanchard made her last aeromatic ascension, at Paris, on the evening of the 6th of July last, amidst the concern of thousands of anxious spectators, the wind being very high. On the lights being extinguished, the fire-works exploded, and the balloon appeared as a dark cloud for an instant, and it took fire, as is supposed, by a spark. *Madame B.* was precipitated to the earth with the utmost velocity. She fell in a small street near Rue Mont Blanc; when taken up she was not quite dead, but literally dashed to pieces. She survived but a few minutes.

Emulation Premiums.—There is nothing better calculated to excite emulation in laudable pursuits, than prize medals and premiums, especially if bestowed by the ladies; for the merest trifle from their fair hands is esteemed of immense value by the receiver. The young ladies of Montgomery county have lately offered a gold mounted hair watch-chain, as a premium for the best essay on agriculture. What if some of our city ladies were to unite, and offer a similar reward for the best ode or poem on some given subject? Our young poets would want no higher inspiration. Hundreds of idle pens would be instantly employed. Thus, might the dormant talents of our countrymen be drawn forth, and the interests of literature advanced. Let them try the experiment.

ERRATA.

We owe an apology to our readers generally, and to a valuable correspondent in particular, for permitting a beautiful stanza to be raised in the hurry of putting our last number to press. The only statement we can make, is to reprint the stanza correctly, and mark the mutilated line.

Behold yonder glimmering star,

A gem from the fingers of morn!

Dropp'd bright in the ocean afar!

To spar-cover'd caverns 'tis borne;

Nine night draws his pall from the world,

The vapour-banks melt into air;

The east's purpled robes are unfurled,

Day, day in his splendor is there!

WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS.

The City Inspector reports the deaths of 96 persons during the week, ending on Saturday, the 28th inst.—Of whom 40 were of the age of one year and under; between the age of 1 and 2, 21; 2 and 3, 6; 4 and 5, 2; 6 and 7, 3; 8 and 9, 3; 10 and 11, 3; 12 and 13, 3; 14 and 15, 3; 16 and 17, 3; 18 and 19, 3; 20 and 21, 3; 22 and 23, 3; 24 and 25, 3; 26 and 27, 3; 28 and 29, 3; 30 and 31, 3; 32 and 33, 3; 34 and 35, 3; 36 and 37, 3; 38 and 39, 3; 40 and 41, 3; 42 and 43, 3; 44 and 45, 3; 46 and 47, 3; 48 and 49, 3; 50 and 51, 3; 52 and 53, 3; 54 and 55, 3; 56 and 57, 3; 58 and 59, 3; 60 and 61, 3; 62 and 63, 3; 64 and 65, 3; 66 and 67, 3; 68 and 69, 3; 70 and 71, 3; 72 and 73, 3; 74 and 75, 3; 76 and 77, 3; 78 and 79, 3; 80 and 81, 3; 82 and 83, 3; 84 and 85, 3; 86 and 87, 3; 88 and 89, 3; 90 and 91, 3; 92 and 93, 3; 94 and 95, 3; 96 and 97, 3; 98 and 99, 3; 100 and 101, 3; 102 and 103, 3; 104 and 105, 3; 106 and 107, 3; 108 and 109, 3; 110 and 111, 3; 112 and 113, 3; 114 and 115, 3; 116 and 117, 3; 118 and 119, 3; 120 and 121, 3; 122 and 123, 3; 124 and 125, 3; 126 and 127, 3; 128 and 129, 3; 130 and 131, 3; 132 and 133, 3; 134 and 135, 3; 136 and 137, 3; 138 and 139, 3; 140 and 141, 3; 142 and 143, 3; 144 and 145, 3; 146 and 147, 3; 148 and 149, 3; 150 and 151, 3; 152 and 153, 3; 154 and 155, 3; 156 and 157, 3; 158 and 159, 3; 160 and 161, 3; 162 and 163, 3; 164 and 165, 3; 166 and 167, 3; 168 and 169, 3; 170 and 171, 3; 172 and 173, 3; 174 and 175, 3; 176 and 177, 3; 178 and 179, 3; 180 and 181, 3; 182 and 183, 3; 184 and 185, 3; 186 and 187, 3; 188 and 189, 3; 190 and 191, 3; 192 and 193, 3; 194 and 195, 3; 196 and 197, 3; 198 and 199, 3; 200 and 201, 3; 202 and 203, 3; 204 and 205, 3; 206 and 207, 3; 208 and 209, 3; 210 and 211, 3; 212 and 213, 3; 214 and 215, 3; 216 and 217, 3; 218 and 219, 3; 220 and 221, 3; 222 and 223, 3; 224 and 225, 3; 226 and 227, 3; 228 and 229, 3; 230 and 231, 3; 232 and 233, 3; 234 and 235, 3; 236 and 237, 3; 238 and 239, 3; 240 and 241, 3; 242 and 243, 3; 244 and 245, 3; 246 and 247, 3; 248 and 249, 3; 250 and 251, 3; 252 and 253, 3; 254 and 255, 3; 256 and 257, 3; 258 and 259, 3; 260 and 261, 3; 262 and 263, 3; 264 and 265, 3; 266 and 267, 3; 268 and 269, 3; 270 and 271, 3; 272 and 273, 3; 274 and 275, 3; 276 and 277, 3; 278 and 279, 3; 280 and 281, 3; 282 and 283, 3; 284 and 285, 3; 286 and 287, 3; 288 and 289, 3; 290 and 291, 3; 292 and 293, 3; 294 and 295, 3; 296 and 297, 3; 298 and 299, 3; 300 and 301, 3; 302 and 303, 3; 304 and 305, 3; 306 and 307, 3; 308 and 309, 3; 310 and 311, 3; 312 and 313, 3; 314 and 315, 3; 316 and 317, 3; 318 and 319, 3; 320 and 321, 3; 322 and 323, 3; 324 and 325, 3; 326 and 327, 3; 328 and 329, 3; 330 and 331, 3; 332 and 333, 3; 334 and 335, 3; 336 and 337, 3; 338 and 339, 3; 340 and 341, 3; 342 and 343, 3; 344 and 345, 3; 346 and 347, 3; 348 and 349, 3; 350 and 351, 3; 352 and 353, 3; 354 and 355, 3; 356 and 357, 3; 358 and 359, 3; 360 and 361, 3; 362 and 363, 3; 364 and 365, 3; 366 and 367, 3; 368 and 369, 3; 370 and 371, 3; 372 and 373, 3; 374 and 375, 3; 376 and 377, 3; 378 and 379, 3; 380 and 381, 3; 382 and 383, 3; 384 and 385, 3; 386 and 387, 3; 388 and 389, 3; 390 and 391, 3; 392 and 393, 3; 394 and 395, 3; 396 and 397, 3; 398 and 399, 3; 400 and 401, 3; 402 and 403, 3; 404 and 405, 3; 406 and 407, 3; 408 and 409, 3; 410 and 411, 3; 412 and 413, 3; 414 and 415, 3; 416 and 417, 3; 418 and 419, 3; 420 and 421, 3; 422 and 423, 3; 424 and 425, 3; 426 and 427, 3; 428 and 429, 3; 430 and 431, 3; 432 and 433, 3; 434 and 435, 3; 436 and 437, 3; 438 and 439, 3; 440 and 441, 3; 442 and 443, 3; 444 and 445, 3; 446 and 447, 3; 448 and 449, 3; 450 and 451, 3; 452 and 453, 3; 454 and 455, 3; 456 and 457, 3; 458 and 459, 3; 460 and 461, 3; 462 and 463, 3; 464 and 465, 3; 466 and 467, 3; 468 and 469, 3; 470 and 471, 3; 472 and 473, 3; 474 and 475, 3; 476 and 477, 3; 478 and 479, 3; 480 and 481, 3; 482 and 483, 3; 484 and 485, 3; 486 and 487, 3; 488 and 489, 3; 490 and 491, 3; 492 and 493, 3; 494 and 495, 3; 496 and 497, 3; 498 and 499, 3; 500 and 501, 3; 502 and 503, 3; 504 and 505, 3; 506 and 507, 3; 508 and 509, 3; 510 and 511, 3; 512 and 513, 3; 514 and 515, 3; 516 and 517, 3; 518 and 519, 3; 520 and 521, 3; 522 and 523, 3; 524 and 525, 3; 526 and 527, 3; 528 and 529, 3; 530 and 531, 3; 532 and 533, 3; 534 and 535, 3; 536 and 537, 3; 538 and 539, 3; 540 and 541, 3; 542 and 543, 3; 544 and 545, 3; 546 and 547, 3; 548 and 549, 3; 550 and 551, 3; 552 and 553, 3; 554 and 555, 3; 556 and 557, 3; 558 and 559, 3; 560 and 561, 3; 562 and 563, 3; 564 and 565, 3; 566 and 567, 3; 568 and 569, 3; 570 and 571, 3; 572 and 573, 3; 574 and 575, 3; 576 and 577, 3; 578 and 579, 3; 580 and 581, 3; 582 and 583, 3; 584 and 585, 3; 586 and 587, 3; 588 and 589, 3; 590 and 591, 3; 592 and 593, 3; 594 and 595, 3; 596 and 597, 3; 598 and 599, 3; 600 and 601, 3; 602 and 603, 3; 604 and 605, 3; 606 and 607, 3; 608 and 609, 3; 610 and 611, 3; 612 and 613, 3; 614 and 615, 3; 616 and 617, 3; 618 and 619, 3; 620 and 621, 3; 622 and 623, 3; 624 and 625, 3; 626 and 627, 3; 628 and 629, 3; 630 and 631, 3; 632 and 633, 3; 634 and 635, 3; 636 and 637, 3; 638 and 639, 3; 640 and 641, 3; 642 and 643, 3; 644 and 645, 3; 646 and 647, 3; 648 and 649, 3; 650 and 651, 3; 652 and 653, 3; 654 and 655, 3; 656 and 657, 3; 658 and 659, 3; 660 and 661, 3; 662 and 663, 3; 664 and 665, 3; 666 and 667, 3; 668 and 669, 3; 670 and 671, 3; 672 and 673, 3; 674 and 675, 3; 676 and 677, 3; 678 and 679, 3; 680 and 681, 3; 682 and 683, 3; 684 and 685, 3; 686 and 687, 3; 688 and 689, 3; 690 and 691, 3; 692 and 693, 3; 694 and 695, 3; 696 and 697, 3; 698 and 699, 3; 700 and 701, 3; 702 and 703, 3; 704 and 705, 3; 706 and 707, 3; 708 and 709, 3; 710 and 711, 3; 712 and 713, 3; 714 and 715, 3; 716 and 717, 3; 718 and 719, 3; 720 and 721, 3; 722 and 723, 3; 724 and 725, 3; 726 and 727, 3; 728 and 729, 3; 730 and 731, 3; 732 and 733, 3; 734 and 735, 3; 736 and 737, 3; 738 and 739, 3; 740 and 741, 3; 742 and 743, 3; 744 and 745, 3; 746 and 747, 3; 748 and 749, 3; 750 and 751, 3; 752 and 753, 3; 754 and 755, 3; 756 and 757, 3; 758 and 759, 3; 760 and 761, 3; 762 and 763, 3; 764 and 765, 3; 766 and 767, 3; 768 and 769, 3; 770 and 771, 3; 772 and 773, 3; 774 and 775, 3; 776 and 777, 3; 778 and 779, 3; 780 and 781, 3; 782 and 783, 3; 784 and 785, 3; 786 and 787, 3; 788 and 789, 3; 790 and 791, 3; 792 and 793, 3; 794 and 795, 3; 796 and 797, 3; 798 and 799, 3; 800 and 801, 3; 802 and 803, 3; 804 and 805, 3; 806 and 807, 3; 808 and 809, 3; 810 and 811, 3; 812 and 813, 3; 814 and 815, 3; 816 and 817, 3; 818 and 819, 3; 820 and 821, 3; 822 and 823, 3; 824 and 825, 3; 826 and 827, 3; 828 and 829, 3; 830 and 831, 3; 832 and 833, 3; 834 and 835, 3; 836 and 837, 3; 838 and 839, 3; 840 and 841, 3; 842 and 843, 3; 844 and 845, 3; 846 and 847, 3; 848 and 849, 3; 850 and 851, 3; 852 and 853, 3; 854 and 855, 3; 856 and 857, 3; 858 and 859, 3; 860 and 861, 3; 862 and 863, 3; 864 and 865, 3; 866 and 867, 3; 868 and 869, 3; 870 and 871, 3; 872 and 873, 3; 874 and 875, 3; 876 and 877, 3; 878 and 879, 3; 880 and 881, 3; 882 and 883, 3; 884 and 885, 3; 886 and 887, 3; 888 and 889, 3; 890 and 891, 3; 892 and 893, 3; 894 and 895, 3; 896 and 897, 3; 898 and 899, 3; 900 and 901, 3; 902 and 903, 3; 904 and 905, 3; 906 and 907, 3; 908 and 909, 3; 910 and 911, 3; 912 and 913, 3; 914 and 915, 3; 916 and 917, 3; 918 and 919, 3; 920 and 921, 3; 922 and 923, 3; 924 and 925, 3; 926 and 927, 3; 928 and 929, 3; 930 and 931, 3; 932 and 933, 3; 934 and 935, 3; 936 and 937, 3; 938 and 939, 3; 940 and 941, 3; 942 and 943, 3; 944 and 945, 3; 946 and 947, 3; 948 and 949, 3; 950 and 951, 3; 952 and 953, 3; 954 and 955, 3; 956 and 957, 3; 958 and 959, 3; 960 and 961, 3; 962 and 963, 3; 964 and 965, 3; 966 and 967, 3; 968 and 969, 3; 970 and 971, 3; 972 and 973, 3; 974 and 975, 3; 976 and 977, 3; 978 and 979, 3; 980 and 981, 3; 982 and 983, 3; 984 and 985, 3; 986 and 987, 3; 988 and 989, 3; 990 and 991, 3; 992 and 993, 3; 994 and 995, 3; 996 and 997, 3; 998 and 999, 3; 1000 and 1001, 3; 1002 and 1003, 3; 1004 and 1005, 3; 1006 and 1007, 3; 1008 and 1009, 3; 1010 and 1011, 3; 1012 and 1013, 3; 1014 and 1015, 3; 1016 and 1017, 3; 1018 and 1019, 3; 1020 and 1021, 3; 1022 and 1023, 3; 1024 and 1025, 3; 1026 and 1027, 3; 1028 and 1029, 3; 1030 and 1031, 3; 1032 and 1033, 3; 1034 and 1035, 3; 1036 and 1037, 3; 1038 and 1039, 3; 1040 and 1041, 3; 1042 and 1043, 3; 1044 and 1045, 3; 1046 and 1047, 3; 1048 and 1049, 3; 1050 and 1051, 3; 1052 and 1053, 3; 1054 and 1055, 3; 1056 and 1057, 3; 1058 and 1059, 3; 1060 and 1061, 3; 1062 and 1063, 3; 1064 and 1065, 3; 1066 and 1067, 3; 1068 and 1069, 3; 1070 and 1071, 3; 1072 and 1073, 3; 1074 and 1075, 3; 1076 and 1077, 3; 1078 and 1079, 3; 1080 and 1081, 3; 1082 and 1083, 3; 1084 and 1085, 3; 1086 and 1087, 3; 1088 and 1089, 3; 1090 and 1091, 3; 1092 and 1093, 3; 1094 and 1095, 3; 1096 and 1097, 3; 1098 and 1099, 3; 1100 and 1101, 3; 1102 and 1103, 3; 1104 and 1105, 3; 1106 and 1107, 3; 1108 and 1109, 3; 1110 and 1111, 3; 1112 and 1113, 3; 1114 and 1115, 3; 1116 and 1117, 3; 1118 and 1119, 3; 1120 and 1121, 3; 1122 and 1123, 3; 1124 and 1125, 3; 1126 and 1127, 3; 1128 and 1129, 3; 1130 and 1131, 3; 1132 and 1133, 3; 1134 and 1135, 3; 1136 and 1137, 3; 1138 and 1139, 3; 1140 and 1141, 3; 1142 and 1143, 3; 1144 and 1145, 3; 1146 and 1147, 3; 1148 and 1149, 3; 1150 and 1151, 3; 1152 and 1153, 3; 1154 and 1155, 3; 1156 and 1157, 3; 1158 and 1159, 3; 1160 and 1161, 3; 1162 and 1163, 3; 1164 and 1165, 3; 1166 and 1167, 3; 1168 and 1169, 3; 1170 and 1171, 3; 1172 and 1173, 3; 1174 and 1175, 3; 1176 and 1177, 3; 1178 and 1179, 3; 1180 and 1181, 3; 1182 and 1183, 3; 1184 and 1185, 3; 1186 and 1187, 3; 1188 and 1189, 3; 1190 and 1191, 3; 1192 and 1193, 3; 1194 and 1195, 3; 1196 and 1197, 3; 1198 and 1199, 3; 1200 and 1201, 3; 1202 and 1203, 3; 1204 and 1205, 3; 1206 and 1207, 3; 1208 and 1209, 3; 1210 and 1211, 3; 1212 and 1213, 3; 1214 and 1215, 3; 1216 and 1217, 3; 1218 and 1219, 3; 1220 and 1221, 3; 1222 and 1223, 3; 1224 and 1225, 3; 1226 and 1227, 3; 1228 and 1229, 3; 1230 and 1231, 3; 1232 and 1233, 3; 1234 and 1235, 3; 1236 and 1237, 3; 1238 and 1239, 3; 1240 and 1241, 3; 1242 and 1243, 3; 1244 and 1245, 3; 1246 and 1247, 3; 1248 and 1249, 3; 1250 and 1251, 3; 1252 and 1253, 3; 1254 and 1255, 3; 1256 and 1257, 3; 1258 and 1259, 3; 1260 and 1261, 3; 1262 and 1263, 3; 1264 and 1265, 3; 1266 and 1267, 3; 1268 and 1269, 3; 1270 and 1271, 3; 1272 and 1273, 3; 1274 and 1275, 3; 1276 and 1277, 3; 1278 and 1279, 3; 1280 and 1281, 3; 1282 and 1283, 3; 1284 and 1285, 3; 1286 and 1287, 3; 1288 and 1289, 3; 1290 and 1291, 3; 1292 and 1293, 3; 1294 and 1295, 3; 1296 and 1297, 3; 1298 and 1299, 3; 1300 and 1301, 3; 1302 and 1303, 3; 1304 and 1305, 3; 1306 and 1307, 3; 1308 and 1309, 3; 1310 and 1311, 3; 1312 and 1313, 3; 1314 and 1315, 3; 1316 and 1317, 3; 1318 and 1319, 3; 1320 and 1321, 3; 1322 and 1323, 3; 1324 and 1325, 3; 1326 and 1327, 3; 1328 and 1329, 3; 1330 and 1331, 3; 1332 and 1333, 3; 1334 and 1335, 3; 1336 and 1337, 3; 1338 and 1339, 3; 1340 and 1341, 3; 1342 and 1343, 3; 1344 and 1345, 3; 1346 and 1347, 3; 1348 and 1349, 3; 1350 and 1351, 3; 1352 and 1353, 3; 1354 and 1355, 3; 1356 and 1357, 3; 1358 and 1359, 3; 1360 and 1361, 3; 1362 and 1363, 3; 1364 and 1365, 3; 1366 and 1367, 3; 1368 and 1369, 3; 1370 and 1371, 3; 1372 and 1373, 3; 1374 and 1375, 3; 1376 and 1377, 3; 1378 and 1379, 3; 1380 and 1381, 3; 1382 and 1383, 3; 1384 and 1385, 3; 1386 and 1387, 3; 1388 and 1389, 3; 1390 and 1391, 3; 1392 and 1393, 3; 1394 and 1395, 3; 1396 and 1397, 3; 1398 and 1399, 3; 1400 and 1401, 3; 1402 and 1403, 3; 1404 and 1405, 3; 1406 and 1407, 3; 1408 and 1409, 3; 1410 and 1411, 3; 1412 and 1413, 3; 1414 and 1415, 3; 1416 and 1417, 3; 1418 and 1419, 3; 1420 and 1421, 3; 1422 and 1423, 3; 1424 and 1425, 3; 1426 and 1427, 3; 1428 and 1429, 3; 1430 and 1431, 3; 1432 and 1433, 3; 1434 and 1435, 3; 1436 and 1437, 3; 1438 and 1439, 3; 1440 and 1441, 3; 1442 and 1443, 3; 1444 and 1445, 3; 1446 and 1447, 3; 1448 and 1449, 3; 1450 and 1451, 3;

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1819.

[No. 18]

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;

AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 154 Broadway;

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable Quarterly in Advance.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XV.

WOODVILLE's letters of introduction procured him the acquaintance and friendship of many respectable families in New-York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; but it was not until he reached the latter place that he succeeded in obtaining a situation as book-keeper in a mercantile establishment. This object being at length attained, he announced it in letters to his parents, his uncle, and his friend Flanders, from each of whom, by return of mail, he received affectionate and consoling replies.

No event of consequence occurred for the space of three months, when he received, by the same mail, two letters, which gave a new turn to his thoughts, and a new impulse to his feelings. The first he opened was from his sister, of which the following is a copy:

"Sandville, December 23, 1805.

"An event has occurred here, my dear brother, with which I think it my duty to make you acquainted. Your friend Fitz-James is married. This is, perhaps, nothing more than you have long expected to hear. But stop here, and endeavour to guess the rest. You cannot? Well, then, I must proceed. Sophia Hearty is not married!

"I cannot enter into particulars; you will probably be able to gather them from some other quarter; but there has been no other subject discussed in the

parish for a week; it is really a jubilee for the old gossips.

"We are all well. Adieu.

"MARY WOODVILLE.

"Mr. S. Woodville, Baltimore."

I shall not attempt to describe the thoughts and feelings of Woodville, as he perused this epistle; but whatever they were, they so completely absorbed his mind, that it was nearly an hour before he recollected that he had another letter to read, and that from his friend Flanders. He broke the seal, and read as follows:

"Boston, December 26, 1805.

BROTHER AND COUSIN,

"I shall not, at this time, fatigue you with a grave lecture on morals or metaphysics, because I do not feel in a humour for that species of writing. I shall, therefore, briefly inform you, that on a certain day last spring, a little spark of fire, from a pair of bright eyes, flew by accident into my bosom, and there remained unnoticed till late in the autumn, when it suddenly burst out into a tremendous blaze that bade defiance to all the cold water that reason, prudence, and philosophy could throw upon it. So, as it threatened nobody's tenement but my own which I always keep insured, I concluded to let it burn.

"I will confess that I remembered the advice I had once given a friend of mine, when placed in a similar situation; but, then, I reflected, that it was much easier to give advice than to follow it—besides, I was older than my friend—of much stender habits—in better business—and—and—so I popped the question—gave a month for consideration—received an affirmative answer—and last evening the Rev. Mr. Murray performed a ceremony which has united me for life to a young lady of your acquaintance.

"Write me a congratulatory letter as soon as convenient; accept the respects of my bride, and believe me to be, with the sincerest esteem, yours, &c.

"THOMAS FLANDERS.

"S. Woodville, Baltimore.

"P. S. I had like to have forgotten

the principal object of this communication. When you revisit New-England, and wish to wait on the fair cousin of your Sophia, (for yours she may be,) inquire for Mrs. Flanders, when you will see the lively Selina metamorphosed into a grave housewife. Unless you write instantly, direct to Worcester, as we shall remove thither as soon as the holidays are over.

"T. F."

If Woodville was agitated before, he was now petrified with astonishment, and could scarcely credit his senses. He perused the two letters, again and again, and meditated on their extraordinary contents for several successive days before he became sufficiently composed to form any determination as to the course he ought to pursue; and when he had formed one, he had the mortification of knowing, that it was out of his power to put it in execution. Selina was lost to him forever. He had once thought that he never really loved any girl but herself; but he might have been mistaken; the human heart is all a mystery, and he must be wise indeed who is perfectly acquainted with his own. She was actually married, and so soon after he left her! There was a pang in that reflection. But she had obtained a husband that was worthy of her, and that husband was his dearest friend. There was a consolation that almost reconciled him to the intelligence. It was true, he had never confided to Flanders the secret of his attachment for Selina, but surely the latter would have done it, had she loved Woodville sincerely. The more he reflected on the subject, the more was he bewildered in the mazes of wild conjecture. Two things were certain—Selina was another's for life—and Sophia was disengaged. A thousand forgotten charms now danced before his imagination, as he called up the image of this amiable girl. Hope whispered to his heart, that all was for the best, and promised days of happiness to come.

But another tedious year rolled away, and the prospect of our exile was still

cheerless as the season, for not one of his hopes had been realized. In the mean time, he had learned from various sources the causes which had so suddenly operated to dissolve engagements which he himself had so ardently striven to cancel in vain. From the little allusion already made to the character of Fitz-James, the reader is probably somewhat biased in his favour. So were all the pious inhabitants of Sandville, who considered him as a model for imitation in all the various duties of social life—a pattern of the most exemplary morality. Cool, deliberative reason, appeared always to have the ascendancy in his mind, and the passions seemed ever subject to its rigid control. But yet, it so happened, in one of those unguarded moments of weakness, to which humanity is ever liable, unless its guardian angel is constantly on the watch, he put it in the power of a simple village lass (even while his vows were solemnly pledged to another) to compel him to make her his wife! Her father was a resolute wealthy farmer, and no compromise could be effected. But even if that had been possible, the revolting incident had forever severed the ties which united him to the virtuous Sophia. Fitz-James bowed to his self-created destiny, and prepared himself for the dreadful sacrifice which his indiscretion had rendered inevitable.

The second wioter of Woodville's exile had passed away, and spring had once more clothed the banks of the Petapaco with the richest verdure, when he received a letter from his uncle, which happily removed every obstacle that prevented his return to Boston. Owen had called together the creditors of his nephew, and, after representing to them the improbability of their ever receiving a cent from the absconding debtor, succeeded in compounding with them for *five shillings* in the pound, which was paid on the spot. As Woodville could now safely return to the land of his nativity, and to the arms of his friends, he lost no time in making preparations for the journey, and on the 15th of May, he found himself once more in the bosom of his paternal family, after an absence of two years and six months.

He found Fitz-James united to a blooming artless girl, who appeared to

adore him, and if he did not return her affection with an equal ardour, he treated her with a tenderness which rendered her happy, and secured to himself that calm content which ever follows the faithful discharge of a duty. Sophia was residing with an aunt in the neighbouring parish, and had kept herself secluded from all society since her peace had received so cruel a wound. A settled melancholy was preying on her health, and several sage prophetesses in Sandville prognosticated her speedy dissolution. This intelligence filled Woodville with unpleasant sensations, and but for the discussion of his sister, he would have immediately flown to the place of her retreat. But Mary convinced him that the agitation which such an interview might at that time occasion, would be distressing, if not dangerous, to the fair recluse, to whom time alone could administer consolation and health.

After spending a week at the parsonage, Woodville repaired to Boston, where Flanders had now taken up his residence, in whose society, with that of his benevolent uncle, he tasted of more real happiness than years of pleasure had bestowed. His uncle had resumed business, having saved more from the wreck of his fortune than he anticipated; and his nephew was now reinstated in his former capacity of book-keeper.

In the family of his friend he spent most of his leisure time; and though he did not observe that ardency of passion which he thought ought to subsist between such a connubial pair, but, at times, even a visible coolness between them, yet he could not wholly exclude the demon of envy from his bosom, but would often think "such might have been my happy lot, but for my cursed imprudence; and I should certainly have enjoyed it with a greater zest than my friend does; he does not love with all his soul, mind, and strength, as I would."

Selina had been a mother more than six months, and to her close attention to the new duties arising from that relation, might possibly be attributed an apparent indifference toward her husband. At any rate, it was so accounted for in the mind of Woodville, until an incident occurred which deserves a chapter by itself.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

AN ESSAY ON PLAY-GOERS.

To show Virtue her own features,
Scorn her own image.

SHAKESPEARE.

The great poet of nature, in the passage from which the motto for these essays is taken, tells us—"The purpose of playing, both at the first, and now, was, and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." Than which, nothing can prove more satisfactorily, that theatrical representations were never intended for amusement only; but, on the contrary, for the express purpose of conveying, under a pleasing and interesting form, the most important lessons in the difficult, but necessary study of the human species.

"The noblest study of mankind is man."

They present to us, through the medium of an efficient representative, the most striking features in the characters of celebrated men, holding them up for our approbation or detestation. They show virtue in all its most beautiful forms, that we may be induced to admire and emulate it; and vice, in her most hideous shapes, that we may avoid her.

This, however, is not an essay on the drama, but on those who are visitors or admirers of it; or, as they are commonly termed, *Play-goers*.

Here the difficulty of distinctly drawing the line of separation between the different classes, into which the subject is about to be divided, most forcibly presents itself. Between the first and second divisions, it is much more clear, than between those two and the third; for many, who would not set their foot into a church, upon any account whatever, have no objection to go to a theatre occasionally. The persons named, therefore, by the comprehensive term, *Play-goers*, are very numerous, and, consequently, of various descriptions and characters. I divide them, however, (in order to avoid confusion,) into three classes only, viz: the idle, the rational, and the critical. They might be divided into the attentive and inattentive, the quiet and the noisy, the drunken and the sober, &c. To particularize, however, every description, would not only be a useless prolixity, but it would be com-

pletely at variance with the plan I wish to pursue, which is expressed in two words, *comprehensive perspicuity*. And as every variety of character found in the audience part of a theatre, may be included in the general terms mentioned above, they will serve every purpose.

The first part are persons, generally speaking, to whom reading (to use an expression very common among them) is a great bore, and their own company a much greater one; and, therefore, in order to escape from that unpleasant companion, *ennui*, they are "obliged to go to the play," as they term it. "Will you go to the play to night, Jack?" says one—"What's to be seen?"—"Don't know, indeed, but I dare say there will be something or other worth seeing; besides, I find my friend is going with his wife and family, and I should have the horrors if I were to stay at home all the evening alone. I should be like a deaf, dumb, and blind man, left by his guide in an unfrequented place, a most pitiable object. Come, Jack, will you go with me?"—"Oh! yes, my dear fellow, I have not the least objection."—"Go on, I follow thee." Thus it is with them in general. They go, for what? Some to see, some to be seen; some to hiss, some to applaud; some to see a favourite piece, (if they can have any preference,) some to see a favourite performer; all for amusement merely, and to pass away an idle hour. While there, you may distinguish them in a moment. Each, as

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,"

performing their various parts and characters to admiration. You will see some with their eyes rolling in every direction, observing every one; others, tossing their heads in a hundred different postures, making absurd observations, laughing aloud at their own folly, and pluming themselves upon their supposed acute and witty remarks. In order to attract notice, some are continually annoying you with hissing, hooting, and yelling at the most beautiful passages, and the finest performers; others clapping, applauding, and encouraging every thing that is foolish and despicable; while others are running in and out, and in every direction, not only not enjoying the performance themselves, but preventing all others

near them from doing so. Destitute of feeling, as well as of interest, for what is passing on the stage, they think others are the same, and care not whose sight they intercept, or whose attention they interrupt;

"And so they play their parts."

The rational play-goer, is a very different being from those above described. He is a rational being, and the division to which he belongs is principally (it ought rather to be said entirely) composed of conscientious church-goers. He is a man who is contented with the situation in which he may be placed, however humble it may be; drawing a moral lesson from every thing he sees, hears, or experiences. Is he fortunate? he is thankful for it, because it gives him an opportunity for a more extensive exercise of his philanthropy. Is he unfortunate? he is still thankful, for he can find many who are much more so. He does nothing inconsiderately, or without first reflecting upon it. What says he, when he is going to the theatre? Thus he considers the subject. "What am I about to see? A tragedy? From that I should learn, that though guilt may triumph over virtue for a time, yet a just and certain punishment pursues, and will soon overtake it; and though virtue appears humbled to the very dust, yet sooner or later it will receive its reward, and the humiliation it has suffered will only serve to improve and increase the splendour of its exaltation. Shall I witness the representation of a comedy? Then I shall see vice and folly unmasked; their borrowed robes stripped off, and themselves conspicuously held up for our abhorrence and contempt; while, on the other hand, innocent simplicity is represented in vivid colours for our admiration and imitation. Shall I see a farce or a pantomime? Can I contemplate any thing more forcibly exemplifying the following passage, so frequently quoted? or can I see any thing more expressive of its truth? 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' Certainly not: for in them, vanity is (if I may so express it) personified in every scene," &c. With a mind thus attuned and prepared, can the rational play-goer fail to receive those instructions and improvements, which it is the purpose of the drama to convey?

No! he returns home with the solemn truth still more deeply impressed upon it, that rewards and punishments await us all, and that God will distribute them justly. Independent of this important lesson, he will collect much valuable information upon other subjects.

The critical play-goer, ought to be also a rational one, with only this difference: the observations which the latter makes upon the piece, and the inferences which he draws from it, for his own private information, the former should lay before the public, with such remarks upon the composition and performance of it, as circumstances and impartial judgment may suggest. How far this is done, those who are in the habit of reading the various dramatic critiques in the different newspapers will be able duly to appreciate.

I must now conclude by recommending all play-goers, as their power is imperative, and all opposition to their will or judgment is vain, to exercise that power candidly, and that judgment with decision. I would likewise advise the idle to follow the example of the rational play-goer, and the critical one to do his duty in his department.

RINALDO D.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

HAPPINESS.

NO. II.

In my first number, I endeavoured to show the folly of trusting in what is falsely called the pleasures of life, for happiness, and shall now attempt to show what I conceive to be the only means of procuring this heavenly gift.

In the first place, I conceive that the belief and practice of our holy religion is alone calculated to make man happy, both here and hereafter. A person in the enjoyment of religion cannot but be happy—it raises the mind above the troubles of life, and sets them at defiance. It is like a great river, which sends forth a thousand streams to refresh the earth—from it flow all the virtues which adorn our nature; that raise it above the brute creation, and that place it in the high rank allotted to it by the great Ruler of the universe.

Religion is the source of the most divine consolation and heavenly joy; in

life it sustains, comforts, and makes us pass through this chequered scene of bliss and wo, with peace and tranquillity. When on the bed of sickness, life has lost all its joys, it consoles and comforts us by directing us to a state of never-ceasing bliss in heaven. And when our immortal spirit shakes off "this mortal coil," it will bear it on its wings to those regions of bliss, where it will meet, in the presence of our blissful Saviour, the spirits of our departed brethren, with whom, and the innumerable heavenly hosts, it will surround the throne of the most High, hymning his praises! O! divine and heavenly reflection—What are all the joys that this earth can afford, when compared to this? They are no more than a drop to the ocean. Can any one wish for any other sources of happiness than this? If there is any such, he must wish in vain. Ye, who are seeking for the path to happiness, let me direct you to this. Having experienced the divine consolation which it affords, I can confidently recommend it to you as the only path that will lead you to the object for which you are so earnestly seeking.

In my next number, I shall mention a few subordinate sources of happiness, and close the subject.

AURELIUS.

FUNERALS.

Despotism is ever odious to a freeman, in whatever form or garb it may appear, and it is truly surprising that the descendants of our revolutionary patriots should have become so degenerated as to tamely submit to its yoke, without making a single effort to discard it. But strange as it is, "it is not more strange than true," that the present generation of Americans have voluntarily become the most abject vassals to an implacable tyrant, from under whose arbitrary sway they have not the courage to revolt; a tyrant who respects neither "life, liberty, property, nor the pursuit of happiness;" a despot who tortures his subjects for amusement, quaffs the vital fluid of their hearts, and robs them of the power of being useful to the world, their country, or themselves. Need we name the monster? He is called FASHION.

It is not our present intention to enter into all the singulars and particulars of

this widely-extended subject, but shall confine our remarks to one point alone, and that is—the *despotism of Fashion*, as it affects the most solemn and impressive event that can mark the little history of a family (and yet it is one that marks the history of all)—we mean a FUNERAL.

When the heart-chilling scene of nature's dissolution is over—when the hand of weeping friendship has closed the rayless eyes of the body in lasting night—when conjugal love and filial affection can only give utterance to half-articulated sentences and convulsive sobs—when, in short, the very current that gives motion to our vitals, is wasting drop by drop, through excess of grief—is there then an earthly subject that can command a thought, or from which the lacerated heart can receive an impulse? Strange to tell, *there is*; for in the midst of this scene of affliction, this hurricane of grief, the ruthless tyrant we have mentioned stalks into the chamber of wo, and with a frown, more appalling than the uplifted badge of our vassalage, and compels us to reassume his yoke, though the heart-strings crack for it.

In plain English—however bitter may be our grief—however severe the affliction we suffer for the death of a dear friend, it seldom precludes the idea that "the Funeral must be respectable and fashionable." Were we to overlook this all-important point, we should ever afterwards be looked upon as Goths and Vandals—savages and brutes.

'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity it is 'tis true.

Whether worldly circumstances will sanction it or not, every member of the family, from the great grandmother down to the infant at the breast, must be enveloped in a *new suit of sables*—(a fashion, by-the-by, first invented by one who loved darkness rather than light, or perhaps by his sable Majesty himself—not the emperor of Hayti)—A mahogany coffin must be ordered, mounted with silver plates and handles; and though the family may be insolvent, how can the cabinet-maker have the heart to reject an order at such a time, and on such an occasion. Eight scarfs, at least, must be purchased, with as many pairs of gloves; and though the "dog-star rages," our light summer hats must be thrown aside, and new beaver

ones procured, loaded with a profusion of black crape. The sexton's must be hired to "go forth into the streets and high-ways of the city," and almost compel people to come in, that the room may be filled and a *respectable procession* formed, because that will look like "a numerous concourse of the deceased's friends." To all these friendly visitors, wine, brandy, and other refreshments, must be distributed by a couple of negroes, who, as a contrast to the suit of mourning furnished them by bounteous nature, must have each an arm decorated with a *white linen napkin*. These fellows, to be sure, can be procured any where, on such occasions, for a dollar each, and that is a very cheap way of keeping up appearances; for the citizens, who see them in the procession, will naturally conclude that they are servants in the family, and that must surely be a *fashionable and respectable* family that can afford to keep two male domestics. A train of empty hackney coaches, hired at a dollar each, must bring up the rear of a long procession, and there's a "respectable funeral."

One thing, however, we had like to have forgotten, although it forms an important scene in the *farce* we are criticising, and generally produces (as the author intended) a fine *stage effect*. We mean the ceremony which usually takes place in the hall, just before the lid of the coffin is screwed down, when the relatives make a *public parade* of their grief, by taking a last final look at the mass of putrid mortality which was once the external vesture of the friend whose exit they mourn. To them we would say, "why seek ye the *living* among the *dead*—he is not here, but is risen to a better world." Every heart of real genuine sensibility would gladly be spared this unnecessary probing and re-opening of its wounds. But the audience must be gratified, and what can be a more interesting spectacle than (for instance) the fine figure of a beautiful young widow, with her deep black veil thrown carelessly back, supported by her sympathising relatives, leaning over the lifeless body of her deceased husband—her hands clasped in convulsive agony—her eyes running over like two fairy fountains—her bosom heaving—her respiration short. Now she stoops, and with her warm lips—(here we averted our eyes)—Hark! she

shrieks—she faints, and is borne a lifeless burthen through the weeping crowd, to her disconsolate chamber. We witnessed such a scene last summer, and have since recorded the lady's second marriage.

But twelve months dead ! nay, not so long !
Not twelve !

As soon after the funeral as *decency* will permit ; that is to say, when the first whirlwind of grief has subsided to a settled calm, the expenses of the foregoing exhibition are to be paid—the bills are presented—but these are *hard times*. The sexton, cabinet maker, dry good merchant, tailor, milliner, mantuamaker, grocer, confectioner, waiters, porters, hackney coachmen, &c. &c. must all *call again*. A sweeping *execution* generally settles the matter, and the *living* are ruined by this idolatrous mockery paid to the *dead*. There is a worthy gentleman now confined to the debtor's limits, because he is unable to discharge the debts which his officious friends contracted for him, in order that the funeral of his wife should be *respectable* and *fashionable*. Had the husband's affliction permitted him to object to the unnecessary extravagance, his conjugal affection would have been doubted !

In our next, we shall suggest a remedy for this formidable and increasing evil.

DOG DAYS.

—his burning breath

Taints the red air with fevers, plagues and death.
FORZ.

"It is curious to observe (says a writer in the *Alabama Courier*) how correctly tradition transmits through various ages the superstitious notions of former times. Common proverbs and vulgar sayings descend from generation to generation with little variation. Perhaps nine-tenths of mankind at the present enlightened period, among civilized nations, believe that the sun moves round the earth, notwithstanding the contrary has been mathematically demonstrated a thousand times. Why then should we be surprised at the common belief, that the rising of Canicula produces wonderful changes in the natural world—that he occasions dysenteries and bilious disorders—madness among dogs and phrensies among men ? We surely have equal reason to suppose that Mars makes men bold, or that Venus multiplies

lovers. Herodotus, we think, was the first writer who attributed this influence to Sirius ; and Pliny the naturalist, many centuries after him, seems to have entertained the same opinion. Had either of them, however, known more of astronomy, they would have known that the time of the rising of the dog star varies in any one year, as the latitude varies ; and that he is later and later in all latitudes ; so that in time, this star, by the same rule, may chance to be charged with bringing frost and snow when he rises in winter. Before the time of Bede, the beginning of dog days was placed on the 14th July ; in Elizabeth's time on the 6th of July, and ending on the 5th of September. At a later period the beginning was fixed at the 30th of July, and the end at the 7th of September, reckoning about 20 days before and 20 days after the heliacal rising, which the precession of the equinoxes has transferred to a cooler part of the year. The fact is, that the ancients meant by the dog days, the hottest part of the year, and they are now properly fixed in our calendars to commence with the 3d of July, and to terminate with the 11th of August."

After some judicious observations on the subject of *Nuisances in the streets*, calculated to produce *pestilence*, the writer thus proceeds :—

But the *dog star* rages ;—and we have been lately inclined to think that "all Bedlam had turned out" to persecute a race of animals the most faithful and affectionate which God has placed under the government of man. Virgil, in his description of a contagion among animals, gives this judicious advice—" *Continuo culpam ferro compece*"—immediately destroy the infected animal ; but it is worthy of notice that when he speaks of dogs he uses the tender epithet *blandis*—" *Hinc canibus blandis rabies venit* ;"—the gentle dogs were affected with madness. It is not visionary to say that the state of civilization of any people may be in some measure determined by their treatment of domestic animals. Buffon says that the services of this truly valuable creature have been so eminently useful to the domestic interests of man in all ages, that to give his history would be little less than to trace mankind back to their original state of simplicity and freedom, and to mark the progress of civilization through the

various changes of the world. The dog independent of the beauty of his form, his vivacity, force, and swiftness, is possessed of all those internal qualifications that can conciliate the affections of man, and make the tyrant a protector. Every dog that acts *strangely* is not necessarily *mad*, no more than every man. We conclude with a few lines from Goldsmith's humorous little elegy :—

"And in this town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree.

"The dog and man at first were friends,
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

"Around from all the neighbor'g streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits
To bite so good a man.

* * * * *

And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

"But soon a wonder came to light
That show'd the rogues they lied,
The man recover'd of his bite,
The dog it was that died."

MODESTY IN DRESS.

We believe the fair readers of the Cabinet will do us the justice to acknowledge, that we have never intruded upon the sanctuary of their toilets, so far as to dictate the cut of a frock, the shape of a hat, or the peculiar fashion of any one article of their wearing apparel. We have not united with the *anti-corset* scribblers, and shall never utter a complaint if the ladies choose (occasionally) to be "*lock'd up in steel*," if they will be kind enough to permit their pretty faces to remain visible.

But though we refrain from interfering with female dress, we claim a right on the score of decency, to object to a deficiency of that necessary appendage ; and, as moralists, we have an undoubted right to declaim against "*absent kerchiefs*," and naked elbows. It is in the exercise of this right, that we insert the following anecdote :

A worthy clergyman in Yorkshire, lately deceased, bequeathed in his will a considerable property to his only daughter, on the subsequent conditions : First, That she did not enter into the

state of matrimony without the consent of his two executors, or their representatives. Secondly, That she dressed with greater decency than she had hitherto been accustomed to do. The testator's words were:

"But as my daughter Ann——hath not attended to my admonitions, respecting the filthy and lewd custom of dressing with naked elbows, my will is, that in case she persists in so gross a violation of female decency, the whole of the property devised by me as aforesaid, and intended as a provision for her future life, shall go to the eldest son of my sister Caroline——and his heirs lawfully begotten. To those who may say this restriction is severe, I answer, that an indecent display of personal habiliments in women, is a certain indication of intellectual depravity."

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

Every one has heard of *Hobson's Choice*, but very few, perhaps, are acquainted with the origin of that quaint proverbial expression. The following extract from the London Monthly Magazine, throws some light on the subject.

Hobson's Choice.—Toward the south end of the market-place, Oxford, stands Hobson's conduit, from which water is always running, through several iron pipes. This conduit was built by the celebrated Hobson the carrier, who gave rise to the proverbial expression of 'Hobson's choice, his or none'; by letting out horses to the students, in such a rotation that they had an equal share of rest and work, and by resolutely refusing to let another horse than that which, in its turn, was placed next the door.

It would surprise a modern fine lady, were she informed that the cup from which she sips her tea had been through the hands of at least twenty-three dirty workmen before it met her lips; but such is the fact, for if we retrace the process, we shall find the following crowd employed for the purpose:—The man who grinds the articles for the composition; the man that mills them; the person that calceins them; the grinder of the lumps; the sifter; the attender on the vials; the temperer; the thrower; the drier; the turner; the spout maker, who forms the spouts and handles; the handler, who puts them on; the biscuit fireman; the blue painter; the dipper, who immerses them in the glaze; the trimmer, who clears them from irregularities in the glazing; the gloss fireman; the sorter; the painter; the enamel fireman; the burnisher.

A gentleman in the country who had just buried a rich relation, who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who

happened to be on a visit with him, of the very great expenses of a country funeral, in respect to carriages, hat-bands, scarfs, &c. "Why, do you bury your attorneys here?" asked Foote, gravely. "Yes, to be sure we do: how else?" "Oh! we never do that in London." "No!" said the other, much surprised; "how do you manage?" "Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off." "Indeed!" said the other in amazement; "what becomes of him?" "Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter is, that there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

A VERY CURIOUS MISTAKE.

A Dublin paper says, "A person who held an official situation in Dublin, whose wife had caught the typhus fever, had her sent to the hospital for recovery. Having received information of her death, he brought her home to his house; and, according to the Irish fashion, had her *waked* for several nights; he then invited several of his relations, and conveyed her several miles into the country, where she was buried. Having called at the hospital about a week afterwards, for her clothes, (whether to his sorrow or not we cannot say) he found his wife so far recovered as to be able to walk home with him. The woman he had buried in mistake, was a poor friendless pauper, who otherwise would have been buried at the expense of the parish."

Wonderful Presence of Mind.

A boy of seven years of age, in the town of Weser, in Germany, playing one day with his sister of four years old, was alarmed by the cry of some men who were in the pursuit of a mad dog. The child suddenly looking round him, saw the dog running toward him; but instead of making his escape, he took off his coat and wrapping it around his arm, he boldly faced the dog, and holding out the arm covered with the coat, the animal attacked it, and worried the coat till the men came up, who being armed with clubs, killed the dog. The men reproachfully asked the boy why he did not run and

avoid the dog, which he could so easily have done. Yes, said the little hero, I could have run from the dog; but if I had he would have attacked my sister. To protect her, therefore, I thought of offering him my coat, which he might tear at till you should come up and kill him. The men, as well they might, first admired his courage in facing the dog; but they were the more astonished at the prudence and firmness of mind discovered by this phenomenon. The conduct of this wonderful child furnishes a useful hint to persons of more mature age, in protecting themselves from the attacks of a mad dog.

ANECDOTES.

The learned Teacher.—A travelling person coming into a country neighbourhood where was a vacant school-house, offered himself as teacher. The neighbours convened to examine into his abilities. He was asked "what branches he could teach?"—"Almost any," was the answer. "He could instruct children to read, without first learning them to spell; and to write almost without making marks; and it was indifferent to him, in what rule they first commenced arithmetic."—"Are you acquainted with mathematics, sir?" was the next question. The schoolmaster, supposing some great literary character was meant, assuming an air of importance, quickly replies—"Matthew Mallocks, sir! No sir, I am not acquainted with Matthew, but I know his brother Tom very well."

Two students at bar being a few days since in company with each other—one of them being ready for examination previous to becoming an attorney, the other observed to him, "that all persons desirous of becoming lawyers, should be under the necessity of riding a *jockey* to court." "Indeed," says the other, "then if you'll clap a saddle on your back, I'll ride you to the Hall with pleasure."

The house of a clergyman, in the vicinity of Islington, (Eng.) was lately broken open and plundered. The robbers, on taking leave, wrote on a piece of paper which lay on a desk—"watch as well as pray."

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO JULIA,

Who asked the author to address a poem to her.

When Beauty asks a tribute of the muse,
What Bard, ungenerous, would the task refuse,
To pour his sweet strain on Beauty's ear,
And feel well paid, if she consent to hear?

Were't not presumption's valiant part in me,
To try my uncouth hand in minstrelsy;
And more presumptuous still for to aspire,
To wake for Beauty's ear the pensive lyre—

O, with what willing ardour would I sing,
And strike with joyous hand the trembling string;
Well pleas'd if my poor strains obtain'd, the while,
From listening Beauty, one approving smile.

But 'tis not mine—nor were it, could I stay—
Reluctant tho' I go—I must away,
And leave the smiles of Beauty, and her praise
To be bestow'd on more deserving lays.

G. OF NEW-JERSEY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

WRITTEN

On revisiting the Falls of Cohoes.

Sweet Falls of Cohoes, still unchanged is thy
beauty,

As when I beheld thee four summers ago;
When pursuing the path both of pleasure and duty,
With rapture, I first heard thy wild waters flow.

And with youthful emotion, my warm bosom
glowing,

I pray'd for a cot near thy broad dashing wave,
Where my life, like thy waters, as peacefully
flowing,
Might reach, undisturb'd, its sure haven—the
grave.

Bright wreaths by the fair hands of Fancy col-
lected,

Should grace the rude walls of my humble re-
treat;

While the sweetest of smiles from her visage re-
flected,

Her chosen companion, lov'd daughter would
greet.

With her would I roam when the dim grey of
even,

Had shed o'er the landscape a soft mellow hue;
To gaze on the gems that bespangle yon heaven,
Like diamonds thrown on a vesture of blue.

But youth is departing—these visions have va-
nished,

And tho' by thy stream I still love to recline,
Each wish for a cot near thy waters is banish'd,
For a home where the sweet smiles of love
are—is mine.

Adieu, lovely Mohawk, whose waves sparkle
brightly,
To the wild dashing roar of thy waters adieu;
When I see thee again, may my heart beat as
highly,
And, oh! may thy stream glide as peacefully
too.

But alas! ere that time all my joys may have
perish'd,
And I still survive like a victim amerc'd;
The friends that I love, and by whom I am che-
rish'd,
Be torn from my arms, and lie mould'ring in
dust.

Yet, spite of these bodings of sadness and sorrow,
I'll listen to one who oft charms to deceive;
To the whisperings of Hope, who still points to
the morrow,
And whose soul-cheering accents we're prone
to believe.

Then adieu to these scenes, but I trust not forever,
Once more may I view this magnificent sight;
Tho' doom'd to this spot for a season to sever,
Its beauties shall still be recall'd with delight.

AGNES.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

A SONG—BY HENRY.

Air—Has Sorrow thy young days shaded?

Oh, sad were the moments we parted,
And sad was the fast-falling tear,
When I left thee almost broken-hearted,
To linger in solitude here.
Each day I have mourn'd thy my dearest,
Each night all my dreams were of thee,
But, oh! when I dreamt thou wert nearest,
The morn came to chase them away.

Then think not, dear girl, I can ever
Forget thee, tho' far, far away;
Ah, no! for though absence may sever,
It ne'er can extinguish the ray
That glows pure and brightly, tho' sorrow
Has lighted each prospect so gay,
And 'twill burn full as bright, love, to-morrow,
As it burns in my bosom to-day.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

RESIGNATION.

See Resignation—how divine her look!
Humbly she blesses God for what is given,
And, without searching Fate's mysterious book,
Calmly submits to the decrees of Heaven.

How beautiful, how charming is her air!
What pencil can her wondrous sweetness paint!
But if she weeps—it is a silent tear,
She heaves no sigh, and utters no complaint.

Sweet Resignation, hail! and in my mind
Forever fix thy mild and placid reign,
That to Heaven's decrees may be resign'd,
Nor heavenly blessings be bestow'd in vain.

HARRIET.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO HARRIET.*

I once had hop'd, though cold thine eye,
More cold than snow thy bosom fair,
That still a tear, or still a sigh,
Had stamp'd eternal my image there.

I once had hop'd—I might have known,
A heart so cold could never rear
The seeds of love which I had sown,
With ne'er such fond affection there.

Yet, still I hop'd, (how vain the thought,)
Though coldly beam'd on me thine eye,
It yet might be my happy lot,
With thee to live, and with thee die.

And yet, I envy not the man,
To whom thou gav'st that icy heart;
I envy not, nor ever can,
For now I know thee as thou art.

Yes, now I know thee as thou art,
So cheerless, rayless, dull, and cold,
That Cupid ne'er had aim'd his dart,
Had not that dart been tip'd with gold.

HENRY.

* Not your amiable correspondent, whose sweetly
flowing numbers "soothe the soul, and charm the
adorning sense."

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

MUSIC.

Music, source of all our pleasure,
Strike, oh strike, thy sounding measure;
Tis to thee, the power is given,
To raise our hearts in praise to Heaven;
To God our grateful voices raise,
In songs of tribute and of praise.
Mov'd by thy loud sounding strings,
Man is forc'd on rapid wings,
Either to the hostile plain,
"Where distress and terror reign,"
Or by tones of softer measure,
Carried to the crowds of pleasure;
Where with grace and ease refin'd
Youth and virtue always shine.
Then again, with accents deep,
Can sigh with those who wish to weep,
When death has with relentless hands,
Hurried friends to unknown lands.
Sweetest source of every pleasure,
Once more strike thy sounding measure,
Since it is by thy soft charms,
Man is free'd from dread alarms—
Come, and thou the smart'st will heal,
Which afflictions make us feel;
Then will we confess thy sway,
And with gratitude obey.

EUSTACE.

AN EQUAL COUPLE.

Tis odd this pair can ne'er agree,
Although so equal in their lives;
The very worst of husband's wives,
And she, the very worst of wives.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO BEAUTY.

Oh, Beauty, sweet alluring theme,
 To thee a visionary dream,
 But like my lyre with solemn knell;
 Awakes a lingering last farewell.

Oh let this lay a moral prove,
 It parts me from the harp I love;
 The cruel fate that bids us part,
 Is like an arrow to my heart—

For I have lov'd my harp so well,
 'Tis hard to strike the parting knell;
 But go—and Beauty thou e'er long
 Must weave with Fate the parting song—

Then will thy loveliness prevail?
 Alas, thy witching smiles will fall;
 Thy graceful form will feel the power,
 Of sickness in that awful hour;
 Thy cheeks that look so rosy fair,
 Shall feel consuming fevers there;
 Thy voice, the sweetest that I know,
 Shall lose the power of pleasing too.
 Be ready, then, for some can tell,
 When they shall bid the world farewell.

Providence, (R. I.) Sept. 1819. E. R. Y.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

From the wave in the west the land was appearing,
 The land where his joys all repose;

And Hope, like the Dove, in his bosom was
 cheering,
 And banishing fears as they rose.

For he had been destin'd to brave every danger,
 Of battle and tempest's wild roar;
 And oft to the soothing of Hope so a stranger,
 He priz'd her bright image the more.

But now he is safe from the storms of the ocean,
 On beauty's soft bosom caress'd;
 And feels the rich pleasure of joy's sweet com-
 motion,

Enliven his sorrow-worn breast.

ANSON.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We hope that Gustavus will wait patiently until
 his Hope appears.

A Fragment is filed for insertion.

The Early Death shall have a place.

Willie's Grave, in our next.

A Mother's Soliloquy over her dying infant, is
 very pretty; but we suspect it is not original, and
 cannot insert it until we are satisfied on that head.
 Summer's Farewell, from the same pen, lies under
 the same predicament.

We wish our correspondents to be particular
 in distinguishing selections from originals, as we
 cannot always determine that point for ourselves.

We understand that Mr. CHARLES, first Ventriloquist to the King of Prussia, has arrived in this city, and intends to perform on Monday and Wednesday evenings next, at Washington Hall. Mr. C. has exhibited his extraordinary talents before nearly all the Courts of the different nations of Europe, and given general satisfaction; he is last from England. We have seen a late Bath paper, in which is related many anecdotes of the deceptions played off by Mr. C. at various times, by means of ventriloquism.

Drawing being one of the fine arts, with which every young lady wishes to become acquainted, we would remind them that Mrs. Fowler's School, No. 258 William-street, is now open for the reception of pupils. Mrs. F. we understand, does all kinds of Painting on silk, for embroidery and other purposes, at reduced prices.

Mr. Guille has given public notice that he will make his next ascension between the twentieth and twenty-fifth of the present month.

The Dramas, in this city, is again becoming very attractive, as the managers of the New-York theatre spare no pains to please the public. Mr. Dwyer, Mr. Maywood, and Mr. Woodhull, are engaged for the season. Mr. Wallack is also engaged for a short period, and the members of the old corps have evidently improved by the opportunity to study which the recent recess has afforded them.

LITERARY.

Don Juan, a new Poem, by Lord Byron, is advertised for sale in this city. Also, *Salmagundi*, second series, five numbers of which have been published.

Byron's New Poem, entitled *MAZEPPA*, has been recently published in this city, and is said to add another sprig to his lordship's laurels.

Lord Byron, in a letter to the publisher of a Paris paper, has formally disavowed his being the author of the 'Vampyre,' and an account of 'my Residence in the Island of Mytilene,' both of which had been ascribed to him. His lordship observes, 'if the books are clever, it would be base to deprive the real writer, whoever he may be, of his honour; and if stupid, I desire the responsibility of nobody's dulness but my own.'

S. T. Gosw, Boston, has published a "Letter to the Rev. Mr. Channing, in favour of the doctrine of the Trinity, and in opposition to the sentiments contained in his sermon at the ordination of Mr. Sparks, Baltimore. By a Layman."

WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS.

The City Inspector reports the deaths of 94 persons during the week, ending on Saturday, the 4th inst.—Of whom 32 were of the age of one year and under; between the age of 1 and 2, 22; 2 and 5, 8; 5 and 10, 2; 10 and 20, 1; 20 and 30, 7; 30 and 40, 8; 40 and 50, 8; 50 and 60, 1; 60 and 70, 4; 80 and 90, 1. Diseases: anthrax 1, cholera morbus 2, consumption 10, convulsions 3, diarrhoea 1, dropsy 3, dropsy in the head 5, dysentery 18, fever 1, typhus fever 4, infantile flux 17, liver 2, inflammation of the bowels 2, inflammation of the liver 3, interference 2, marasmus 2, measles 1, mortification 1, peripneumony 1, quinsy 1, St. Anthony's fire 1, scrofula or king's evil 1, sore throat 1, sprue 2, still born 1, suicide 2, syphilis 1, tabes mesenterica 2, tetanus 1, unknown 1, whooping cough 1—Men 12, Women 16, Boys 33, Girls 23.

GEORGE CUMING, City Inspector.

Fabricated Marriage.—We are requested to state, that the marriage of W. A. Lorton, as recorded in our last, (copied from the Columbian,) is the fabrication of some evil disposed person.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. M'Clay, Mr. Nathaniel Bartlett, to Miss Jennet Robb, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Gray, Mr. David Morris, to Miss Susannah Archer, both of this city.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Brentnell, Mr. David Williamson, merchant, of New-Orleans, to Miss Rebecca Mason, daughter of the late Mr. John Mason, of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 20th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. John Breton, to the amiable Miss Mary King, both of this city.

On the 16th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Burke, Mr. John Wickerman, to Margaret Harris, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 29th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. John Beaton, to Miss Mary Kelly, all of this city.

At Lebanon, (N. Y.) Lieut. E. K. Barnum, of the U. S. army, to Miss Caroline Phelps, of Lanesborough, Ms.

In the parish of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Lile Surpey, Esq. aged 59 years, to Madame Heason, aged 80. This is certainly a fact favourable to the longevity of that country.

DIED,

On Monday morning, George Van Nest, son of Mr. Abraham Van Nest.

On Sunday morning, Mr. John Van Nest, nephew to Mr. Abraham Van Nest.

On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Murdoch M'Intyre.

On Saturday morning, after a long and painful illness, Mr. Henry White, aged 53 years.

On Tuesday evening, the 31st ult. after a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Charlotte Lasala, consort of Mr. John B. Lasala, and daughter of David Crouse, Esq.

On Thursday evening, the 2d inst. Mr. Michael Killeffer, a native of Ireland.

On Sunday evening, Mr. Wm. G. Smith, son of the Rev. Dr. Smith, living near Old-slip.

At Newark, on Saturday last, of the lock-jaw, (occasionally, as is supposed, by *assa-stricta*), Deacon Isaac Ailing, aged 70.

At Springfield, N. J. on Sunday evening, Mr. Albert Smith, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

At Philadelphia, Seth Pease, esq. late one of the assistants of the postmaster general.—Mr. John Patterson, merchant, aged 43.

At Baltimore, very suddenly, of apoplexy, James Calhoun, esq. aged 42.

At Charleston, the 21st ult. on board the ship Maria-Caroline, of the yellow fever, Wm. Stoutenburg, 17 years, son of the late Isaac Stoutenburg, of this city—John F. Grienke, a colonel in the revolutionary army, and a senior associate judge of South Carolina for 36 years.—Mr. Wm. Bates, of the yellow fever, a native of Dublin.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1819.

[No. 20.

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;
AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 154 Broadway;

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable Quarterly in Advance.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XVI. *

"You are unusually thoughtful, Mr. Woodville," said Selina, one day, after both had sat for some minutes in profound silence. "Are you never sociable but in the company of your own sex?"

Aroused from a deep reverie, by this unexpected interrogatory, Woodville stammered out a lame apology, confessing that he felt too stupid to be an entertaining companion for any one, and least of all for a lady.

"Was your stock of vivacity all exhausted at table; or did it accompany my Thomas to Sandville? He will probably see Sophia, and you regret that you are not his companion. Is it not so?"

"I was not thinking of Sandville."

"Indeed! May I not, then, be so far honoured with your confidence, as to learn the precise point of the compass to which your thoughts were directed?"

"The variation of the compass being a phenomenon which I believe has never yet been explained by the learned, you must excuse me."

"Ah! Mr. Woodville, you are all a riddle—difficult, I am sure, and, perhaps, dangerous to solve. But if conversation has become irksome, oblige me by reading a few pages in this little volume of *Choice Selections*. It will amuse me while I finish this piece of needle-work."

Woodville took the book, and carelessly opening it, read as follows:

"It has been disputed, but it cannot certainly be an argument with men and women of sense, whether a union cemented by *love* or *fortune*, serves most to constitute human felicity. *Mutual love* is the only delicious sweet, which Fate has generously dashed into the cup of life, to make the nauseous bitter draught go down. They who possess this golden felicity, slide in smiles through the valley of life, and hang the fairest garlands on the funeral urn of care. But those who, alas! are bound together with the *obligatory knot* of *Hymen*, sigh amidst luxury and grandeur, and envy the wife possessed of the man of her heart, though, perhaps, not gilded by the rays of fortune.

"O, married love! thy bard shall own,
Where two congenial souls unite,
The golden chain, inlaid with down,
Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright.

"But if no radiant star of love,
O, Hymen! smile on thy fair rite,
Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light."

Woodville's attention was here arrested by a loud sob, and raising his eyes from the book, he beheld, with surprise and concern, the tears fast stealing down the cheek of Selina, and dropping on her work. As their eyes met, she buried her face in the drapery she was sewing, and continued for some moments vainly endeavouring to resume her composure.

"O, tell me, my sister, what has thus affected you," said Woodville, tenderly taking her hand. "Have I inadvertently wounded your sensibility? If so, you will forgive me?"

"You are not to blame," returned Selina, without uncovering her face or withdrawing her hand. "It is the author you have been reading—the *contrast* he has drawn—the picture of my own wretched fate, which!"

"How can Selina be wretched," interrupted Woodville—"while blest with fortune, friends, and the man she loves?"

"Who told you I was thus blest? Trust not to appearances. No—mine is the lot to 'sigh amidst luxury and gran-

deur,' and to 'envy the wife possessed of the man of her heart.'"

"Believe me, Selina, you both surprise and distress me; but confide still farther in my friendship, and tell me why you gave your hand to my friend, if you had no heart to bestow?"

"O, Mr. Woodville, this is a subject on which I have long wished to converse with you, but have never yet had the courage to approach it. It is now too late to recede, and I must trust to your honour—to your friendship—to every thing you hold sacred, that no advantage will be taken of my confidence."

"Shall I swear?"

"Your word is sufficient. You know that my brother Edward was shipwrecked on his return from India, and narrowly escaped the melancholy fate of many of his unfortunate crew who never reached the shore. All he was worth in the world was vested in that ship and cargo, and he returned home in poverty and despair. My mother was ill, and having been under the necessity of contracting debts on my brother's credit, was almost heartbroken by the account of his misfortune. In the midst of our afflictions, Mr. Flanders paid us a visit, and in frequent interviews with Edward endeavoured to prevail on him to accept of his assistance to any amount he wished, and on any terms. But my brother, from motives of pride or delicacy, peremptorily refused the generous offer. Determined to serve the family, in some way or other, he next declared himself my lover, and earnestly solicited my hand. He was rich—my mother was almost suffering for want, and dependent on her relations—she urged and intreated me to accept of his proposals—so did my aunts—I was bewildered—distracted—lost forever—for, oh! Woodville, you was not here to save me!"

As Selina approached the climax of her little story, her feelings almost choked her utterance. At the last sentence her agitation became so extreme, that, to prevent her falling from her seat, Woodville drew her gently into his arms, and she sobbed upon his bosom.

A short silence ensued. Woodville was embarrassed, and knew not what reply to make. At length he asked—

"And could I have saved you?"

"Oh! you know that you could. I would have written to you, but you had not entrusted me with the secret of your residence."

"Then you was kind enough not entirely to forget the poor unfortunate exile!"

"Forget you! Look here!" and she drew from her bosom a folded paper. "How often do you think I have perused this dear cruel letter. But my treasure is within it—this has been the idol I have worshipped."

So saying, she unfolded the letter, and to Woodville's infinite astonishment, exhibited a striking and well-executed portrait of himself.

"Explain this mystery," said he. "I never sat to a painter; how came you by this picture?"

"The hand of love portrayed it, from the original in my heart. I am the painter—your image was here, and here it will remain while this bosom throbs with life."

"And must my unfortunate friend be forever deprived of your affection? Is there no hope that he may yet possess your heart?"

"You wish it then! But you love your friend, and he deserves it. He might, perhaps, have won my affections by kindness; but Flanders is only kind to you. It was his generosity and assistance (through my suggestion) that enabled your uncle to settle your affairs and recall you back to your friends."

"Is it possible! O, when shall I be able to repay the immense debt of gratitude which I owe this generous friend! And will you not love such a man, Selina?"

"Unfortunately for the happiness of both, he is not equally generous to his wife; but studies to oppose her most reasonable and innocent wishes. Flanders is not a Woodville. You would have shared with me, instead of debarring me from every rational amusement. You would never have been happy but in seeing me so. You would have anticipated every wish of my heart. Would you not?"

"Who could refuse you any thing, dear, enchanting girl? But tell me, have

you ever given Flanders any cause to doubt that he possesses your heart? Is he acquainted with the state of your affections?"

"O, no—nor would I have him for worlds!—And now I have made you my confidant, I shall be less miserable. But remember your promise. Swear never to abuse my confidence—never to take the least advantage of a weakness that I cannot help. I have put myself in your power, and trust to your honour and friendship and generosity for the safeguard of my future peace. Let us forget that we have ever loved each other—for, O, it is a passion incompatible with happiness."

"Do not require of me impossibilities," replied Woodville. "Can I forget my own existence?"

The weak, confiding, guilty Selina, was the wife of Woodville's friend and benefactor; but the sophistical reasoning of that friend had long since made him an infidel—he was a libertine by nature. Friendship—gratitude—every thing was forgotten.

[To be continued.]

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF BENEVOLENCE.

A French refugee, at Brussels, was surprised in that city by the French troops, in their victorious entry after the battle of Fleuris. Dreading to be made a prisoner, he fled. A young girl, an entire stranger to him, who was sitting before a door, observing the terror and distraction of his air and countenance, seized him by the arm—"Stay!" she cried, "you are lost if you go forward." "And I am lost if I return," he answered. "Then enter here," said the generous girl, "and be saved."

The Frenchman accepted her offer. His hostess informed him she was niece to the sexton of the neighbouring church; that it was her uncle's house in which she had received him, who would have been far from suffering her to exercise so dangerous a rite of hospitality, had he been at home; and she hastened to conceal him in an out-house, where she expected to leave him in security.

Scarcely was it dark, when some French soldiers entered the same place to take up their abode for the night. Terrified at the situation of the French stranger,

the girl softly followed them without being perceived, and waiting till she was sure they were asleep, she informed the refugee of his extreme danger, and desired him to follow her. Their movement awakened one of the soldiers, who, stretching out his arm, seized that of the refugee, crying out, "Who goes there?" The girl dexterously placed herself between them, and said, "it is only me, who come to seek for —." Fortunately she had no occasion to say a word more. The soldier, deceived by the voice of a woman, let go his captive. She conducted the refugee into the house, and taking down the keys of the church, with a lamp in her hand, she led him to that place as the securest asylum she could find. They entered the chapel, which the ravages of war had despoiled of its ornaments. Behind the altar was a passage to a vault, the entrance to which was not easy to be discerned. She raised the door, and said, "This narrow staircase leads to a vault, the repository of the ashes of an illustrious family. It is scarcely possible they will suspect any person of being concealed there. Descend, and remain there till an opportunity offers for your escape." She gave him the lamp: he descended into the melancholy abode, and she closed the door upon him. His feelings may well be imagined, when, examining his dismal place by the light of his lamp, he saw the arms of his own family, which had been originally of this country. He examined the tombs of his ancestors; he viewed them with reverential affection, and rested his head with emotion upon the marble that covered their ashes. The first day passed unperceived in the midst of these strong impressions: the second brought with it the claims of hunger, even yet more pressing than the desire of liberty; yet his benefactress came not. Every hour in its lingering passage now increased his suffering, his terror, and despair. Sometimes he imagined the generous girl had fallen a victim to her desire of saving his life, at others he accused her of forgetting him; in either case, he saw himself doomed to a death a thousand times more horrible than that from which he had escaped. At length, exhausted with fruitless efforts, with agonizing fears, and the intolerable gnawing of hunger, he sunk into insen-

ability upon one of the graves of his ancestors.

The third day was far advanced, when he recovered to a languid sense of his deplorable condition. Shortly after, he heard a sound—it was the voice of his benefactress, who called to him from the chapel. Overwhelmed with joy, as with weakness, he has not the power to answer—She believes him already dead, and with a mournful exclamation lets fall the door that covers the entrance of the tomb. At the sound of the falling of the door, the unfortunate man feels his powers return, utters a shriek of despair, and rushes with precipitation up the stairs. Happily, the niece of the sexton had not left the spot—she hears the cry, lifts the door, and descends to save him. She had brought him food, and explained the cause of her long delay, assuring him that she had now taken such precautions, that in future she could not fail to administer to his daily wants. After seeing him refreshed and consoled, she quitted him; and scarcely proceeded some steps when she heard the doors unlock, and the noise of a number of armed men enter. She flew back to the vault, and motioned the refugee to silence. The persons who now filled the church, were a detachment of French soldiers, who had been sent there to search for an emigrant the sexton was suspected of concealing. The sexton himself led them on. Perfectly unconscious of the danger his niece had incurred, proud of his own innocence, he loudly encouraged their activity, and directed their researches to each remote corner of the chapel, that every spot might attest his good faith. What a situation for the two captives! The soldiers passed many times over the fatal door, led by their restless and prying conductor, and each footstep sounded to the trembling victims below as the signal of their death. The entrance of the vault, however, remained undiscovered; the noise by degrees died away; and when the niece of the sexton ventured from the vault, she found the door of the church was shut, and every one gone. She again assured the refugee of her steadfast protection, and retired.

On the following day, and for many succeeding days, she regularly supplied him with provisions; and the instant a favourable moment arrived for his es-

cape, his vigilant friend conducted him from his subterraneous abode, and instructed him in the safest means to pass unmolested. Leaving the tomb, he gained the country: and soon after rejoining his wife, her presence and affections taught him to appreciate still more highly the services of his generous benefactress.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

The awakened thro' for virtue, and for fame,
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
With all the social offspring of the heart.

THOMSON.

I have often beguiled away the lone evening, in reviewing the scenes of the day, collating my thoughts, and noting whatever attracted my attention, either through the charm of novelty, or some particular interest connected with the action. I have always derived essential benefit from examining, with impartial accuracy, the good and the bad deeds—have grieved over my frailties, and gladdened at even a bright shade. I would not wish to be understood, that my conscience acquitted the error, through the medium of “a sigh,” but that it was a stimulus for a more ardent adherence in the delightful track of well-doing. It appears to me, as well from personal observation, as personal experience, that an evening thus employed, will impart a more refined hilarity to the mind, than all the blaze of galas, assemblies, and splendid spectacles. How much are those generous youths to be imitated, who cultivate the mind, as the best gift of man; who feel an exquisite thrill of delight, at the brilliant flashes that emanate from the soul of genius; whose greatest joy is to dwell within the Temple of Fame, the porch of which glitters with diamond gems, dazzling the sight and enrapturing the beholder. With what mental happiness must they pillow their heads. How sweet their rest, as the dear reflection comes over the mind, that one jewel has been collected!*

I hope the many generous souls, who love to cull the germs of science, will

* Referring to a sentence in Malachi, “And in that day I will make up my jewels.”

not deny me the pleasure of attending to the sentiments of their hearts, whether they are clothed in the grave style of prose, or the lighter trappings of poetry; whether the delicate and tender softness of Harriet, should charm an involuntary tribute, or I express my delight at the bold genius of “S. of New Jersey;” whether I should entreat “Agnes” again to wander in the fields of poetry, or sigh at the unhappy gloom of Clark; and even in this age of “uncommon sense,” should express my admiration for the train of happy thought, that marks each production of “Common Sense.”

Ye serious! frown not, should my glance run over the state of the drama: should I venture to throw my particle of dust in favour of the meritorious. Whether that merit be displayed in the bland and social virtues of domestic life, or in the cultivation of intellect, and the refining of talent. How greatly should they be encouraged—no matter what their situation in life—who combine goodness, respectability, and eminence, in their own person!

Should one walk abroad in this our vast city, what a mass of matter can be collected from the variety of events, that daily succeed each other. Days, as they roll away into eternity, present an unbounded field for reflection and improvement. Improvement is the great end of our existence. Improvement in benevolence, virtue and piety; in the expansion of the mind, and solidity of the understanding; and it is only through the mild influence of reflection that we can ever expect to improve. It consequently follows, that whatever tends to reflection, and from reflection to improvement, must be beneficial; and whatever is beneficial, must be interesting. What, then, can be more interesting, than the benefit one may derive from sober meditation on the world as it passes by. So intricate a mixture of characters, so great a jarring or clashing of interests—such a display of good and bad—so diversified the wishes, the actions and the ends of men—such a boundless scene of events, so strange, and, in our perception, so improbable—so astonishing, so wonderful, the accomplishment of our *Eternal Governor's* magnificent designs. All these are abundantly fruitful in “Morals,” that by their mild and chastened influence, prompt the heart to virtuous and innoc-

cent emotions, and disposes it to a grateful remembrance of the happy comforts it is blessed with, from the beneficent Creator.

With these few preliminary observations I conclude the first evening's amusement. Should I fail in what I may attempt, I feel confident of the generous forgiveness of the liberal and candid;—should the cherub, success, hover cheerfully over me—of the approbation of the good man—a smile from the amiable female.

September 12, 1819.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

The following elegant extracts are from the pen of our countryman, Washington Irving, Esq. who may be justly termed the Asquith of America.

From the Sketch Book, No. I.

THE WIFE.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Look'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
The violet bed's not sweeter!

MIDDLETON.

"I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching, than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of her husband, under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

"As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when

smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

"I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. 'I can wish you no better lot,' said he, with enthusiasm, 'than to have a wife and children; if you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you.' Aud, indeed, I have observed that married men falling into misfortune are more apt to retrieve their situation in the world than single men; partly, because they are more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon them for subsistence; but chiefly, because their spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and their self-respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad in darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love, of which they are monarchs. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned; and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant."

From the Sketch Book, No. II.

"Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasure. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure—she embarks her whole soul in the traffick of affection: and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

"To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs: it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too

full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, he can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest.

"But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life.—She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate."

From the London Literary Magazine.

ON TASTE IN FEMALE DRESS.

Personal neatness may almost be classed with the cardinal virtues. It was an observation of Lavater, that persons habitually attentive to dress, display the same regularity in their domestic affairs. "Young women," says he, "who neglect their toilet, and manifest little concern about dress, indicate in this very particular a disregard of order, a mind but ill adapted to the details of house-keeping; a deficiency of taste, and of the qualities that inspire love; they will be careless in every thing. The girl of eighteen, who desires not to please, will be a slut and a shrew at twenty-five. Pay attention, young men, to this sign. It never yet was known to deceive. Husbands, as well as lovers are gratified and delighted in seeing their partners handsomely adorned; and I am well convinced that many a heart, now roving in quest of variety, might be detained in willing captivity at home, by the silken chains of personal decoration. It is of the moral duties of every married woman always to appear well dressed in the presence of her husband. To effect this, expensiveness of attire is by no means requisite. The simplest robes may evince the wearer's taste as nobly as the most gorgeous brocade.

The natural figure of a woman is of the first importance in determining the style of her dress. What sight, for instance, can be more preposterous than that of a short, thick, broad shouldered female in a spencer? It has been observed, too, "that short women destroy symmetry, and encumber their charms, by all

redundancy of ornament," and that "a little woman feathered and furbelowed, looks like a queen of the Bantam tribe.

Nor is the substance of which dresses are composed, unworthy of notice. Making due allowance for the season, that which will display or soften the *contour* of the form, with most propriety and effect, should always be preferred. The Roman ladies had their *ventus textilis* and their *linea nebula*—linen so fine as to acquire those names; and from the transparent muslin to the substantial silk, the merino and kerseymere, our variety of texture is almost infinite. Thus, while the sylph-formed maiden may be allowed to float in gossamer, the more matured and portly female should adopt a fabric better suited to her size, her figure, and her time of life.

There is nothing, perhaps, more difficult of choice, or more delusive to the wearer, than colours; and nothing more offensive to the educated eye, than colours ill-chosen, ill-adapted, or ill-combined.

"Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheek is seen

A constant blush be clad in cheerful green;
In such a dress the sportive sea nymphs go:
So, in their grassy bed fresh roses blow."

It has been remarked, however, that grass green, though a colour exceedingly pleasing and refreshing, in itself, jaundices the pale woman to such a degree, as to excite little other sensation than compassion in the beholder.

"Maiden grown pale, with sickness and despair,
The sables mournful dye should choose to wear,
So the pale moon still shines with pored light,
Closed in the dusky mantle of the night."

Ladies of a pale complexion, I conceive, should seldom, if ever, wear a dress of an entire colour; their white drapery, at least, might be relieved and animated by ribbands, flowers, &c. of delicate tints; such as light pink, or blossom colour. On the other hand,

"The lass whose skin is like the hazel brow,
With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own."

She may even without fear of offence, assume the orange, the scarlet, the coquelicot, the flame colour, or the deep rose; either of which will heighten the animated hue of her complexion, and impart a more dazzling lustre to her eye.

It is not within the province of an old man, Mr. Editor, to descend into the minutiae of female attire, to prescribe the cut of a robe, the fall of a mantle, or the shape of a bonnet. These points may very easily be left to a consultation between the lady and her dress maker; the cultivated taste of the former regulating and checking the meritorious fancy of the latter. In the hope that the hints which I have offered may prove of some utility, I remain, &c.

SEXEN.

From the Baltimore Morning Chronicle.

ON HEAT AND CLOTHING.

SIR.—We are all at present complaining so much of the heat, which so incessantly pours upon us, that I was induced to put together the following observations on *radiant heat* or *free caloric*, and the manner in which the laws of radiation and reflection may be practically applied to the comfort of man, in those seasons which are disagreeably warm.

Experiments have proved that rays of heat are transmitted to us from the sun, accompanied with those of light, yet distinct from them in every respect but that of the velocity of their flight, and a nearly equal capability of reflection. In addition to this *reflectibility*, heat can also be *radiated*. By radiation in contradistinction to reflection, is meant the tendency that heat has to leave a body possessing it in a *sensible* state. This tendency, like reflection, is dependent on, and modified by, the *colour* and *condition* of the surface of a body; and is but little influenced by the *internal* conducting properties of the substance. Bodies that *radiate* heat well, *absorb* it also equally well, when radiated on them. By *reflection* of course, is understood the throwing back again from a surface, those rays of heat, which fall upon it. A curious difference obtains between the process of radiation and that of reflection; and it is in availing ourselves of this difference, that we may render these laws subservient to our comfort. This fact is, that a colour or surface that *radiates*, or lets off heat well, *reflects* it badly; and on the contrary, the surface of a body, which from its gloss or colour, *reflects* it well, *radiates* or loses its *internal* heat slowly.

Polished surfaces and *light* colours, *reflect* heat best, and resist our attempts to heat them when we direct caloric rays on them; but when once heated, they will *retain* their temperature longer than substances with a *rough* surface, or *dark* colour. But the latter radiate *best* what heat they contain, and, consequently, *cool* soonest, and *heat* soonest. Hence we see, that the housewife does more than merely consult her taste, when she *heats* her coffee in a *dark* vessel, and then *retains* it *hot* on the table, in a highly polished silver coffee pot. From this circumstance, too, it is, that a white, painted, or stucco house, throws off so much reflected heat, and absorbs so little, that it is always cooler in summer, than another house; and on the contrary, it is always warmer in winter, as it will not so readily let the heat which it possesses, pass out of it. But to apply these remarks to clothing. It will follow, that when the external heat is as great, or greater than that of the body, we should wear white, or light coloured clothes, to repel the flood of caloric rays that impinge upon us. Again; if we are in the shade, where, in hot weather, the temperature is still below 98°, (the heat of the human body,) we should wear *dark* clothes, to render ourselves more comfortable. This would let the superior temperature of the body be diminished by the free passage of heat from it. Heat always tends to an equilibrium, and soon effects it where there are none of the obstacles referred to, interposed. If we wish, then, to keep our heat, we must wear *non-radiating*, or *reflecting* colours, and the same also, when we want to keep off excessive external heat.

Following these principles, a man whose occupation leads him to be more out of doors than in the house, ought to wear *light* colours, winter and summer; while the one who pursues his business under cover, ought to wear *black* in the summer, and *light* colours in the winter.

CHEMICUS.

If a young woman is worth having for a wife, some man that is worth having for a husband, will find her out.

Marrying a man you dislike, in hopes of loving him afterwards, is like going to sea in a storm, in hopes of fair weather.

The learned JOHNSON, with all his affected contempt for female society, was by no means ignorant of the empire which the sex held over all our affections. Witness the subsequent extract. A *fairer*, and at the same time, a more exquisite compliment, was never offered on the altar of beauty :

"A solitary philosopher, says he, would imagine ladies born with an exemption from care and sorrow, lulled in perpetual quiet and feasted with unmingled pleasure ; for what can interrupt the contentment of those, upon whom one age has laboured after another to confer honour, and accumulate immunities ; those to whom rudeness is infamy, and insult cowardice ; whose eye commands the brave, and whose smiles soften the severe ; whom the sailor travels to adorn, the soldier bleeds to defend, and the poet wears out his life to celebrate ; who claim tribute for every art and science, and for whom all who approach endeavour to multiply delights, without requiring any return but willingness to be pleased."

From Poulton's American Daily Advertiser.

A SOUTHERN FRIEND'S SOLILOQUY ON THE SEA SERPENT.

It must be so—Yankees, ye reason well ! else whence these many tales, these long accounts, these well attested narratives ? or whence this secret dread and inward horror of talking 'gainst belief ? why shrink the small boats back on themselves, and hurry back to shore ? 'Tis the SEA SERPENT stirs the water ; 'Tis he himself that dashes back the waves, and shows his glistening eyes to man. SEA SERPENT !—Thou wonderful—tremendous scarecrow ! Through what variety of uncaught fish—near what new shores and harbours hast thou past ! The wide, the unbounded ocean lies before thee : but vessels of all sizes move upon it ; here will I hold. If there's a monster in the deep, (and that there is New-England cries aloud through all her journals,) he must ere long be caught, and he who catches him must be immortalized. But when ? or where ?—This work would suit some Cæsar. I'm weary of conjectures—this may end them, (*laying his hand on a newspaper*). Thus I am then informed—my hopes and fears, my

joy and grief are all called forth. This column says, that yet the Monster's there, but this informs me he's not yet been caught.—HUNCHBACK, secure in his great strength, smiles at the assembled crowds, and their attack defies. Mere fish shall yet be caught—the whale himself be still harpooned, and ocean weep their loss ; but thou shalt flourish in enormous size ; unhurt, amidst the boats of enemies, the pointed cannon, and the loud buzzes.

Female Bankers in London.

Mr. Colquhoun, in his treatise on the Police of the Metropolis, states the following curious fact.—"There is a class of cheats, or female bankers, who accommodate barrow-women, and others, who sell fish, fruit, vegetables, &c. in the street, with five shillings a day, (the usual diurnal stock in such cases,) for the use of which, for twelve hours, they return a premium of six-pence, when the money is returned, in the evening, thereby receiving at this rate, about seven pounds, ten shillings, a year, for every five shillings they lend out. In contemplating this curious system of banking, trifling as it may seem to be, it is impossible not to be forcibly struck with the immense profits that arise from it ; for it is only necessary that one of those female sharpers possess a capital of seventy shillings, or 3*l.* 10*s.* with fourteen steady and regular customers, in order to realize an annual income of one hundred guineas.—*Hibernian Mag.*

Saints carrying their heads in their hands.

Illiterate persons have imagined, that the representation of a Saint in this manner, was meant to show a miracle of this kind. But we must do justice to these Saints, by wiping away the obloquy of endeavouring to impose on us this supernatural action.

It was the custom of the Painters, when they drew Saints who had suffered decapitation, to place their heads in their hands, to mark the species of martyrdom they suffered ; and the headless trunk, at the same time, would have had a very repulsive effect.

It is said, that when a lord, in the rebellion of 1745, was committed to prison, on the supposition of corresponding with the Pretender, he caused himself to be

pointed in the character of St. Denis carrying his head in his hand.

ANECDOTES.

A gentleman hearing his friend Jack calling for a gill of brandy, observed, "Ah, Jack, how often do you verify the old adage, of *no Jack without his Gill* !"

The Germans sleep between two beds ; and it is related that an Irish traveller, upon finding a feather bed laid over him, took it into his head that the people slept in *strata*, one upon the other, and said to the attendant, "Will you be good enough to tell the gentleman, or lady, that is to be over me, to make haste, as I want to go to sleep."

Fact—In a neighbouring state, a few years since, a young doctor was very assiduous in his attention to a servant girl, who lived in the house where he boarded. By promises of marriage he finally gained her confidence ; and after a few months had elapsed, she found it necessary for her own reputation to urge the speedy fulfilment of his engagements. He then very gravely informed her that he had altered his mind :—was very sorry for her situation, and made a proffer of his services to furnish her with a horse and saddle, that she might go home to her friends, who resided at a considerable distance. Her upbraidings and entreaties availed nothing ; and finding this the only boon she could obtain, his proposal was accepted—she promised to return them by the first opportunity. Proceeding homeward, ruminating on the perfidy of men, she concluded that women, if they had a chance, might as well wheedle the men as be wheeled by them—arranging her plans accordingly, on arriving at the end of her journey, she directed a letter to her false friend, informing him, that although she promised to return the horse and saddle, she had followed his example and altered her mind—and wishing him long life and the blessings of as good a help-mate as she would have made, she bid him farewell ! Fearing summary measures to obtain his property would produce another retort for his own breach of faith, and expose himself to the laughter of his acquaintances, the doctor cursed his luck, and swallowed the pill in silence.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

ON IMAGINE,

As she lay laughing in her Cradle.

Yes, lovely babe, that witching smile
 Shall cheer in future years the scene,
 And raise, in bosoms void of guile,
 Affection's glow for *Imagine*.

And may those years enjoyment bring,
 Thy heart still pure, thy mind serene;
 Nor conscious error ever wring,
 One pang from lovely *Imagine*.

I wish through life you may appear,
 With all the charms of beauty's queen;
 But more I wish compassion's tear
 May dew the cheek of *Imagine*.

Let virtue, then, be all you prize,
 And modesty adorn your mien;
 No lurking dangers then shall rise,
 To wreck the peace of *Imagine*.

ANSON.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

ON PARTING

WITH MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Farewell, dear Portrait of that friend
 Who nursed me at her tender breast,
 But who, e'er I could flip her name,
 Was laid in Death's cold arms to rest.

Now thou art doubly dead to me;
 No more thy picture meets my view,
 To fix on lingering memory
 One faint, yet pleasing sight of you.

How oft have I, in lonely hour,
 With tears bedew'd thy picture, mother;
 And when my bosom heav'd a sigh,
 Life o'er the canvas seem'd to hover.

And I have thought a mother's smile,
 Was lingering on that pencil'd cheek;
 Oh, painter, say, with all thy toil,
 Canst not thou make the picture speak?

The hand that thou hast pencil'd there,
 Image of that which press'd me,
 I've kiss'd, but oh, 'twas colder far,
 Than that which once caress'd me.

Oh, that I were as least as when
 I slept in thine embrace,
 Or laid my infant head upon
 Thy ever smiling face.

But, fare thee well, a short adieu,
 Till we shall meet again,
 In Heaven, where there is nought of wo,
 Of sorrow, sin, or pain.

Providence, R. I. Sept. 1819.

E. R. Y.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

When troubles, cares, remorse, and wo,
 When every former friend's a foe,
 Make our affliction keen;
 When with destruction all combine,
 How pleas'd are we at last to find,
 Our troubles but a dream.

How chang'd the scene, condemn'd to bleed,
 The convict there by fancy freed,
 Tastes pleasures but unseen;
 How disappointment racks his breast,
 To find, when waking from his rest,
 His pleasures but a dream.

GEORGE B.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

HOPE.

Life is a dark and stormy stream,
 And tempests o'er it lower;
 Hope, like the lightning's sudden gleam,
 Illumes it for an hour.

But when that transient flash is o'er,
 How drear appears the gloom;
 How doubly darker than before,
 The night's tempestuous noon.

But when a twinkling light is seen,
 Which tells that land is near;
 Soon does its little slender beam
 Dispel the wretch's fear.

Thus, can my Mary's lovely smile,
 Dispel my every fear;
 When Hope no longer can beguile,
 Or dry the starting tear.

Sept. 2d, 1819.

GUSTAVUS.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

ADDRESS TO THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Flood of the mountain, the woodland, and glen,
 I welcome thy waters at last,
 And return for a moment to gude on the plain,
 Where the years of my childhood have pass'd.

I love thee, sweet stream! rolling wild as thou art,
 O'er rocks, with the cataraet's force;
 Tho' lonely and sad, thou art dear to my heart,
 With the woods that o'ershadow thy course.

For oft have I watch'd, when the storm's gloomy
 shroud,
 Around thee cast horrible night;
 When the genius of darkness had blacken'd
 each cloud,

Velling water and cliff from my sight.

And oft have I watch'd, in earlier days,
 The sun o'er thy hills rising bright;
 To mark the effulgence that beamed from his rays,
 And squall'd thy ripples with light.

I have thought, as the rapid canoe pass'd along,
 Of the days and the heroes of yore;
 When the panther and wolf roam'd thy forests
 among,
 And the savage was lord of thy shore.

In fancy I've seen him fly swift o'er thy banks,
 Relentless and fierce for the fight;
 In fancy I've heard the stern shout of his ranks,
 As they scattered their foam on his sight.

How alter'd, sweet spot! then delighted I've
 cried,
 As I gaz'd on the prospects around;
 Refinement has polish'd thy mountains' rough
 side,
 And beauty thy valleys has crown'd.

O! many a moment thy scenes have inspir'd,
 Of soul-thrilling joy to my breast;
 Their grandeur and gloom my warm passions
 have fired,
 And their sadness has lull'd them to rest.

But thy beauties henceforth must exist apt for me;
 Fate calls, and its voice I obey;
 To realms, Susquehanna, far distant from thee,
 Its summons compels me away.

Then flood of the woodland and mountain, adieu!
 I shall see thee, loved river, no more;
 But in fancy's fond mirror how oft shall I view
 Thy mountains, thy waves, and thy shore.

J. D.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO JULIA ANN

O, Julia, take thine eye away,
 Its magic look entrances;
 It beams so bright, so warm a ray,
 I cannot meet its glances.

O take thy cruel eye away,
 With melting look unheeding;
 It only wou'd its victim slay,
 And leave my bosom bleeding.

Then take thy witching eye away,
 Deceive me, Julia, never;
 Yet, if affection light its ray,
 O gaze on me forever.

And I will gaze upon thee too,
 Yes, I will gaze sincerely;
 And, with a heart forever true,
 O I will love thee dearly.

THE FEELING HEART

August 28th, 1819.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

HYGIEA'S FLIGHT.

'Midst filth, by heat and moisture bred,
 Fell Fever rears his ghastly head;
 Rising from noxious-steaming ground,
 Spreads death and desolation round;
 He seeks each narrow street and lane,
 While from her late abode, amain
 Hygiea flees, but not afar;
 She will the monster's progress bar;
 And within narrow limits pens'd,
 He shall his short-lived rage expend.
 But who is this who now draws near?
 Alas! 'tis pale and haggard Fear;
 She, o'er her head, a banner rears,
 Which the dread word *Contagion* bears;

To all, she whispers, "death is nigh,
Then safety seek, and quickly fly."
Hygien's presence nought avail,
Fear's powerful influence prevails;
Peace and content no more remain;
And now deserted by her train,
Hygien's forced to flee again,
Yet she is only gone, 'tis said,
To bring bleak Boreas to aid
In quelling Fever's force, and then
Fear will give way to peace again.

D. S.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Vester R. A. on Truth, will appear in No. 24, on the 23d of October next.

Amalgam, on the Public Worship of God, will have a place in the same number.

On the same day, will appear the following poetical communications:—

To Sarah, by The Feeling Heart—*To Delia, by G. of New-Jersey*—*To Eliza, by Henry—Hap*, by *Veritas*—*And To Miss J. V. M. by X. plus Y.*
We must see more of *Arcti* before we can decide upon his merits.

Health, by Molesters, is received, and certainly possesses several scattered beauties. But the subject has long since been exhausted by better writers than our correspondent, whose production has not sufficient originality to atone for its length.

Theodore has handsomely expressed some very fine ideas, which will not, to use his own language, "conduce, in the least degree, to the pleasure or improvement of our readers."

Adeline, Mary Ann, and several other fair signatures, adorn our files.

The Balloon did not ascend on Thursday last, as advertised in the papers, owing to the present deranged state of the city. As soon as the recent alarm has perfectly subsided, Mr. Guille will give notice of the day and hour when he intends to ascend.

Mr. Charles—We understand this gentleman intends, shortly, to exhibit his great powers in ventriloquism to the citizens of Philadelphia. The alarm that has existed, concerning the prevailing fever, ever since his first arrival in our city, has prevented Mr. C. from receiving that encouragement he merits. It is expected he will return here in a few weeks, and give those of our citizens who have not seen them, an opportunity of witnessing his astonishing performances.

Teakites may be easily freed from the lime, or cement, which adheres to them, by boiling in them a quantity of vinegar, or any other vegetable acid.

A publication has been advertised at Paris, entitled, "A Residence of seventeen months in the Prison of Paris, by an Amateur, who has had the good fortune to inhabit all of them."

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

Any thing that can in the least contribute to public safety, in the present crisis, ought to be made known. Some time ago a most valuable

discovery was made against the introduction of infectious disease, and that at a time when its effects were dreadful.—It is by the simple effects of fumigation: from a composition of sulphate and oil of vitriol; in proportion of six drams of oil of vitriol to one ounce of sulphate. A quantity so very small as one third of an ounce will be sufficient to fumigate a room at one time, or the prescribed quantity will be sufficient for a whole house. It is done by stirring the composition with a red hot iron, when the room will be immediately filled with an evaporation of nitrogen gas, which is destructive to any pestilential disease, while it will not be the least injurious to the most delicate constitution. The good effects of this simple experiment have been extensively felt in the West Indies, where, I believe, the discovery was made, and where it is still practised in the ships and hospitals.—So much was the discovery appreciated that the person making it, continues to receive a handsome annuity from the British government.—The more frequent and general this experiment is made, the more salutious will the air become.

PHILANTHROPIST.

AGAINST DROWNING.

It has been ascertained by numberless experiments, that the face can be kept sufficiently above the surface of the water to breathe freely for any length of time. In salt water, a person lying on his back, will have his whole face, part of his breast, and at times, even his knees above the surface. In fresh water he cannot remain in this position without effort, but from the superior lightness of the water his lower extremities will gradually sink till he obtain a vertical or standing position. Now, here is the danger: A person finding himself in this sinking state, and fancying himself drowning, raises his arms, and begins to slap the water to keep himself from going down. He accordingly sinks lower and lower; for he is pressed above his head, and to the specific gravity of the body, and this causes his head to immerse almost immediately. Whereas, if he has the presence of mind to keep his hands and arms under water, and his face up, upwards, he would find that as soon as his body had attained a vertical position, he would sink no farther; and, provided he was in health, and the water smooth, he might float in this manner for hours.

The experienced may depend upon this as a fact, the truth of which a thousand experiments would confirm.—*Montreal Herald*.

WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS.

The City Inspector reports the deaths of 79 persons during the week, ending on Saturday, the 18th inst.—Of whom 20 were of the age of one year and under; between the age of 1 and 2, 17; 2 and 5, 3; 5 and 10, 4; 10 and 20, 4; 20 and 30, 13; 30 and 40, 10; 40 and 50, 6; 60 and 70, 1; 70 and 80, 1. Diseases: apoplexy 1, caries 1, casualty 1, cholera morbus 2, consumption 9, convulsions 1, diarrhoea 2, dropsy 1, dropsy in the head 1, dysentery 1, erysipelas 1, epilepsy 1, fever 1, bilious fever 1, scarlet fever 1, typhus fever 3, malignant fever 6, flux infantile 14, hæmoptysis 1, hives or croup 1, næmismus 1, schrofula or king's evil 1, sprue 2, still born 1, suicide, from insanity 1, tabes mesenterica 7, unknown 5, worms 1—Men 14, Women 17, Boys 24, Girls 34.

GEORGE CUMING, City Inspector.

John Segarson, born in Ireland, died Sept. 11, aged 48; Jane McGennis, born in Ireland, died Sept. 13, aged 32; George Thomas Horne, born in London, died Sept. 15, aged 18 years, 10 months, and 28 days; Morris Weeks, born in Egg-Harbour, died Sept. 16, aged 25; Edward Henry Johnson, born in New-York, died Sept. 17, aged 23; James Bloodgood, born in New-York, died Sept. 17, aged 8.

MARRIED.

On Monday evening, the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Berrian, Samuel Berrian, Esq. to Miss Jane W. Mowatt.

On Tuesday, the 14th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Spring, Mark Hoag, Esq. of Savannah, (Geo.) to Miss Maria Antoinette Taylor, of this city, daughter of the late Gen. Augustine Taylor.

On Tuesday evening, the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. M'Clay, Mr. William Pringle, to Miss Carolina Matilda Fullam, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Briatnal, Mr. Ezra Hopkins, of Peekskill, to Miss Susanah Shute, of this city, daughter of the late Peter Shute, Esq. of New-Rochelle.

On Thursday evening, the 10th inst. by the Rev. C. F. Frey, Mr. M'Hary, to Miss Matilda Hull, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 16th inst. by the Rev. A. Cumming, Mr. David Hagen, merchant tailor, late of Leeds, Yorkshire, Esq. to Miss Eliza Archer, daughter of Mr. Anthony Archer.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Whelpley, Mr. George Washington Graham, son of Joseph Graham, Esq. to Miss Estler Gilson, all of this city.

At White Plains, on Tuesday, the 14th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Agill, Mr. Oliver Avery, of this city, to Miss Eleanor Hyatt, of the former place.

At Newcaste, (N. Y.) Mr. William Hall, of Harrison, to Miss Elizabeth Sarles.

At Greenville, Morris county, (N. J.) on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Charles Gascoigne, merchant, of New York, to Miss Deborah F. Douglas, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Douglas.

In Brownstown, Indiana, Dr. William B. Ruggles, formerly of the city of New-York, to Miss Mary Benton, late of Ontario county, (N. Y.)

In Newton, Sussex county, (N. J.) on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Joseph Schaffer, Lieut. John Henry Aulick, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss Mary F. Conover, daughter of the late Col. James Conover, of the former place.

At Richmond, (Vir.) on the 15th inst. Mr. Basil B. Pleasant, of Gloucester county, to Miss Phebe Ring, formerly of New-York.

DIED.

On Saturday morning last, Mrs. Maria Moores, after an illness of only three days.

On Saturday evening last, Capt. John Joughlin, after an illness of only three days.

On Sunday morning, Mrs. Janet Gray, wife of Niel Gray, in the 21st year of her age.

On Monday morning, George Washington Carpenter, eldest son of Mr. Charles Carpenter.

On Wednesday, the 15th inst. at Greenwich, of a lingering illness, Miss Mary Fine, daughter of John Fine, in the 16th year of her age.

At the Quarantine ground, Staten-Island, on Sunday evening last, Captain Cary, of the sloop Orion, last from Boston.

In Bath, Steuben county, (N. Y.) Miss Louisa Smith, daughter of Mr. Steven Smith. The afflictions of this family are peculiarly heavy. Mr. S. lost a son the last of August, and this daughter on the 1st Sept.—five more (the whole of his present family) are now dangerously sick, and his wife is ill health. The disease in the family is an epidemic, or as was formerly called, the deer fever.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1819.

[No. 21.

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;

AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 154 Broadway;

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable Quarterly in Advance.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XVII.

As, at this period of our history, the mind instinctively revolts from particulars, we must be permitted to let several months elapse unnoticed. In the mean time, the frigid breath of expiring Autumn had nightly silvered her faded mantle, and scattered around her the blasted honours of the groves. The heavens frowned, and the earth mourned. If nature appeared in this sombre light to the eye of innocence and virtue, how stern and cheerless must its features have seemed to the soul which was writhing beneath the scorpion-lash of Guilt and Remorse! How stern and cheerless must the season have seemed to the wretched Selina.

She was alone. Flanders had been suddenly called on a journey to the south, and four days had elapsed since his departure, without furnishing his wife with any intelligence of his safety. Her mother was on a visit to Sandville, and Woodville had not made his appearance for a week. The day was drawing to a close; the wind sighed sadly without, and sighs still sadder were responded by the listening Selina within, as she sat bending over the cradle of her sleeping infant. A servant soon entered with candles, and the long expected letter, which he had just received from a porter. She broke the seal, and read as follows:

"*Harford, (Conn.) November 20, 1807.*

"MOTHER OF MY CHILD,

"And I cannot address you by a more tender or more endearing appellation—I now proceed to perform my promise at parting. I left you abruptly, and without explanation, but with the assurance that I would write from the first post, and confide to your bosom the secret causes which have called for this precipitate journey. I should have fulfilled this engagement at Worcester, had I not have suffered my attention to be so completely occupied by a little tale of fiction which I was perusing on the road, as to expel every other idea from my mind. To atone, in some degree, for this culpable negligence, I will, in the first place, amuse you with the story, which is, in substance, nearly as follows, and is entitled,

THE DESERTED WIFE.

"There resided, in some part of the kingdom of Castile, (I forget at what period,) a conubial pair, conspicuous for their rank, wealth, and domestic felicity. Indeed, their extraordinary affection for each other had become proverbial, so that, "*May you live and love like Alonzo and Isabella,*" often formed a supplement to the nuptial benediction throughout the country.

"But, alas! how often are we deceived by appearances! Judge for yourself, Selina, whether the affection of the husband could have been sincere, when I inform you that in less than a twelvemonth from their union, this matrimonial Eden was changed to a scene of misery by himself; for, without assigning any reason for his extraordinary conduct, he suddenly deserted his adoring wife, and left her a prey to the most agonizing affliction, anxiety, and despair. He merely wrote from Cadiz, informing her that he had settled on her an annuity for life, and had embarked for America with the remainder of his fortune. He then concluded his letter by bidding her an eternal farewell.

"Isabella perused the letter, but the

shock was too dreadful for the delicacy of her constitution, and for several weeks her life was despaired of. Her sympathising friends were almost distracted for her safety, and not sparing, you may be assured, of their anathemas against the cruel husband. When Isabella's grief had at length subsided to a brooding deadly calm, she was conveyed to the chateau of her mother, the Marchioness de Seville, where she resided for several years, secluded from all society, drooping under the weight of her affliction—heart-broken—in despair.

"In the mean time it was accidentally discovered that Don Alonzo had not left the kingdom, but resided in a retired castle among the Apennines. As soon as this fact was ascertained, the friends and relations of his *Deserted Wife* commenced a series of persecutions against him, that terminated but with his life, which was taken by the hand of Isabella's brother, in a single combat, to which Alonzo was forced by the impetuous assaults of his enraged opponent, and in which he only acted on the defensive.

"When Alonzo fell, the rage of Don Raymond relented, who, seizing him by the hand, as he lay weltering in his blood, conjured him to give an explanation of his conduct. Alonzo faintly replied—"I cannot—bear my dying blessing to your sister and, oh! may she forgive me as I do you, and every human being." He lived but an hour after receiving his wound, and expired in the arms of his confessor.

"But I must bring the story to a close. The grief of Isabella at this fresh disaster, did not, as was seriously apprehended, prove fatal, but was so happily tempered by time, the sympathy of friends, and the consolations of religion, that in less than a year she again shone the brightest star in the hemisphere of fashion, and was finally united in marriage to a gay young cavalier who had been an unsuccessful suitor for her hand previous to her union with Don Alonzo.

"Whether this second marriage proved to be more or less happy than the first, we are not informed by the

author, who, it appears, during the French revolution, fled to England as a refugee catholic priest, and there embraced the protestant religion. He himself was the confessor of Don Alonzo, who, in his last moments confided to him the secret motives by which he had been actuated in the desertion of his wife.

"And now, Selina, if you have censured the apparent injustice and cruelty of Don Alonzo, prepare to acquit him. *This unfortunate husband had detected Isabella in the arms of a villain!* though neither herself nor her paramour were conscious of the discovery. To have avenged his wrongs on the spot, would have been perfectly consonant to Castilian custom, and to Spanish ideas of justice and honour. But Don Alonzo had happily learned to bend his passions to the yoke of reason, and to *reflect* before he acted. He loved his wife, and determined to sacrifice every thing to prevent her total destruction. He knew that female reputation was a jewel which, once tarnished by the breath of suspicion, could never be restored, and he also knew that Isabella would never survive its loss. It followed, of consequence, that the only possible chance which remained for the preservation of her future peace, was the course he adopted. He was willing to sacrifice his own fame to preserve that of his guilty wife, and to forego rank, wealth, friends, and every thing, in order to give her opportunity and encouragement for repentance. That she did repent, we have every reason to hope; that she was, consequently, preserved from misery, and rendered comparatively happy, you have no reason to doubt.

"Here ends my *fable*, for such it is; and if your feelings, Selina, have suffered you to read thus far, you must perfectly comprehend its *moral*. You can no longer doubt that I have become acquainted with the dreadful truth which forever tears us asunder. We must meet no more. I have adopted this allegorical mode of communicating to you my unalterable determination, in order to spare your feelings too sudden a shock; I have, therefore, led you insensibly to the fatal point at which we must part. But if the assurance of my forgiveness will afford you the slightest consolation, accept it. I forgive you with all my

heart, and I pity you with all my soul.

"Let me conjure you, then, to preserve both your life and reputation. Bury the accused secret deep in your own heart, and I swear that tortures shall never tear it from mine. This, Selina, is all the atonement I ask of you. O, then, comply with the request of one who has loved you with an affection ardent as sincere. Comply with it, if not for your own sake, at least for the sake of our dear babe, the infant Selina. Let her never know the secret cause of our separation; better for her to think her father *cruel*, than to know her mother *guilty*—better *hate* the one, than *despise* the other.

"But, above all, let me conjure you to see your seducer no more; but bear in mind, that in your peculiar case, whatever is incompatible with repentance, is destructive to peace.

"We must meet no more. I am prepared to encounter the frowns and censures of the misjudging world, for on me they will fall; but shielded with the panoply of conscious rectitude, I shall smile at such pointless weapons. I am Alonzo—be thou Isabella. To the little establishment which I enabled you to bestow on your affectionate mother, I have added an income amply sufficient for you both, including the education of our child, who will one day find that her father has not been unkindful of her fortune. It is proper for a 'fair penitent' to retire from the world, and who is so suitable for a friend and adviser as your widowed mother. When she beholds you droop, she may indeed sometimes denounce a cruel faithless husband for deserting you, but her kindness to you will be proportionably augmented. Be at once an affectionate daughter and a tender mother. Let our daughter be instructed in every thing that can contribute to her happiness.

"I can write no more. Adieu forever.

"THOMAS FLANDERS."

[To be continued.]

CONVERSATION.

Is like the discipline of drawing out and musing. It acquaints a man with his forces, and makes them fitter for service.

FROM A LATE LONDON PUBLICATION.

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND.

Among the fine gentlemen who shone some years ago in the brilliant circles of Paris, none was more distinguished than Monsieur Dorval. His fine person and brilliant qualities rendered him an universal favourite with the ladies; and, as he added a good fortune to his other *agrément*, the *mammas* of Paris, whose cleverness in the art of match-making is well known, spared no pains to draw him into matrimony. He was not, however, in a hurry to choose a wife; in fact, it was not easy to find one who would suit him, for he expected a degree of submission and obedience, which, in these enlightened days, no husband thinks of requiring. At last, when he was turned of thirty, he cast his eyes upon Mademoiselle St. Hilaire, an orphan of noble family. She was very young, extremely beautiful, and appeared to be of a most gentle and yielding temper: this last quality Dorval prized above all others, but as he was excessively captivated with her person, and knew his own susceptibility, he determined to carry matters with a high hand at first, that madame might see, even from the commencement of their nuptials, what he expected of her.

When people assume a character which is not natural to them, they are apt to overact it; and this was the case with Monsieur Dorval. He was naturally extremely amiable, and by no means of a despotic temper; but he was so intent upon being master, that, from his wish to inspire his wife with a due respect for his authority, he forgot the risk he ran of frightening away love. To be beloved was, however, necessary to his happiness, and he fully intended to win the heart of his wife as soon as he had established his authority upon a firm basis; but he soon found he had begun at the wrong end: it was evident that his gentle Adelaide was too completely under the dominion of terror, to be at all susceptible of a softer passion. At last he condescended completely to debase himself of his severity, but her coldness and restraint still continued; she obeyed him, indeed, with scrupulous exactness, but her obedience seemed that of an automaton; and Dorval, who was himself of an

arrest character, began to believe that she was totally void of sensibility. This circumstance vexed him excessively; but Frenchmen are easily consoled for misfortunes, particularly for those which spring from *la belle passion*. Dorval sought for pleasure abroad; and the indifference which soon began to feel toward his young wife, was increased by his finding that there was no prospect of his having an heir.

However, though he did not affect to feel any great tenderness for Madame Dorval, yet he was too humane to use her ill; and as it was evident that she had no intention to dispute his authority, he dropped by degrees the tone of a master: happy would it have been for his poor Adelaide if he had never taken it up.

Nearly eighteen months had elapsed since their marriage, and Madame Dorval, whose person was now completely formed, was considered one of the loveliest women in Paris. It will be readily believed that she was surrounded by admirers, who spared no pains to console her for the neglect of her husband, but she betrayed no preference for any one. Dorval kept for some time a strict eye upon her conduct, but finding it wholly unexceptionable, he relaxed in his vigilance by degrees, and, giving himself wholly up to his own pleasures, left her to pass her time as she liked.

Things were thus situated, when an incident occurred, which, by flattering the vanity of Dorval, tended to revive his tenderness for his wife. He was one day thrown from his horse in the sight of Madame Dorval, who was in a carriage near him, and she betrayed an excess of alarm which Dorval had not supposed her capable of feeling. Never did he hear so piercing a shriek as the one she gave when she saw him fall: he hastened to remove her alarm by an assurance that he was not hurt; she heard him in silence, but she was pale and trembling. Madame le Clerc, a lady who was in the carriage with her, rallied her upon her fright; she made no reply, and Madame le Clerc engaging Dorval, who had come into the coach, in conversation upon different subjects, nothing more was said about it.

The circumstance, however, made an impression upon the heart of Dorval, and

the tender looks which he cast from time to time upon Adelaide, mortified Madame le Clerc not a little, that lady flattering herself that she was the sole sovereign of his affections. The connection gratified both her interest and her vanity; she had taken a great deal of trouble to attach him; and the idea of his breaking her chains was insupportable: but that he should desert her for his wife, and that wife such a poor spiritless creature, it was not to be borne; and she resolved to use every means in her power to destroy the interest which she was fearful Adelaide had excited.

She did not, however, find this task so easy as she had flattered herself it would prove: Dorval was not void either of humanity or reflection; he could not believe the suggestions of the artful Madame le Clerc, that Adelaide's alarm was affected, and his conscience told him, that if it was real, it was more than he deserved. He looked back upon his conduct to her during the time they had been united, and in spite of all the palliations which vanity and self-love suggested for it, he could not help owning, that he had been to blame.

Half inclined to take a little trouble to conciliate her, and half irresolute whether he should condescend so far, he went to his wife's apartment. He entered it rather suddenly, and at the moment that he did so, Adelaide thrust something into her bosom with so much quickness that he could not perceive what it was. Her confusion and agitation, however, raised a suspicion in his mind, that it was either a picture or a letter; but the blameless tear of her life, her reserve, and retired habits, were so direct a contradiction to the idea that she was engaged in any intrigue, that Dorval knew not what to think. The hour which he passed with her was spent in mutual constraint. Dorval longed to question her about what he had seen, but pride, and the dread of appearing absurdly suspicious, prevented him.

Half inclined to be jealous, and half angry with himself for feeling so, he hastened from Adelaide to the house of Madame le Clerc, to whom he related what he had seen. Nothing could have happened more fortunately for her views, though she was too politic to betray the satisfaction it gave her, and while she

appeared to exculpate Madame Dorval, she took care to express herself in such a manner as to strengthen the suspicions of Dorval. At last, when she had raised his jealousy to a proper pitch, she told him that she possessed the means of learning, through a sure channel, whether her suspicions were just or not; but he must have patience, as it was impossible to get him this information immediately.

Dorval, who was naturally of a very jealous disposition, passed a fortnight in the greatest anxiety; the circumstance dwelt upon his mind, and he more than once asked Madame le Clerc, whether she had discovered any thing. At last, she told him one morning, with a countenance of well-dissembled sorrow, that his suspicions were too just; Madame Dorval had an attachment, but who the object of it was, she could not discover. She had learned, however, that Adelaide always wore round her neck the portrait of this happy unknown; she had been seen to contemplate it for a considerable time together, to kiss it, and to bathe it with her tears. Madame le Clerc was going on, but the storm which her information raised, frightened her into silence; in truth, if he had been himself the best and fondest of husbands, he could not have been more enraged at discovering this supposed alienation of his wife's affections. "The base ingrate!" cried he, "this, then, is the reason she gives herself up so much to retirement; she refuses the pleasures suitable to her age and condition, that she may feed her guilty passion; but I will instantly unmask her; the vile hypocrite shall feel the power of an injured husband."

With these words he rushed from the grasp of Madame le Clerc, who, terrified at his violence, vainly tried to hold him, and hastened back to his own house. He found his wife at her toilet; he had not patience to wait till she had finished dressing, but hastily dismissing her attendants, he demanded, in a stern tone, the portrait which she wore next her heart.

The countenance of Adelaide at that moment justified all his suspicions: she turned pale as death, and appeared nearly fainting. This sight softened, in some degree, her enraged husband. "Unfortunate woman!" cried he, "you have

no cause to fear for your personal safety, wronged as I have been, guilty as you are!"——

"How!" interrupted Adelaide, in a tone of astonishment, "guilty!"

"Yes, dare you deny it? Dare you say, that you do not carry about your person the portrait of a lover?"

"It is true that I do wear the portrait of one whom I love, but it is also true, that he is not my lover; on the contrary, he is unconscious of my affection."

These words restored all the rage of Dorval: "Give me," cried he in a voice of thunder, "give me, instantly, this detested portrait!" and scarcely allowing her time to disengage it from her neck, he snatched it from her hand; but no sooner had he cast his eyes upon it, than he exclaimed, in a tone of wonder and delight, "It is not possible! my eyes must deceive me!" A glance at his Adelaide, however, convinced him that they did not: her glowing blush, the melting expression of her beautiful eyes, would, at that moment, have revealed to him the state of her heart, had it been possible for him to doubt it after the unquestionable evidence of her tenderness and fidelity which he held in his hand, for it was his own portrait which the wronged and innocent Adelaide had worn next her heart.

Never before did Dorval enjoy such delicious moments as those which succeeded this discovery. He drew from his wife the only secret of her pure and affectionate heart; frightened by the despotic tone which he assumed in the beginning of their marriage, Adelaide saw in him only an imperious master; and the terror which he had inspired was so great, that even when he relaxed in his strictness, and suffered himself to appear such as he really was, she could not immediately shake off a sense of restraint, which gave to her manners the reserve and coldness that had so soon chilled his affection. But Dorval was too amiable, when he appeared in his natural character, to be long viewed with indifference by a young and susceptible female, who thought it her duty to love him. Adelaide wept in secret for the loss of his heart, but she did not abandon the hope of one day recovering it, and this hope supported her spirits. She had a genius for taking likenesses, and she availed

herself of this talent, which her husband knew nothing of, to procure a portrait of him, the possession of which solaced many an hour. When Madame le Clerc heard Dorval relate the circumstance of Adelaide's concealing something in her bosom, she directly concluded, that the neglected young wife consoled herself with the attentions of a gallant; and she hoped, by bribing the woman of Madame Dorval, to learn the particulars of an intrigue, which her own depraved heart made her readily suppose existed. She was, however, disappointed in discovering the object of Adelaide's preference: all that she could ascertain was what she had related to Dorval; but from these circumstances she had no doubt of being able to separate them, and the very means which she took to do it, re-united them in the firmest manner.

Become wise by experience, Dorval from that moment trusted to the love of his wife as the surest means of preserving his authority as a husband; but though he was fond of believing that he possessed it, he gradually forgot to exercise it. In less than a year afterwards, Madame Dorval made him a father, and from that time it seemed to be their mutual endeavour, which should most readily yield to the wish and opinion of the other.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

Detached thoughts, bearing some relation to the times, and to a former essay.

A first impression is always allowed to be of valuable importance, in the success of any design in which our affections are engaged, and our whole souls interested. This is applicable in almost every sense in which that affection or that interest is concerned. Amid the din and clang of battle, the General welcomes it as a happy omen of virtuous triumph. On the memory of the blooming female, as a first ray from the many bright ones playing around her heart. In an author, as the first tints that announce the rising of his splendid sun of fame. Whether such has, or such will be my propitious destiny, in the which, by the by, I place no credit—the unravelling of the thread of futurity can alone determine. However,

having encompassed my form with a *vive* cavalier's shining coat of mail, buckled on my armour, plumed my helmet, and been knighted with a king's hand, I mount my courser and commence my journey. An intricacy immediately perplexes me. Three roads lead to different regions. I am in my course, hesitate, and doubt which path to pursue. I must not be idle—"For Idleness," as *Adela* well expresses it, "hath blighted many promising buds on the stalk. It is the bane of all earthly enjoyment—the mother of every sordid vice." Yes! it indeed destroys every fine feeling of the soul, paralyses each energy of the man, and, like the *beacon* of destruction, sweeps away the flowers of the mind's garden, that else had bloomed in their richest dress. To consign the simile to its own nothingness, and which I had nearly forgotten in my digression on "Idleness," I cannot determine upon what subject to direct the attention of those who may favour these little essays with an examination.

The distraction of the city, the heavy black cloud that appears to be concentrating its violence for one tremendous burst, would intimate that my thoughts should be clothed in the sable garb of sadness. But I esteem, and always have esteemed it, a wrong principle to encourage the deep gloom of the soul, or to add to melancholy by melancholy tales. It appears, however, that such things have been. For, a certain Thomas Ashe, Esq. who made the tour of our country, that is, travelled through it with as much expedition as a four horse stage could convey him, and published a faithful and interesting account of that dull, ignorant, bigotted, depraved, cannibal race of beings called Americans, informs us, among other truths, that night having overtaken him in a gloomy intricate forest, where nought was heard save the scream of the wild cat, the terrible roarings of bulls, wolves, and panthers—where nought was seen save the vivid flashes of lightning, displaying the trail of the poisonous rattle-snake as he wound very near his head: all which he surprisingly escaped without the slightest accident—that his terrors were horribly increased by the tales of his servant, respecting banditti, murders, &c. &c. Now, though this is attested by a gentleman;

an *esquire* of undoubted veracity, and plainly proves that it is not a novel circumstance, I cannot exactly agree to the method. For, I naturally suppose, that whatever tends to dispel care in the anxious hour of distress, must be more beneficial than "adding sorrow to sorrow." Many, in my situation, would be apt to draw a long train of omens, predicting the present unhappy gloom. But I cannot recollect as many omens in the heavens, as I can unpropitious names in the ship *Execution*, commanded by Captain Death, whose Lieutenant's name was Devil, and whose Surgeon was styled Ghost.*

They were, indeed, sure signs. For *Execution* was swallowed up, and Death, Devil, and Ghost lost their lives.

For my own part, when I feel the horrors coming over me, I immediately commence reciting the first three lines of that feeling and beautiful stanza, the mirror of "Maria S.;" and can I deny my grateful thanks to "Harriet" and "S. of New-Jersey," whose verses have so oft harmonised my soul, and whiled away the soft hour of twilight: That hour, dear to the sensitive mind—that hour of joyous peacefulness—that hour when fancy plays over again the frolics of other times, and brings back the scenes when happiness smiled on our days, and innocence blessed our pillow; when the buoyant elasticity of youth hailed the glories of his coming life, as one unburnished and eternal sun-shine.

* *Smol. Hist. of Eng. vol. 10.*

[One of our citizens who lately took a tour to the west, and proceeded to Michilimackinac, (or Mackinaw, as it is now called,) in the steam-boat *Walk-in-the-water*, has communicated for the *Evening Post* several letters descriptive of the face of the country, improvements, trade, inhabitants, &c.—The writer has displayed a happy talent at description, a fine imagination, and much knowledge of the characters and manners of our countrymen, as well as the opening prospects of trade with the interior. The following animated picture of a young Indian chief, who came on board at Mackinaw, is extracted from his fifth letter.]—*Col.*

STORY OF MACHIWITA.

"I cannot close this letter without giving you the story of Machiwita, a young chief of the Ottawas, who came on board, with many of his tribe, to see the great

canoe. When the family of this chief landed on the beach, they had attracted our particular attention. Machiwita's father and uncle were chiefs of some distinction. Their wigwam was comfortable and well built; their clothing and domestic utensils were composed of better materials than the generality of their nation. The father was a man of dignified deportment and manners; the mother had every mark and trace of having once been beautiful; and Machiwita's younger brothers and sisters were truly handsome in form and feature. He himself was not more than twenty-one years of age; his figure was somewhat lifted above the medium size of mankind; his limbs might have formed a living model for the young Apollo; his nose was Grecian, and there was a voluptuousness in his eye, blended with the ease and softness of his features, which gave him more of the character of the Asiatic than the Roman. In his dress, he mixed the Grecian with the Circassian; his sandals were of the doe skin, embroidered with variegated quills of the porcupine; his leggings and mantle were of blue cloth, of the best British wool, his vest was decorated with his name, engraved on a silver crescent. The sides of his face were painted with the most delicate colours, in the figure of a beautiful shell, corresponding to the expansion and outline of his cheek. On his head he wore a turban of the finest chintz, that gracefully wound round his forehead, whilst the ends, trimmed with gold, and entwined with his hair, hung in careless folds on his manly shoulder.

"You see, though Machiwita was not a dandy of the first blood, yet he was an adept in the decorations of the toilet. All the respectable inhabitants of Mackinaw, with the chiefs of various tribes, were invited on board, to take an excursion round the island and in the Michigan lake, but the attractions of all other objects was lost in the superior beauty of the untutored savage. We had on board many handsome females, but Mrs. — eclipsed them all, and Machiwita's heart was smitten; for the first time he felt the force of white woman's charms. It was flattering to woman's vanity; and the Princess of the Cavern was a woman. She was determined to requite his love, by an emblem of affection. She took a

ring from her finger, and with her fair hand placed it on the chief's. I will not say that the gentlemen felt mortified, or that the ladies experienced any chagrin, in witnessing the all-powerful influence of beauty; but when Machiwita turned to the chiefs of his nation, and expressed his happiness in his native tongue, they laughed with him, but it was the grin of vexation and jealousy. Machiwita was told by the interpreter, that the ring was a token of affection, and that he must keep it forever, as a tender recollection of the donor. On understanding this, he addressed the lady as follows:—

"Beautiful stranger—You have given to Machiwita a ring, which, he is told, is the emblem of love—Your beauty, like the wild rose, charms his eye; but your kindness touches his heart—He gives his heart to you: it is your's forever.

"Machiwita is happy in this wonderful canoe: it burns with the fire from the sun; it is moved by the great fishes of the deep; and the spirit of Manitou guides it through the lake; but it is not this that makes him happy; it is because you are here, and he can see you smile, and hear you speak.

"Machiwita would leave his mother and sisters, his wigwam and his canoe, and go with you to your country, toward the rising sun. He will keep the ring you have given him, until he goes to the land of spirits. Nothing will make him part with it. Yes, there is one thing; Machiwita will give you back the ring; but give him, in return, what is alone more valuable—give him yourself."

"Such was the speech of the chief, as translated to us, by the Indian interpreter, before a numerous company.

"But — was doomed to suffer the pangs of separation. The signal gun gave notice for the canoe to come alongside, and take the inhabitants and Indians ashore; and the handsome savage forgot his vows, sprung into his canoe, and hastened to join his family.

"For a moment, I confess, I was seized with the contagion of the softer feelings, and as Machiwita's bark vanished from our sight, I could not help exclaiming to myself: Adieu, Machiwita! we shall never meet again! Thy form and face has convinced us, that there is mixed in thy nature the courage of the warrior, and the blandishments of the

lover! The peaceful disposition of thy nation has cast thee in the mould of pleasure. Under other circumstances, and in other times, thou mightest have been the Pontiac or Tecumseh of thy tribe, and have led a nation to victory or death. But, alas! the wisdom of one, and the daring enterprize of the other, are lost in the wiles of a Lovelace, and the inconstancy of a modern Lothario."

Selected from Curiosities of Literature.

Early Printing.—When first the Art of Printing was discovered, they only made use of one side of a page; they had not yet found out the expedient of impressing the other. When their editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the first letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank space, that it might be painted or illuminated, at the option of the purchaser. Several ancient volumes of these early times have been found where these letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them painted.

When the Art of Printing was first established, it was the glory of the learned to be correctors of the press to the eminent printers. Physicians, lawyers, and bishops themselves, occupied this department. The printers then added frequently to their names those of the correctors of the press; and editions were then valued according to the abilities of the corrector.

Robert Stevens, one of the early printers, surpassed in correctness those who exercised the same profession. His *Treasure of the Latin Tongue* is still a valuable work. It is said, that to render his editions immaculate, he hung up the proofs in public places, and generously recompensed those who were so fortunate as to detect any typographical errors.

Platin, though a learned man, is more famous as a printer. His printing office claims our admiration: it was one of the wonders of Europe. This grand building was the chief ornament of the city of Antwerp. Magnificent in its structure, it presented to the spectator an infinite number of presses, characters of all figures and all sizes, matrixes to cast letters, and all other materials; which Balet assures us amounted to immense sums.

In Italy the three Mauntii were more solicitous of correctness and illustrations, than the beauty of their printing. It was the character of the scholar, not of the printer, of which they were ambitious.

So valuable a union of learning and printing did not, unfortunately, last. The printers of the 17th century became less charmed with glory than with gain. Their correctors, and their letters, evinced as little delicacy of choice.

In the productions of early printing, may be distinguished the various splendid editions they made of *Primers*, or *Prayer Books*. They were embellished with cuts finished in a most elegant taste; many of them were *ludicrous*, and several were *obscene*. In one of them an angel is represented crowning the Virgin Mary, and God the Father himself assisting at the ceremony. Sometimes St. Michael is seen overcoming Satan; and sometimes St. Anthony appears attacked by various devils of the most hideous forms. *The Frymer of Salisbury*, 1531, is full of cuts; at the bottom of the title page is the following remarkable prayer:

God be in my Bedde,
And in my Understanding;
God be in myne Eyes,
And in my Lokyng.
God be in my Mouth,
And in my Speakyng.
God be in my Herte,
And in my thyngkyng.
God be at myn ende,
And in my departyng.

CURIOUS DEFINITION OF A KISS.

Extract of a love letter written in the year 1679, translated from the German.

"What is a kiss? A kiss, as it were, is a seal of expressing our sincere attachment, the pledge of our future union; a dumb, but at the same time audible, language of a living heart; a present which, at the same time that it is given, is taken from us, the impression of an ardent attachment on an ivory coral press: the striking of two flints against one another—a crimson balsam for a love-wounded heart—a sweet bite of the lip—an affectionate pinching of the mouth—a delicious dish which is eaten with scarlet spoons; a sweetmeat which does not satisfy our hunger—a fruit which is planted and gathered at the same time—the quickest exchange of questions and answers of two lovers: the fourth degree of love."

ANECDOTES.

A mayor of Oxford, (who had not been a member of the University,) amongst other good things, once replied thus, to the question of what he had been doing that morning? "I first went to swear in *prostitutes* for the militia, then took a ride as far as the *obstacle*, (the Obelisk,) and came home in a *decanter*."

A Yorkshireman, taking the advice of his counsel in a law-suit on which his fortune depended, the advocate told him he would be cast, and showed him a case in point against him, in East's Reports. "Never mind," said the suitor, "the judge may not remember it;" and while he was discussing the matter, the counsel was called out on some business; when, seizing his opportunity, our *bite* cut the disagreeable pages clean out of the book, and stuffed them into his fob. His cause came on, and he obtained a verdict; on which his lawyer congratulated him. "O, sir," he replied, "I could not lose, for I have taken special care to keep the law against me snug in my pouch!"

An Englishman boasting to an Irishman that porter was *meat and drink*, and soon afterwards became very drunk, and returning home, fell into a ditch, where Pat discovered him; and, after looking at him for some time, exclaimed—"Arrah, my honey, you said it was meat and drink to you! by my soul! it is a much better thing; for it is *washing and lodging too!*"

An Economical Irishman.

A Hibernian who was returning to London from Bath, a few days ago, by one of the day coaches, on arriving at Speenhamland, the place where the passengers usually dine, he very anxiously inquired of the waiter for the bill of fare, and wished to be informed what his master charged for a dinner? The waiter replied, "Five shillings, your honour, for dinner."—"And pray," said the Hibernian, "what is your charge for supper?"—"Why," replied the waiter, "half a crown."—"Then bring me a supper."

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO HER

*Who handed me the third canto of Childe Harold,
open at,*

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me."

Tho' thou lov'st not the world—tho' the world
loves thee not,

There is one in the world that will love thee;
Tho' his wish be denied—tho' his name be forgot,
He will love—but will never reprove thee!

Yet deem it not strange that a world like our own,
Should not justly and honestly prize thee;
The vulgar may hate thee for *merit* alone,
But can never—no, never despise thee.

Can a soul so superior and worthy as thine,
Hope the ignorant will e'er comprehend it?
Or can it delight with those objects to twine,
Whose dullness will always offend it?

O, no! It can only be known by the soul,
Of a fellow-refinement of feeling,
That equally knows the restless control,
Of emotions that have no revealing.

May 28th, 1819. G. OF NEW-JERSEY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

"Oh! Hudson! Hudson, lovely river,
Flow thou bright—flow bright no more;
Thy grace and pride, gay Henry, never
Treads again thy flowery shore:
Far on the deep o'reclouded ocean,
Boast of friends, a mother's joy!
Care of many a heart's emotion,
Heaven preserve thee, Shepherd Boy!"

"The lightest tress of careless childhood,
O'er young Henry's fair cheek hung;
Yet, dearly breath'd, thro' chequer'd wildwood,
Henry's lyre, tho' rudely strung!
For brightened love, oh! true as sorrow,
Sweetly true that lyre could sigh;
But now, what brilliant eyes will borrow
Tear-drops from thee, Shepherd Boy?"

"Thy silk-soft hand should gather flowers,
Sweep the softly trembling string;
Thy artless voice should waken bowers,
Thy image bubble with the spring!
Oh, light of age—affection's blossom,
Turn on home thy wistful eye;
Mark thy Mary's anguish'd bosom—
Bless thee, gentle Shepherd Boy!"

S. OF NEW-JERSEY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE SEASON OF REST.

O, sweet is the season of rest!
Of freedom from toil and from pain;
When the sun has immerg'd in the west,
And the shades are spread over the plain.

While, then, on my pillow reclin'd,
Soft slumbers my eye-lids invite,
How calm and serene is my mind,
How sweet is the silence of night!

O, sleep! best friend to mankind—
Thy fetters all joyfully wear;
Thou bringest repose to the mind,
When lost on the billows of care.

Then, welcome, the season of rest!
Of freedom from trouble and sorrow;
I'll banish all care from my breast,
Nor harbour a thought of the morrow!

MARIA.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE GARLAND—EDWIN TO EMMA.

The garland you gave me I prize,
For I stood by your bower as you form'd it;
And by myrtle-boughs screen'd from your eyes,
Saw how with Love's magic you charm'd it.

When to weave the young vine in the ring,
Stray'd o'er it each delicate finger;
They seem'd like the snow-wreaths that Spring
Still bids on her green-bosom linger.

And when the moist roses they press,
They seem'd o'er their dewy leaves straying;
But the thought in itself is the best,
Comparison dies in portraying.

The garland you gave me, I prize,
For so hand but my Emma's could wreath it;
Its fragrance was caught from your sighs,
For love warms my soul as I breathe it.

Yet I'd dearly prefer to these flowers,
The hand that such sweetness could give them;
And your sighs have more love-warming powers,
When from your own lips I receive them.

And when the next garland you'd twine,
I'll aid you, dear Emma, to do it;
Take me, dearest girl, for the vine,
And yourself for the flower that's worth'd to it.

THE AMERICAN SCOTT.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

A SONG—BY HENRY.

It is not that form, tho' angelic in grace,
That first taught my young bosom to love;
Nor that pure snowy breast, where Perfection
might trace

The image of virtue—her daughter above.
For that form may be wither'd by Time's cold
breath,

And that heart, like a lily, be blighted to death;
'Tis a softness that beams from those eyes when
they weep,

That reminds me of Heav'n, or an Angel asleep.

It is not the smile round thy lips that I love,
Nor thy cheek with its roseate hue,
'Tis a glance from those eyes, like light from
above,

When pity, sweet pity, softens their blue.
For that smile may be chas'd away by a sigh,
And that rosy cheek fade when sorrow is nigh,
But pity to innocence only is giv'n,

To live in her eye, while that eye beams on
Heav'n.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO ADELINE.

You "piece of mischief!" how came you to send
My poor dull prose to grace the weekly paper;
Far better had it been for me, my friends,
If you had twisted it to tight your taper.

To ask it back 'tis now, alas! in vain,
Since it has gone whence it will ne'er return,
I'll never write another line again,
Which, on reflection, I could wish to burn.

HARRIET.

"See Cabinet of Sept. 4, No. 17, page 138.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE WIFE.—BY ROLLA.

When the joys of this life seem all faded and gone,
And the heart, e'en itself, seems to feel quite
alone;

When the pleasures which sprang up thro' life's
chequer'd way,
Are all dead, for the want of prosperity's ray;
And the feelings, too, languish, for want of some
pow'r,

To lend its kind aid in the dark-woven hour;
Oh, where can we find—at that moment in life,
A solace so sweet, as the smile of a wife.

When poverty throws round its horrible sway,
Our warm friends themselves, like the leaves,
drop away;
But spring will return, and new leaves (by her
smile)

Will blossom, where late they've been dead for
awhile.

Not so with our friends—for when fortune once
dies,

All their warm glow of feeling then instantly dies;
Yet still there's a constancy beaming thro' life,
But where is it found?—in the breast of a wife.

Tho' fortune may frown—even friends prove
untrue,
Fate may rob us of all—which the world ever
knew;

There shall not be left, in this vale where we roam,
Our "kind resting place,"—nor the vestige of
home.

Yes, yes—you may take (we hold back not the
prize)

The joys, and the pleasures, which light up the
eyes:

But still there's one left—'tis the dearest in life,
'Tis "Heav'n's best gift"—'tis all—oh, yes! 'tis
the wife!

Brooklyn, August 10th, 1819.

On seeing a beautiful Lady working with her needle.

Oh! what bosom but must yield,
When, like Pallas, you advance,
With a thimble for your shield,
And a needle for your lance;
Fairest of the blooming train,
Ease my passion by your art,
And in pity to my pain,
Mend the hole that's in my beard.

Extract from a new Poem, by W. S. Barrett.

WOMAN.

Oh, give me, Heaven! to sweeten latter life,
And mend my wayward heart, a tender wife,
Who soothes me, though herself with anguish
wring,
Nor renders ill for ill, nor tongue for tongue;
Sways by persuasion, kisses off my frown,
And reigns, marm'd, a queen without a crown.
Alike to please me, her accomplish'd hand
The harp and homely needle can command;
And learning with such grace her tongue applies,
Her very maxims wear a gay disguise.
Nest for my presence, as if princes came,
And modest, 'e'en to me, with bridal shame;
A friend, a playmate, as my wishes call,
A ready nurse, though summoned from a ball,
She holds in eye that conquest youth achiev'd,
Boves without pomp, and pleases unperceiv'd.

EPIGRAM.

The following Epigram was occasioned by Miss H.'s elopement from Oxford with her footman, at the time a gentleman, called by the wits of the university, Dr. Tot, from his peculiarity of walking, was paying his addresses to her.

Twist footman John and Dr. Tot
A rivalry befel,
Which should be the happy beau,
And bear away the belle;
The footman gain'd the lady's heart,
And who can blame her? No man!
The whole prevail'd against its part,
'Twas foot-man versus Tot-man.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Recree of Juvenis shall have a place in our next.

The lines on *Missionary Societies*, deserve a place, and shall have one, in our columns.

Henry and Albert have ruined the lines on *Woman's Hard Fate*, by their carelessness in transcribing them, a word or two being omitted in almost every stanza.

Philanthropy shall appear.

Joceline's Lovely Mourner possesses no attractions, being a dull tale, miserably told, and entirely destitute of plot, character, and interest.

WOODWORTH'S POEMS.

A few copies for Sale, apply at this Office.

Lectures on Geography.—Mr. William Darby, a native of Pennsylvania, well known in this city and the western country, for his strength of understanding, and whose Tour, which was lately published, presents a specimen of American mind, such as fears no injury from comparison with the most celebrated of European travels; has issued proposals for a course of lectures on Natural and Political Geography, in this city, to commence some time in the present month.

A school on the Lancasterian plan has been opened at Chery Valley, and has already 120 scholars under instruction.

A thought on Sepulchres.—The practice of burying the dead in churches and cemeteries, within the city, is horrid and repugnant to every feeling of nature and reason; the dark superstitions of the middle ages first introduced it, and with them, it ought to be banished from an enlightened age.

Eccentric Verdict.—A coroner's jury having sat on the body of a young lady, in Baltimore, who had hung herself in a fit of *love frenzy*, brought in their verdict—*died by the visitation of Cupid*.

Blue Laws.—A man in Genesee county, was lately fined, by three justices, *twenty-five dollars* for kissing a woman.

A man in New-Jersey has been tried for the murder of his wife, and convicted of *man-slaughter*.

A Balloon lately ascended from Norfolk, (Va.) with a Cat in it; after rising to a height of about 500 yards, Miss Puss descended with a parachute, and reached the ground in safety, amidst the acclamations of a large concourse of spectators. The balloon continued, taking a westerly course.

Emigration.—It is stated, in the Daily Advertiser, that 3,378 emigrants have arrived in the United States during two weeks, ending on the 3d ult.

"The lightning played about his head."

The thunder-storm which lately took place at Botzen, Germany, was attended with some singular effects. The electric fluid entered the apartment of Dr. Eich Holzer, melted some Louis d'ors on his table, burned the goose quill he was writing with, struck the doctor in the head, carried off half his wig and thirty-three per cent. of his right ear.

WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS.

The City Inspector reports the deaths of 74 persons during the week, ending on Saturday, the 25th inst.—Of whom 18 were of the age of one year and under; between the age of 1 and 2, 8; 2 and 5, 4; 5 and 10, 1; 10 and 20, 4; 20 and 30, 6; 30 and 40, 19; 40 and 50, 8; 50 and 60, 7; 60 and 70, 4; 70 and 80, 1. Diseases: apoplexy 2, asthma 1, catarrh 1, child bed 1, cholera morbus 2, consumption 13, convulsions 4, diarrhoea 1, dropsy 2, dropsy in the chest 2, dropsy in the head 1, dysentery 6, fever 1, typhus fever 3, malignant fever 7, lung inflammation 2, inflammation of the liver 1, insanity 1, interpermea 1, lumber abscess 1, marasmus 1, palsy 1, peripneumony 1, scirrhus of the liver 1, still born 4, sudden death 2, suicide 2, tabes mesenterica 4, teething 4, unknown 1.—Men 23, Women 16, Boys 16, Girls 19.

GEORGE CUMING, City Inspector.

* Maria Moores, born in —, died Sept. 16th, aged 32; Paul Boggs, born in Ireland, died Sept. 19, aged 32; Jane Brown, born in Ireland, died Sept. 20, aged 35; Martha Conlin, born in Ireland, died Sept. 22, aged 30; Elizabeth Smith, born in New-York, died Sept. 22, aged 27; George Saxton, born in Pennsylvania, died Sept. 24, aged 25; Edward Donnanna, born in New-York, died Sept. 25, aged 31.

MARRIED,

On Saturday morning last, at St. John's Chapel, by the Rev. Dr. Brownell, William Payson Hall; Esq. of this city, to Miss Rachel Ray, daughter of the late Robert Ray, of Digby, N. S.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. McClay, John L. Colegrove, to Miss Catharine Meckelburgh, daughter of Mr. Charles L. Meckelburgh, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 22d ult. by the Rev. Dr. Brownell, Mr. Joshua Dyett, of the Island of Antigua, to Miss Jessy Ann Hunt, step-daughter of the late Doctor Stringham, of this city.

At Somerville, (N. J.) on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Vredenberg, Mr. William R. Griffith, merchant, of the house of Latourette & Griffith, of this city, to Miss Anna Howell, daughter of Major Andrew Howell, of the former place.

At Springfield, (N. Y.) Robert W. Lansing, Esq. of Albany, to Miss Elizabeth Hardy.

At Claverack, (N. Y.) Abraham Bruyns Haubroeck, Esq. of Kingston, to Miss Julia Frances Ludlum, of New-Jersey; also, Chester Williams, to Miss Fanny Henry, both of Hudson.

At Albany, Mr. George W. Merchant, to Miss Ann Maria Waterman.

At Rome, (N. Y.) the Rev. Henry Smith, of Camden, to Miss Hannah T. Huntington, daughter of George Huntington, Esq.

In Birmingham, (Eng.) on the 2d of August, Mr. Henry Wray Aldcock, merchant, of this city, to Miss Jane Turner, eldest daughter of John Turner, Esq. of Heath-Green, near Birmingham.

DIED,

On the 23d of August, on board of the U. S. schooner *Nonsuch*, at the moment of her arrival at Port Spain, in the island of Trinidad, of the yellow fever, which he took on his passage from the town of Angostura, Commodore OLIVER H. PERRY.

On Wednesday morning, the 22d ult. Mrs. E. A. Smith, wife of Mr. William Smith, merchant, and daughter of Mr. James Anderson.

In a fit, on the 22d ult. Mrs. Jane Copland, aged 47 years, consort of Mr. George Copland.

On Wednesday evening, the 22d ult. of consumption, Andrew Seaman, Esq. Cashier of the Manhattan Company.

On Thursday, the 22d ult. at Kip's Bay, of a consumption, Mrs. Jane Stringham, relict of Dr. James S. Stringham.

On Friday, the 24th ult. after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Susan Evers.

Same day, Mrs. Mary Malcolm, widow of the late General Malcolm.

Same day, of a short and severe illness, in the 17th year of her age, Miss Magdalen Bogert.

On Saturday last, Mrs. Tiesuweit Stewart, of this city, aged 92 years.

On the 14th ult. after a lingering illness, Frances Amelia, youngest daughter of Mr. George McCready.

At Boston, Doctor John Jeffries, aged 75; for many years an eminent practicing physician. He once passed from Calais, in France, to Dover, in England, in a balloon, with the celebrated M. Blanchard, whose lady recently lost her life in Paris, by her balloon's taking fire.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1819.

[No. 22.]

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;

AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 154 Broadway;

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable Quarterly in Advance.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WOODVILLE's bosom had been no stranger to remorse, during the period we have suffered to pass unnoticed. But remorse is *not* penitence, for there can be no genuine repentance independent of religion. A deep consciousness of his own base ingratitude, however, incessantly haunted him, whether sleeping or waking, and even dashed with wormwood the intoxicating cup of illicit delight. He was one of those *half-way* sinners, who can never "screw their courage up to the sticking point" of hardened depravity; but who, with all the disposition, still lack the resolution of a consummate libertine.

The fact was, he found himself vulnerable in a point where he least expected it. Intrenched in the camp of infidelity, (if the figure be pardonable,) and fortified, as he thought, by the ramparts of reason and philosophy, he fancied himself secure from those annoying assaults which had so strenuously opposed his first treaty of alliance with Vice. But in the hour of trial, he found, alas! that such a crumbling parapet of sand was no protection to his breast against the galling arrows of truth. "The archers hit him, and he was sore wounded of the archers."

To change the metaphor—the mind of Woodville had never been deserted by the celestial monitors with which its secret chambers had been tenanted by a religious education. Their voices, it is

true, had been long silenced by the imposing clamor of vain philosophy, and their forms concealed by the cobweb drapery of sophistical reasoning. But, at the admission of every new vice, they would burst through all restraints, and loudly remonstrate against the farther profanation of a temple consecrated to the service of Deity.

Woodville found, to his surprise, that he was not yet so fully confirmed in his darling creed of infidelity, as to avoid the conviction, that "he who doubts is damn'd." The anarchy of his mind had already begun to prey on the health of his body, when he received the following laconic epistle:

"November 18th, 1807.

"Sir—I shall not turn to the right or left, in pursuit of the serpent which has so fatally stung me; but should the reptile again cross my path, I cannot answer for my feelings.

T. FLANDERS."

The dreadful truth, that all was discovered, now flashed like lightning across the mind of the horror-struck Woodville. The blow under which he had long trembled in anticipation, had now fallen. He felt himself to be the veriest wretch on earth, and had no doubt that a public exposure was at hand, which would forever cut off from the future every prospect of peace for Selina and himself. The new and contending feelings that now tore his mind, combined with the preying of the vulture, remorse, proved too much for his enfeebled frame. He sunk beneath the accumulated weight, and for several weeks there was no room for hope that his life could be preserved. He laboured under a violent fever, before whose fury reason was long dispersed. His ravings, during this period, were wild and incoherent, but their subject was the family of Flanders. And when, at length, the disease took a favourable turn, and his mental faculties had resumed their regular functions, his first inquiry was for his friend, who, he was informed, was on a journey to the south, and that his wife resided with her mother in Worcester.

Woodville recovered slowly, as the advancement of his health was much retarded by the anxiety and remorse which preyed upon his mind. As soon as he could obtain permission from his physicians, he removed to Sandville, where the affectionate attentions of a mother and sister, united with the consolations of paternal sympathy and pious counsel, were finally successful in restoring him to such a degree of health as enabled him, in the course of the ensuing spring, to resume the duties of his station in his uncle's counting-house at Boston. But health was not the only blessing restored to him under his father's roof. That hope of immortality which had been the happiness of his early years, and which he had madly discarded for a few fleeting earthly delights, was again rekindled in a bosom which had been prepared for its reception by remorse, sickness, repentance, and deep humility. And though, after his recovery, a soft shade of melancholy constantly overspread his aspect and conversation, we will venture to assert, that for years before he had not felt so internally happy.

In the mean time, the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Flanders, and the consequent affliction of his *deserted wife*, excited a thousand wise conjectures and speculations among the female *guidances* of the day; and numerous were the causes assigned, accompanied by such significant shrugs and winks as afforded ample scope to the imagination for forming a thousand more. Woodville alone could conjecture the real one, and while he almost adored the *magnanimity* of his much injured friend, he reflected with horror on the crime which had brought so exalted a virtue into exercise, and shuddered as he tacitly acknowledged the depravity of his own heart, and the nothingness of his own virtues.

But there was another source of pain which he could neither avoid nor remove. The character of his magnanimous friend was assailed from every quarter, and loaded with the fondest reproach. "To desert so fair, so affect-

tionate, and so virtuous a wife, (said officious Sympathy,) was a barbarity unheard of; and to do this without assigning any cause, thereby placing it in the power of conjecture to sully the purity of her immaculate reputation, was an act of cruelty and meanness that merited not only execration, but personal chastisement." Such was the language to which Woodville was daily compelled to listen without daring to oppose; for he could neither justify the conduct nor defend the motives of his injured friend, without incurring a risk which he would rather avoid—the risk of directing the language of reproach against the only objects which really deserved it.

While affairs were thus situated, Captain Percival (Selina's brother Edward) returned from a prosperous voyage, and had scarcely stepped on shore, ere busy Rumour buzzed in his ear the story in which his family were so deeply interested. He immediately called on Woodville to learn further particulars; but the latter had not been honoured with the confidence of either party respecting events which had taken place while he himself was confined to a bed of sickness. He, therefore, recommended the anxious brother to repair to Worcester, and seek for information on the subject at a source from whence, it must reasonably be supposed, it would flow correctly. This advice was adopted, and Captain Percival departed in the next morning's stage.

The interview between Edward and his unhappy sister, was truly affecting. Her pallid countenance, emaciated form, and streaming eyes, cut him to the soul; and as he pressed her to his bosom, and kissed the cold tear from her cheek, he secretly vowed to summon to a severe account the wretch whose unnatural barbarity had caused it to flow. When he alluded to the delicate subject, the meek tone of resignation and forgiveness with which she spoke of her misfortunes, convinced Edward that she was an angel deserving a better fate, and that the feelings of indignation with which his soul was glowing, were sanctioned by justice and virtue. Selina was evidently fast sinking into an untimely grave, and the only tie that seemed to connect her with earth was maternal affection. In nursing and caressing her child, she caught the

only transient gleams of comfort which flitted athwart her cheerless desolate prospect. Care, grief, and anxiety, had also made visible inroads on the health and constitution of Mrs. Percival, and Edward could not sursey such complicated havoc of domestic felicity, without swearing mortal vengeance against him whose barbarous hand had wrought the ruin. He soon took a tender leave of the fair sufferer, and after earnestly commending her to the care of his mother, returned to Boston, where he made it his first endeavour to obtain intelligence of the present situation and residence of his brother-in-law. In this attempt, however, he was for some time unsuccessful; until accidentally taking up a newspaper in the coffee-house, he saw the name of Flanders mentioned as being an advocate in an interesting trial then pending before the criminal court of Montreal, in Canada.

Captain Percival immediately waited on Woodville, and after expressing his determination of calling Flanders to an account for breaking the heart of his beloved sister, requested him to act as his friend on the occasion. The astonished and embarrassed Woodville expostulated against the rashness of such a step; but, alas! he could advance no reasons that tended to dissuade the fiery captain from his fixed purpose. Woodville knew not how to act. He trembled for the life of the injured friend whose cause he could not successfully espouse, and into whose presence he dreaded to appear. To refuse the honour of becoming a party concerned, was all he could do; but this he knew would not prevent the meeting. After mature deliberation, he, therefore, determined to accompany Edward to Montreal, and if, during the journey, he could not prevail on him to abandon all ideas of vengeance, he was resolved, let what would be the consequence, to exculpate the innocent by exposing the guilty. Such a step, it was more than probable, would cost him his life; but he knew of no other adequate atonement that could be made to his much injured persecuted friend, and this he was resolved to make. Having formed this heroic determination, he signified his assent to the captain, and the following day lighted them on the road to Canada.

[To be concluded.]

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

A REVERIE.

I fancied myself suddenly surprised with the sound of distant music. It seemed to emanate from a place at so great a distance, that its soft and enchanting murmurs broke upon my ear, without my being able to discover from whence they came, or without knowing to whom I was indebted for my entertainment. While I was listening with all the intensity of thought, that I might discover what course to take, and by pursuing its melodious notes, might secure a place at a nearer approach, and become more familiar with strains that seemed so delightful and alluring: while I was thus almost overpowered with the mingled emotions of perplexity, wonder, and delight, the Genius of the place appeared before me, and requested permission to be my companion and guide to the regions of music and pleasure. She was of a most extraordinary appearance in her person. She approached with a most engaging and fascinating air; happiness and contentment seemed to bloom upon her features, and light and intelligence flowed from her countenance. With a look irresistibly engaging, she addressed me thus: "Young man, I am one of the gay daughters of DISSENTATION, my name is MIRTH. I dwell in a region that resounds with hilarity, feast, and song; where nought is heard but the solacing strains of the finest music; where no employment is allotted us that does not afford and increase our pleasure. We are strangers to sorrow, to toil, to care, and to disappointment; and every circumstance that surrounds us combines to brighten and consummate our felicity: save when REFLECTION (the daughter of Reason) invades our dominions. Every thing that the heart desires, or that hope can suggest, we enjoy without the least molestation or alloy. If, says she, with a smile, you would be made possessor of these joys, follow me." All my efforts to resist her invitation were in vain; I involuntarily gave myself up to her control, and obeyed her dictates with the most pleasing satisfaction. After she had conducted me through various turns and windings, (for the path I now found was crooked, and sometimes difficult,) she arrived at the place of her abode.

This region appeared brilliant and fair; its precincts resounded with the vibrations and reverberations of the most melting and melodious strains of music. It was crowded with a throng of gay and giddy beings, who seemed occupied about something, but for my life I could not distinguish what their employment was. Each one appeared amazingly condescending, and there seemed to be no ambition among them, except to see who could exhibit the most graceful form, give the most animated look, and the most captivating air to their demeanour.

There appeared to be a continual interchange of complimentary smiles. The possession of any object was reduced to the exercise of their volitions; and they had only to obey the dictates of their inclinations, to enjoy every desire. They recognised no god but pleasure, and obeyed no voice but the voice of music. Every footstep appeared light and airy as the radiant sun-beam; every look seemed but the emanation of joy and tranquillity; while every gesture and movement seemed to increase their common felicity. This, exclaimed I, is the abode of happiness! here is enjoyment unalloyed by the blasts of envy and restless ambition! But, just as I was advancing to participate their joys, I perceived a sudden alteration in their aspect, which now began to lower, and indicate discontent and disappointment. The cause of such a change I could not conjecture. I stood motionless under the overwhelming emotions of my mind. My attention was suddenly attracted at the appearance of three very uncomely looking personages of very peculiar air and aspect; and my astonishment and curiosity strongly awakened, to know how these impertinent beings could have got admission into this apartment of pleasure. The first of these strange looking figures that made her appearance, was DISCONTENT; she appeared with a downcast look, indicating uneasiness, anxiety, and solicitude. The next that appeared, was an emaciated figure, cross-eyed, and had a deep and deadly venom infixed in her countenance; from her unlovely and peculiar aspect I knew her to be ENVY.

"Her angry snakes were all uprear'd!
She belch'd a flame
Of stygian fire,
Her croaking throat was swollen with ire—

Her temples bound
With asps around,
And scorpions his'd
Upon her breast,
And light'nings from her eyes appear'd!
She wild advance'd,
And madly glanc'd
Her eye, to find some dismal shell—
But seeing none of fitly sound,
She rais'd a most tremendous yell,
And poison rank exhal'd around!"

The third that appeared, proved to be SLANDER, the handmaid and ally of Envy and Discontent. I stood terrified and unfrighted at his monstrous form and haggard look:—

"Black he stood as night,
Firm as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart."

Presuming that this unlooked-for intrusion would produce confusion and disorder, I attempted my departure; but as I turned toward the door, a person of majestic figure, possessing a calm, mild, and judicious countenance, that beamed with light and intelligence, advanced toward me, and told me her name was REASON, the daughter of TRUTH. I was a little startled at her sudden and unexpected appearance, yet I soon discovered that she was a person of most interesting demeanour, and deserved my regard. She addressed me in a mild but firm voice—"Young man, you are deluded—Truth alone conducts you to happiness." All others are blind guides, and allure only to disappoint and destroy. If you continue to follow her who conducted you thither, you will go down to the abodes of everlasting disappointment and despair."

And as my new guide, in the attitude of solicitude, stood beckoning me to follow her, she pronounced, with a deep and melting pathos—

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but heaven."

"Follow me," continued she, "and you shall be conducted to happiness that is real, substantial and lasting. I will lead you where you may forever tread the Elysian fields, and pluck, with everlasting delight, the amarantine flowers of true pleasure, and drink with eternal joy and transport, from that pure and

chrysal river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God: and at last, you shall, with all the truly happy, be conducted to his right hand, where are pleasures forever more." This was pronounced with so much feeling and energy, and with a look so penetrating, that I startled, and awoke, and lo! I was in a ball-room.

JUVENUS.

The above was suggested by an invitation to attend a Ball.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

ON PHILANTHROPY.

"And man, whose heav'n-erected face,
The smiles of love adorn;
Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."

BECAUSE.

To trace out the characters of mankind, and discover the various motives which urge them to action, is a study calculated to produce much benefit. Whilst, on the one hand, we observe man actuated by every noble and generous feeling in his daily intercourse through life; on the other, we see him marked by every vice, the very contemplation of which makes the heart of man recoil within itself, and shudder at the thought, to think that man, alas! unhappy man, could commit such enormities against nature and against God. There is no vice which so degrades human nature, as that of Avarice; and no virtue which exalts it higher, than that of Philanthropy. In a land like ours, where knowledge is so extensively disseminated, where the mind is unshackled by ignorance and superstition, where religion has spread her benign and genial influence, it is to be lamented, that so frequently the first feelings of our nature should be blunted; that the mind, instead of being aroused to feelings of friendship and humanity, should be instructed to direct its attention to the accumulation of wealth, as the surest ground of future happiness; that no means should be left untried, no exertions unremitting, no endeavours spared, to acquire wealth. Alas! for this, what has not the avaricious man suffered; he has put his happiness, honour, and reputation, at stake, and frequently have they been shipwrecked; he has caused thousands to be sacrificed on the

altars of cruelty and ambition, and has severed the bands which unite man to his fellow man; he has torn asunder the nearest relatives, and sent many to an untimely grave. It is Avarice, in a great measure, that has caused so much misery throughout the world; that has raised the arm of man against his fellow man, and loaded innumerable numbers with the chains of infamy and distress.

But we turn with pleasure to the contemplation of Philanthropy. Different, indeed, is her situation, and how much more desirable the condition of the man of Philanthropy. His hands are always open to the relief of the distressed, and to the happiness of mankind; his mind, freed from avaricious desires, is replete with emotions of benevolence; his door open to the reception of misfortune, and his breast affords an asylum for friendship to confide in; he views mankind with philanthropic feelings, and feels united by the bonds of amity and kindred. He surveys the oppressed, as with him entitled equally to freedom, and possessing the same right to the enjoyment of life. Whilst the man of avaricious disposition is despised and unhonoured, the other is beloved and respected; whilst the one lives unnoticed and unknown, the other is regarded and adored; thousands crowd around his dwelling, and testify to his benevolence, and the prayers of relieved poverty rise in humble supplication for his happiness; whilst the miseries of separated and wretched families stand recorded as witnesses to the other's avarice. What a striking contrast!

Both are fast travelling to Eternity, there to receive the final recompence of their deserts. Death summons all before his throne; to the man of avarice, he comes unwelcome and unexpected—to him, arrayed with all his terrors, to him, wealth has now lost its charms, and overcome by the struggles of remorseless conscience, sinks unalighted

"To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

SCOTT'S POEMS.

But the man of Philanthropy surveys his approach with calmness and resignation—to him, he comes the welcome messenger to convey him to another and a better world—having "finished a good

course on earth," with no feelings of remorse to chide him, no remembrances from the path of rectitude to disturb him, he stands prepared; innumerable friends crowd around his expiring tenement; the voice of religion affords him consolation in his latest moments, and angels, summoned from on high, stand ready to waft his spirit to mansions of everlasting felicity.

CLARENCE.

From the Savannah Republican.

A REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

The recital of the misfortunes that happen in real life, whether accidentally or purposely, may frequently have a beneficial effect, by inducing a watchfulness that will preserve others from similar evils. Accordingly, the following story may not be unworthy of notice.

In the southern part of the Union, where the Mississippi rolls her waters with increasing majesty to the ocean, in a populous town, lived the celebrated Mr. M. whose parents were reckoned among the foremost citizens of the place. Near by lived the accomplished Miss W. who was descended from equally high parentage. She was naturally a genius, but possessed of a jealous, fiery temper, that had never been restrained by parental authority; she was likewise favoured in a particular manner with the charms of exterior grace, and her accomplishments, taken collectively, were sufficient to captivate the heart of Mr. M. He paid his addresses to her, and was favourably received. Several months now had rolled over, viewing their condition as prosperous as lovers could require, when a malicious tale-bearer undertook to poison the lady's mind, and to destroy their happiness.

By the darkest and falsest insinuations, he endeavoured to persuade her that she was not the sole object of his affections; and too fatally succeeded in his abominable purpose. As jealousy is of such a nature, that when once awakened, the most frivolous circumstances are construed as a decisive evidence, and the more the suspected endeavours to remove the impression, the more firmly is it fixed, it could not fail of producing serious consequences in this case, as will appear in the sequel.

It soon chanced that they were taking their customary walk in a grove on the bank of the river. When he accidentally dropped a letter he had lately received from a female cousin. She snatched it up, and saw it subscribed by a woman's name.—It was sufficient to set her passions in a flame—she accused him of treachery in the most vehement language. In vain he demanded an explanation—she raved like a fury, and, at length, in a transport of passion, taking advantage of his confusion, she snatched from her bosom, her corset of glittering steel, (the only weapon she had about her,) and attacked him with all the fury of an Amazon.

It being thin, and, consequently, very sharp, was capable of administering many serious blows. She wounded him severely in the face and many other places. At length, after receiving much injury, he succeeded in disarming her, when she retired from the conflict, leaving him in a deplorable condition to take care of himself. Though faint with the loss of blood, he made shift to get to a neighbouring physician, a friend of his, by whom he was recovered without the fact being generally known.

To conclude in brief, without adding the much that followed, it may be sufficient to say, the lady found out her mistake, threw herself at the feet of the young gentleman, and implored his forgiveness, vowing never to wear a corset more. He loved her sincerely, a reconciliation took place, they were united in the bands of matrimony, and have lived happily ever since. However, young gentlemen may take warning by this example, to keep at a distance from the ladies of the steel.

PHILOMAS.

THE ROBBERS.—A TRAGEDY.

It is indisputable, that of all the works of Schiller, the play of the Robbers is the best and the most deeply interesting. The contemplation of the character of Francis has the same effect upon the mind of the reader, as the acting of that great tragedian Keen, has upon the mind of the spectator. He is a villain, about whom, like Lord Byron's heroes, we cannot help feeling interested; he has no extenuating motive for his crimes, and

those crimes are of the most diabolical hue; yet our abhorrence of him does not make us turn away our eyes from his actions; we only watch him with the more scrutinizing carefulness. Nature has loaded him with a burden of deformity, and in return he vows eternal hatred against her. He sees no other human being like him, therefore he will blast all her works. The sweet fraternity of souls be cannot know—the soft persuasive eloquence of love he cannot use. Force, therefore, force and cunning, are the deities whom he invokes.

M. Schlegel, in one of his ingenious lectures, makes the following observation on this play:—"The Robbers, wild and horrible as it is, produced such a powerful effect as even wholly to turn the heads of youthful enthusiasts. The defective imitation of Shakspeare is not to be mistaken. Francis Moor is a prosaic Richard the Third, ennobled by none of the propensities which in the latter unite admiration with aversion."

It is clear, the effect which the 'Robbers' had upon the minds of the young students, was owing to the very wildness and horror of which M. Schlegel speaks. They were captivated with the strength, and sorrow, and enthusiasm of Charles Moor's nature, and were struck with the Robber's daringness in his pursuits, and with his noble heroism in the dark hours of suffering. The moral of the piece is bad, inasmuch as vice is made too attractive, but the poetry and character of the Drama are worked up in a manner which nothing can surpass. It is not possible to agree with M. Schlegel as to the similarity which he finds in the characters of Francis Moor and Richard the Third. The first has none of that readiness of mind in the moment of danger; none of that instantaneous and terrific courage which characterises the mind of the last. When he seizes a pistol and advances against Herman, his intentions relax on discovering that his victim is armed for defence:—Richard would have shot him through the head. Francis in the latter scenes of the Tragedy, becomes all fear and suspicion. He prays to heaven in the thick of crimes when all hopes of rescue from the hands of the robbers is lost; he shrieks for help in the wood, and clings to that brother whom he has made a plunderer and a murderer. Fran-

cis has no heroism—no power of mind: is that what M. Schlegel means in saying the character is prosaic? The heart of Francis is maddened and betrayed by its own passions. Richard was never overcome by women: he never felt for woman. Richard goes on secure in his deceptions, and finally dies boldly in battle. It will be seen by this examination of the two characters, that M. Schlegel's assertion is wrong. The mental qualities of the two characters are directly opposite. The German lecturer has not spoken of the Robbers as a German ought to speak of it. It was written by Schiller in his youthful days, and has all the romantic beauty of heroic character and rich scenery which a young mind delights to dwell upon. Horror glares through some of the dark scenes like a torch, and every object is dimly seen by its light. Love, in this play, is a ferocious rapture—a madness. The characters pursue it like furies. Who can ever forget the feelings that are stirred up in the bosom on the first perusal of this mysterious and terrific drama? No one. The imagination is shaken as if a storm passed through it. Coleridge has written a fine wild sonnet to Schiller, expressive of his deep delight on the first reading of the Robbers. The note to the sonnet is worth extracting. "One night in winter, on leaving a college-friend's room, with whom I had supped, I carelessly took away with me, 'The Robbers,' a drama, the very name of which, I had never before heard of. A winter midnight—the wind high—and 'the Robbers' for the first time! The readers of Schiller will conceive what I felt. Schiller introduces no supernatural beings; yet his human beings agitate and astonish more than all the *goblin rout*—even of Shakspeare."

An able writer in a late number of the Edinburgh Review, also speaks to the same effect.—"But we cannot so easily give up our old attachment to the Robbers. The first reading of that play is an event in every one's life which is not to be forgotten." The character of Charles Moor is drawn in the most powerful manner. Moor is a robber. He is young, and romantic, and heroic. The crimes which his pursuits lead him into, throw a fearful sadness over his nature, which reflection ever turns into bitterness. He becomes interesting from his

devoted affection, from his noble courage, and his fierce pursuits. He loves silence and solitude as a relief to his mind, though of the saddest sort. In retirement, he pours forth his hatred of mankind, and becomes violently misanthropical from the remembrance of his own injuries.—"Man! man! false hypocrite! deceitful crocodile!—Thy eyes overflow, but thy heart is iron.—Thou stretchest forth these open arms, but a poniard is concealed in thy bosom. Lions and leopards feed their young, the raven feasts its little ones on carrion, and he! he! Experience has made me proof against the shafts of malice, I could smile, while my enemy quaffed my heart's blood—but when the affection of a father is converted into the hatred of a fury, let manly composure catch fire—let the gentle lamb become a tiger—let every nerve in my frame be braced, that I may spread around me vengeance and destruction."

Perhaps the expressions of this passage are somewhat excessive; but the Germans are always violent in their language; it is the only way by which they can put forth the enthusiasm of their feelings. Besides, poetry with them is the light of their existence; it is held by them higher than the passions which it illustrates. The late eloquent and amiable Madame de Staël, has observed, that "Poetry, philosophy, in short, all the ideal, have often more command over the Germans, than nature and the passions themselves." Poetry is thus made more than a momentary possession of all the soul desires.

The character of Amelia, the young girl to whom Charles Moor is attached, is beautifully drawn. I cannot do better than give a passage from the work of Madame de Staël relative to it. "The love scenes betwixt the young girl and the chief of the robbers, who was to have been her husband, are admirable in point of enthusiasm and sensibility; there are few situations more pathetic than that of this truly virtuous woman, always attached from the bottom of her soul, to him whom she loved before he became criminal. The respect which a woman is accustomed to feel for the man whom she loves, is changed into a sort of terror or pity; and one would say, that the unfortunate female flatters herself with the thought of becoming the guardian angel

of her guilty lover, in heaven, now, when she can no longer hope to be the happy companion of his pilgrimage on earth."

The meeting between Charles and Amelia when he returns unknown, is one of the most thrilling scenes in the whole of the German drama. The soul of Amelia is subdued by a presence which she cannot comprehend; she parts with the ring which Charles had given her to one who is apparently a stranger to her. Her heart seems to be sorrowfully conscious of its frailty without the power of redeeming itself. How firmly does she say to the stranger, when the remembrance of Charles rushes upon her mind, and almost overwhelms her: "Here, where you now stand, has he stood a thousand times, and at his side, I, who, when at his side, forgot both heaven and earth. Here, here his eye wandered over the lovely charms of nature, he seemed to feel how grateful was the sight, and she appeared to dress herself more gayly while her prince admired her. Here he would listen to the celestial music of the nightingale. Here he would pluck fresh roses for his loved Amelia. Here, here, he pressed me to the heart, and glued his lips to mine."

But the finest scene of the tragedy is the one in which Moor is stretched at length at the side of a hill, with his robbers idling or sleeping around him. The sun is setting in the fulness of his glory, and the air is still. Moor leans his head on his hand, and gazes intently and mournfully on the beautiful orb which is retiring before him. He sinks into reflection. One or two of the robbers marvel at his words and looks, and endeavour to rouse him from his thoughts. But no, he had watched the setting sun in the innocent hours of his childhood, and now the past comes slowly and sorrowfully back upon his mind. He dwells hopelessly on the remembrance of the purity of his childish days: he gazes again at the setting sun, and exclaims, "Thus worthy of admiration dies a hero! When I was a boy, my favourite thought was that I would live and die like yonder glorious orb! it was a boyish thought. There was a time when I could not sleep if I had forgotten my evening prayer!" By degrees his mind passes to a consciousness of his present despairing state;

and nothing can be sner than his wish: "Oh! that I could return into my mother's womb!—Oh! that I could be born a peasant! I would labour till the blood rolled from my temples, to buy the luxury of a noon-day's slumber, the rapture of one solitary tear!"

Schiller, though after the age of five-and-twenty, he wrote with greater purity and severity, never produced any dramatic work equal to the Robbers, in spirit, mystery, and passion. His tragedies on the life and death of Wallenstein are very beautiful, but he kept too close to history to afford much theatrical effect. M. Schlegel ought to have spoken in better terms of the Robbers, as a powerfully poetical drama. Schiller, more than any other German dramatist, throws an interest over a "situation terminated in respect of its being an event, but which still exists in the capacity of suffering." I shall conclude with one more extract from Madame de Staël's *Work on Germany*, which immediately relates to this fine power of an author.—"More of poetry, more of sensibility, more of nicety in the expressions, are necessary to create emotions during the repose of action, than while it excites an always-increasing anxiety: when fact keeps us in suspense, words are hardly remarked; but when all is silent excepting grief, when there is no more change from without, and the interest attaches itself slowly to what passes in the mind, a shade of affectation, a word out of place, would strike like a false note, in a simple and melancholy tune. Nothing then escapes by the sound, and all speaks directly to the heart."—*Lon. Pocket Mag.*

ANTIDOTE FOR THE TIMES.

Most of our readers have, no doubt, been entertained by the whimsical effect produced upon many persons who have inhaled gas, which has been called the laughter and dancing exciting gas. At a recent lecture on the human frame, delivered by Dr. Thornton, in London, the following effects are stated to have been produced by the respiration of this gas, which might have been penned by Baron Munchausen:

"The first gentleman who inhaled it, laughed, and then danced to a very lively tune, which he sung. The next gentle-

man, after the excitement to laughter, delivered a speech out of Shakspeare, equal to Kean; he then danced, singing the lively tune of merrily, ho, cheerily ho, in full glee; and after that sung in a deep fine bass tone, the Wolf, as well as Braham. He was unconscious of what he was doing, but expressed himself as highly delighted as did the other gentleman. No debility follows after inhaling this powerful gas."—*Lon. pop.*

ANECDOTES.

An elderly lady expressing her surprise at the present fashion, observed, that there was now no display of dress, it is only intended to *show the shape*, not to set off the attire; and wondered ladies should ever have relinquished their former habiliments of whale-bone hoops and stiff brocade, for muslin dresses like *tinder*. A gentleman present remarked, that that was probably done with a view of *catching the sparks*.

"Why, Mr. Blank," said a tall fellow the other day, to a little person who was in company with five or six huge men, "I protest you are so small I did not see you before."—"Very likely," replied the little gentleman, "I am like a four pence half penny among six cents—not readily perceived, yet worth the whole of them."

One of the Osage Indians who were on a visit to Washington city a few years ago, being in Baltimore, was shown every thing in the latter city that it was supposed could interest the attention of one of the native lords of the forest. Among other things, his guide conducted him to see the gaol. After viewing it with attention, he exclaimed, "*what dat*," the reply was, "the gaol." Indian—"what's gaol." His guide answered, "a place to put Indians in who don't pay the skins they owe," (skins being the medium of exchange, or symbol of wealth, among the North American savages.) Having viewed it for some time with astonishment, the untutored child of nature gave this reply, worthy of a Socrates, a Plato, a Rochefoucault, or a Franklin—"Indian can no catch skin dere."

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO ELIZA.

When I had thee *adieu*—with a pang of regret,
That our hours of sweet converse so quickly
must fly;

Thou' my eyes with the tear of affection was wet,
Shall I own it?—it pleas'd me that *thine* was
scarce dry.

For I could not endure that affection like mine,
Should meet *cold returns* from a heart such as *thine*.

When I've told thee the ills that my life overcast,
Thy voice has grown sadder—more pensive
thine eye;

Every sorrow, tho' *present*, appear'd to be past,
Dispell'd by the magic of sympathy's sigh.
And ere it meet that affection like mine,
Should find a return in a heart such as *thine*.

Oct. 24, 1819.

HARRIET.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO MISS — OF NEWARK, (N. J.)

I know an eye that shines so bright,
So soft, and so bewitching too,
That I could gaze with warm delight,
Forever on that orb of blue.

I oft its casual glance have met,
And felt so strange—so wild a swell,
That pensively I sigh'd—and yet,
Thou' all confus'd—I lov'd it well.

I know a lip that wears a smile,
So placid and so full of love,
That I have gaz'd—and felt the while,
An inability to move.

I know a cheek so passing fair—
It well might with the lily vie;
I've seen the glow of beauty there,
More pure than evening's vermillion'd sky.

The eye—the lip—the cheek—I've seen,
In one sweet form of love combin'd;
And I have more corrupt'd been,
With that fair form's superior mind.

There is a name so dear to me—
But ah, I dare not lip that name!
And yet to call it mine would be
A greater prize than wealth and fame.

Away! 'tis false! I feel it not!
Such claims may be that please the eye;
They pass—they fade—they are forgot,
And in the grave unheeded lie!

There is a purer, holier flame,
Which glows with feelings more divine;
It has a more exalted aim,
Than that which lights at beauty's shrine!

June, 1819.

G. OF NEW-JERSEY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

Oh! hast thou not seen the sweet blushing rose,
Beset with the dew-gems of morn?
And hast thou not seen ere evening's dark close,
That flow'ret all withered and torn?

As flourish'd that rose on the breast of the spring,
Exhaling its fragrance around;
And sweetly perfuming the soft zephyr wing,
As it pass'd o'er the rich spangled ground.

So imagine flourish'd, in life's early morn,
As lovely and pure as that flower;
Its beauty, its fragrance, without ere a thorn,
To adorn her, united their power.

And as the wild tempest which swept o'er the
plain,
Prostrated the rose in its bloom,
And all its rich beauties (expanded in vain)
Were sent to oblivion's deep gloom.

So imagine fell; and her beauties decay'd,
When life's storms were howling around;
Misfortune's rude hand was over her sway'd,
She felt—and she sunk 'neath the wound.
Sept. 30th, 1819.

HORENTIUS.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO ELIZA.

You said that you lov'd me—but wherefore the
tear
Which fell from your eye which you hid so?
You said that you lov'd me, and seem'd so sincere,
I could not help thinking you did so.

You own'd that you lov'd me—but wherefore the
sigh
Which hung on the gentle assent so?
You said that you lov'd me, and, oh! I will try
To hope and believe that you meant so.

But wherefore the sigh, and wherefore the tear?
The sigh which you tried to suppress so?
Didst think that thy heart held its object too dear?
And didst think that my own could do less so?

Or didst think that—oh no, it is you—
And I never can love thee in part;
The tear was a witness thy lips were true,
And the sigh, the response of the heart.

JULIO.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY,

FROM HER BROTHER.

I know not a blessing on earth so refin'd,
As contentment—sweet child of the sky;
So calmly and purely, it steals o'er the mind,
And refreshes each object that's dear to the eye.

Oh, blessing that's thine! when I look on that eye,
And see the lov'd impress each eye has defied;
How I envy that bosom untouch'd by a sigh,
And grieve for the peace which to mine is denied.

For contentment, dear F***, lov'd and priz'd
as it is,

Can never the lone heart of sorrow elate;
It may dream of its loveliness—sigh for its bliss,
But it surely awakes to the ills of its fate.

May't thou live, my dear girl, while affection
and truth

Fill the records of years with thy merit and
fame;

May't thou realize all the fond fancies of youth,
And taste its sweet pleasures unmingled with
pain.

Though fortune has cast me on life's struggling
wave;

Depriv'd of me of comfort—bereft me of home,
I trust there's within me a spirit to save,
A hope that can cheer me wherever I roam.

To know that true feeling has share in my fate,
Is a blessing misfortune nor grief can destroy;
A comfort no distance or time can abate,
The last lingering twilight of peace and of joy.

May each wish of thy heart be with happiness
crown'd,
Each gem of thy soul every birthday renew,
Till Hymen and happiness 'compass thee round,
With a choice that is worthy of bliss and of you.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO A LADY,

In compliance with this demand,

"Tell me why Love but wounds the yielding breast,
And why Love's victims are so seldom blest."

BY THE AMERICAN SCOTT.

Lady, your task, tho' arduous, I will try—
"The fair requests"—The poet must comply!
When old Mythology, with touch of fire,
Tuned the wild strings of every ancient lyre;
He said—and so each raptur'd bard has sung—
On Venus' breast, that little Cupid hung,
Waiting her mandate; where her caprice bent,
The Urchin's shaft with thrilling transport went.
But let no more such idle song prevail!
"Lie, Lady, list!" I'll tell a truer tale!

When first the sun, in aure burning bright,
Illum'd the way for time's consuming flight,
Descended Love, in day's transparent flood,
Ward'd his light wing, and in bless'd Eden stood;
Gar'd with delight and wonder on so fair,
So bright a prospect, as he witness'd there—
Then, like the bee, from flower to flower he flew,
Till the first loveliness his attention drew.

'Twas just when waken'd from that sleep profound,

Adam found Eve—when Eve herself just found,
That innocent Love his rapturous way began,
Pure, chaste, and perfect, in the heart of man.
He lit the first fond glance of Beauty's eye,
Breath'd his own languor in her first-drawn sigh;
Perch'd in the dimple of her earliest smile,
Gave the first nectar to her lip the while,
The first fond thrubbings of her bosom hail'd,
Then fed and o'er her partner's soul prevail'd.
Nor fled the stride—ere then our sire had known
Thoughts, Love confess'd accorded with his own.

And now Love rul'd each mutual glance and sigh,
 Pour'd his expression in each smiling eye;
 In meeting bands wak'd that ecstatic thrill;
 Well known to lovers now, but nameless still;
 Held the bright lips in the long, lingering kiss;
 But—wo to him, was their forbidden bliss!
 For, as he wanton'd all the garden round,
 Blush'd at each flower, and warbled in each sound,
 Just as fair Eve approach'd the fatal tree,
 For knowledge vain to barter you and me,
 Love came; the flowers of Paradise could leave,
 Well pleas'd, to view the Paradise of Eve:
 He saw the fruit, beguiling as it hung,
 And to its dewy rind the victim clung—
 The heedless fair the luscious prize embrac'd,
 And bleeding love shriek'd in the guilty taste.
 Deep was the wound, and, Lady, from that hour
 Hath weaken'd Love enjoy'd but half his power:
 E'er pierc'd the heart, and shower'd delight
 around,
 Now be inflicts, but cannot charm the wound.

Such is the tale of Truth; which I record,
 At your request, confiding in her word.
 But, if 'e'en Truth, fair Lady, you would prove,
 I'll introduce you to this little Love.
Mim you will credit, and you need not fear
 The wounds he'll give you while your poet's near,
 For, though he hide defies the urchin's art,
 I have a balsam ready for your heart.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1910.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We greet *The Trifler* with a hearty welcome; but owing to some previous arrangements, cannot introduce him to our readers until the 30th inst. after which we shall cheerfully give him a weekly audience.

Friendship is on file.

The Smile shall be inserted in our next.

Yellow-Fever.—The laudable vigilance of our very excellent Board of Health has been happily blessed by Providence, so that the dreadful pestilence with which we were threatened, (and which is now rapidly depopulating several less favoured cities,) has been here successfully arrested in its progress. In New-Orleans, we regret to state, this terrible scourge is felt with a fatality never before experienced; sometimes sweeping every man from the devoted vessel it enters. Gibraltar, the adamantine fortress that laughs at human prowess, has capitulated at discretion to this formidable tyrant, and the inhabitants have fled in every direction.

Intelligence Office.—Although from the manner in which the business of *Intelligence Offices* have generally been conducted in this city, they have been justly accounted public nuisances, we are sensible that they might be rendered highly useful. Mr. JEREMY S. FOXBY is now conducting one on a new plan, at No. 1 Chamber street, corner of Chatham, which we think will give satisfaction; and from our knowledge of this gentleman's character, we know that there is no fear of imposition. It affords great facilities to emigrant

foreigners, who may wish to find their friends in any part of the United States, &c. &c.

Strange Events.—The present year has been and continues to be marked with some peculiar characteristics. We have been visited by a comet and a sea-serpent, and there are now strong indications of a second crop of fruit, as some of the orchards have leaved and budded again, and many fruit trees are now in blossom, with all the beauty and fragrance of spring.

Emigration.—A Quebec paper says:—Of the 12,000 British emigrants who have arrived at the port of Quebec this season, we are persuaded that more than one half have found their way into the United States."

Agricultural Societies.—Great preparations are making throughout this state for exhibitions of cattle, of produce, and of domestic manufactures, by the several societies.

Competition among Bakers.—One of the bakers of our city advertises that he will sell the shilling loaf eight ounces heavier than the corporation weight; and another, not to be outdone, has announced in hand bills that his loaves shall be twelve ounces heavier than the statute.

Remarkable Death.—On Saturday evening last, a young man, at Burlington, (N. J.) set a piece of honey-comb, in which a bee was concealed. While in the act of swallowing it, the bee stung him in the throat, which swelled so considerably as to occasion, within half an hour, his death, by suffocation.—*Herald*.

Religious Persecutions.—The Belmont paper mentions that a disgraceful scene of outrage lately occurred at Wurtzburg, in the Bavarian Territory. The inhabitants made a furious attack on the members of the Jewish persuasion resident among them. The military were called out, and tranquillity restored; not, however, without loss of lives. The unhappy Jews for the most part left the town.

WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS.

The City Inspector reports the deaths of 79 persons during the week, ending on Saturday, the 2d inst.—Of whom 23 were of the age of one year and under; between the age of 1 and 2, 14; 2 and 5, 6; 10 and 20, 3; 20 and 30, 9; 30 and 40, 5; 40 and 50, 8; 50 and 60, 3; 60 and 70, 4; 70 and 80, 1; 80 and 90, 1; 90 and 100, 1; and 2^d of upwards of 100.—Diseases: cholera morbus 1, consumption 12, convulsions 6, diarrhoea 5, dropsy in the chest 1, dysentery 11, fever 1, remittent bilious fever 1, hectic fever 1, typhus fever 2, malignant fever 2, infantile flux 7, liver or crop 1, intemperance 1, old age 3, pleurisy 2, pleurisy 1, pneumonia (typhoides) 1, sprue 1, still born 1, tabes mesenterica 10, teething 5, whooping cough 3.—Men 18, Women 16, Boys 27, Girls 18.

GEORGE CUMING, City Inspector.

* Two sisters died within 24 hours of each other. The one aged 110 years, the other 104 years.

† Maria Theresa Wright, born in Holland, died 30th September, aged 90 years; Hepzibah Graham, born in Hartford, Connecticut, died 2d of October, aged 39.

MARRIED,

On Friday evening, the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mervin, Mr. William Johnson, to Miss Margaret Richards, all of this city.

On Saturday morning, the 2d inst. at St. John's Chapel, by the Rev. Dr. Brownell, Mr. William G. Becker, to Miss Emma A. Bulow, daughter of Charles W. Bulow, Esq. of Charleston, S. C.

On Saturday evening, the 2d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Kuyper, the Hon. Judge Foote, of Delhi, Delaware county, to Mrs. Matilda Rosekrans.

Same evening, by the Rev. Gardiner Spring, Mr. John Wallace Lovedell, to Miss Eliza Lyver, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 30th ult. by Rev. Mr. Gray, Mr. Isaac Carpenter, to Miss Ellen Carson, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Thomas Briantall, Mr. John S. Jones, of Charleston, S. C. to Miss Sarah Vermilye, of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Mervin, Mr. William Randall, to Miss Ann Emmens, both of this city.

At Paterson, (N. J.) on the 29th ult. Henry Morris, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth J. Smith, daughter of Dr. William P. Smith, deceased, of New-York. By the Rev. Mr. Feltus, Mr. Edward Drew, to Miss Mary Valat, both of this city.

At Jamaica, (L. I.) Mr. Abraham Hendrickson, to Miss Phoebe Golder.

At Cutchogue, (L. I.) on the 21st ult. Mr. Henry Landon, to Mrs. Mehtable Griffling.

At Hudson, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Prentiss, Richard L. Wells, Esq. of this city, to Miss Ann Maria Olcott, of the former place.

At Utica, Mr. Eliza Loomis, printer, of Canandaigua, Ontario county, to Miss Maria T. Sartwell, of Utica, after an acquaintance of about a fortnight. It is their object to go to the Sandwich Islands this fall, in the vessel that is to sail from Boston under the direction of the Society for Foreign Missions.

DIED,

On Friday night, the 1st inst. of the prevailing fever, Mrs. H. Graham, wife of Mr. Joseph Graham, in the 30th year of her age.

Same evening, after a long illness, Mary S. Benjamin, aged 17 years, daughter of Wm. Benjamin.

On Saturday, the 2d inst. Mrs. Margaret E. Valentine.

On Monday afternoon, the 4th inst. of a lingering illness, Mr. David Laddlow, in the 90th year of his age.

On Monday evening, the 4th inst. of a severe illness, Mr. Vene West, of this city, aged 70 years.

On Tuesday, the 5th inst. after a lingering illness, Sonannah Hama, in the 77th year of her age.

Same day, of the prevailing fever, William Lynch, in the 19th year of his age.

At Southfield, (L. I.) Widow Bethina Overton, an aged and disconsolate woman—Widow Sarah Overton, 90 years of age—Keder, an aged black man—Christina Phillips, daughter of Samuel Phillips, aged 16 years—Hubbard L. Booth, son of Joshua H. Booth, aged 8 years—Ezra Glover, son of Charles Glover, Jun. aged 18 months—and a son of Abner Wells, aged 15 months; all within a short distance of each other.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1819.

[No. 22.]

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,
CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;
AND AT
L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
No. 134 Broadway;
AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
Payable Quarterly in Advance.

MAGNANIMITY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XIX.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE celebrity of Flanders as an advocate, together with his certificate and letters of introduction, had procured him a ready admission at the Canadian bar, where he now shone with no inconsiderable splendour. He had just brought to a favourable termination for his client, an intricate suit which had been for a long time pending, and was reclining, in a contemplative mood, on a sofa in his study, when the servant announced a stranger. In the next moment the brother of Selina stood before him.

Whatever might have been the feelings of Flanders at this unexpected visit, no symptoms of embarrassment were betrayed. As he rose from the seat, he pronounced the words, "*Captain Percival!*" in a tone which did not very forcibly express either surprise or pleasure, but which might have been easily mistaken for either. Then advancing to his brother-in-law, he presented his hand with a hesitating air that seemed to inquire—

Be thy intents wicked or charitable?

Without accepting the proffered salute, Captain Percival gravely observed—

"Before I take your hand, Mr. Flanders, I must crave the favour of categorical answers to two plain questions."

"Indeed!" returned Flanders, folding his arms with a dignified composure. "Please propound them."

"I will, sir. In the first place—why did you marry my sister?"

"Because I loved your sister."

"Why, then, have you deserted her?"

"Because I no longer love her. Are you satisfied?"

"No, sir. I demand the cause of this sudden change in your affections."

"I have no reply for demands."

"Will you please, sir, then, so far to condescend as to gratify a brother's curiosity?"

"I shall not, sir."

"Then, sir, I have but one word more to say. You are a villain!"

"It is possible, sir, that you may labour under a mistake."

"Your affected coolness, sir, shall not divert me from my purpose. Was it not villainous to win the affections of a confiding girl, merely to enjoy and abandon her? to murder her by inches? It is thus you have treated my sister—broken her heart—and plunged a once happy little family in misery! I pronounce you a base villain."

"Go on, sir; I am all attention."

"I have done with words. Here are two pistols—take your choice, and name your distance. The width of this table, or the length of the room, is equally the same to me. But neither of us depart hence until I am satisfied."

"You are rash, young man; but I do not choose to be your executioner. Put up those dangerous weapons, and retire in peace. Shall I conduct you to the door?"

"Hell and furies!" exclaimed the captain, seizing one of the pistols. "Defend yourself, or—"

At the first word of this unfinished sentence, the door opened, and an aged stranger entered the room, whose tottering steps were assisted by an ebony staff on which he leaned.

"Hold your impious purpose!" he exclaimed in a feeble, tremulous, hollow tone of voice. "Let not unhallowed passions transport you beyond the bounds of reason, and hurry you into an abyss of misery. Permit a servant of the Prince of Peace to make peace between you.

Pause before you act, or repentance may come too late."

Both Flanders and Percival gazed at this mysterious intruder with some tokens of surprise; a glance at his dress, however, convinced the former that he was one of the ghostly fraternity of a neighbouring monastery. After a moment's hesitation, Flanders spoke—

"Your business, holy father?"

"I have already declared it—to prevent the shedding of human blood. Let me, my children, be a pacificator between you."

"Address yourself to that young gentleman, then;" replied Flanders with a smile. "I have no hostile intention, I assure you."

"But I have," exclaimed Percival, in a voice of thunder; "nor shall any meddling priest, nor hell itself, foil me of my revenge. Prepare!"

As he said this, he again presented his pistol; when the friar stepped directly in front of its muzzle, and taking a folded paper from his girdle, handed it to Percival, who started as he gazed on the superscription, and exclaimed—

"What is this? Who gave it you?"

"Read it.—There will be time enough for explanation afterwards."

Percival threw the pistol on the table, and began to peruse the letter, while Flanders stood wondering at the various emotions which were strongly depicted in the countenance of the reader; who, at length, suddenly dropped the letter from his hands, smote his forehead with vehemence, and, without speaking, rushed out of doors.

"What can this mean!" exclaimed Flanders, seizing the fallen paper. "Gracious God! the very—quick, tell me—how came you by that letter?"

"It was brought from Boston to Canada by—Woodville."

"Silence! old man! and never again compel me to breathe the infected air in which that accursed name is floating. Still, I am mad with desire to know what brought the reptile to Montreal. Did he know that I was here? Indeed! Then is his assurance only paralleled by his

perfidy. But what came he for? As the friend of that hot-headed youth who has just left us? What is the object of his journey?"

"That which he has already effected—the preservation of your life."

"'Tis false! I would spurn a life preserved by him—by him whom I curse as a blacker villain than ever merited perdition."

"He was such—he has since been a penitent—he is now a Christian. Will you curse your preserver?"

"O, yes!" replied Flanders, with a smile of bitterness. "What exalted *gospel* charity! After loading the life of his benefactor with an insupportable burthen of misery, he would *generously* prolong its duration! Actuated by the same *christian* motives the holy inquisitors of your most holy church employ a surgeon to attend the *merciful* operation of the rack! But away! Let me hear no more, lest I lose my patience. 'This letter is now my property.'"

"Then, sir, take its envelope with it."

"Envelope! What envelope?"

The friar handed a paper to Flanders, on which he cast his eye, and then exclaimed, in violent agitation—

"Support me, heaven!—It is—it is—Selina's hand—addressed to—damnation! I wanted not this evidence of their correspondence."

"Read it, I conjure you—it is the writer's own request."

Flanders walked to the window, and read as follows:—

Worcester, May 3d, 1808.

"MR. WOODVILLE,

"Sensible that my earthly pilgrimage is almost expired, I feel it a duty to confide the enclosed letter to your care. No eye has ever perused it, except my own, and you will see how liberally I have sprinkled it with the bitter tears of unavailing repentance.

"Read it—and learn what a noble—what a god-like being we have stabbed to the heart. But why do I say so? With my dying breath I will acquit you. It is on me alone, the whole curse of guilt must rest; for, compared with me, you, Woodville, are spotless as an angel. I loved you from the first time I saw you; while the wife of another—the wife of your friend, I loved you still. I ought to have suppressed the guilty passion, and

buried the secret in my own breast; instead of which I delighted to cherish it, and unblushingly made your bosom its depository. I drew you from the path of virtue, and no small portion of my punishment is the knowledge that innocence suffers with guilt.

"Keep this, I conjure you, as sacredly as I have kept it, that the immense sacrifice which the best of husbands has made to preserve the reputation of the worst of wives, may not have been made in vain. Never let the eye of another peruse the fatal story, unless it be for the purpose of preserving the life or honour of the father of my child.

"I am going, Woodville, to another, and, I hope, a better world. God knows how penitent I am—He has counted my tears, and oh! may he accept the sacrifice of a broken heart. Yes, Woodville—literally broken. May He bless my Thomas, my babe, and yourself. I look forward to death as a sweet release from misery; and, oh! could my much-injured husband but close my eyes, and breathe out his forgiveness on my lips, the moment of dissolution would be a foretaste of Heaven. Adieu, forever.

"SELINA."

Flanders was completely unmanned by the perusal of this epistle; and even after he had partially got the mastery of his feelings, he paced the room for a long time in contemplative silence. At length, stopping in front of the sympathising prior, he said—

"Where is—the person to whom this letter is addressed? I think I could—I would risk an interview."

"For vengeance?"

"No. His offence is great—but he has been more weak than criminal. If he can feel, he shall live to writhe beneath the lash of remorse."

"Oh, sir! he can feel—he has felt—he does feel! He daily prays for pardon from his offended God—may he not offer the same petition, with equal hope, to his fellow-worm?"

"I wish to see—this—Woodville."

"You wish it? Behold him then," said the latter, throwing off his borrowed habit, and assuming his own tone and attitude. "Behold the emaciated victim of remorse—and, if it will tend in the least degree to lighten the load of misery

he has entailed upon yourself, take ample vengeance on the spot. There are weapons before you—here I bare my bosom. I will wear, as my heart's blood flows, that every drop is your due, and that you have only performed an act of strict retributive justice."

Flanders was much agitated, and vainly attempted to conceal it. At length he spoke—

"I was not prepared for this—I am taken unawares—it was sudden. But—go—return to Massachusetts—if Selina still breathes, we will sweeten her dying hour by exchanging forgiveness in her presence. Adieu to vengeance—I am vanquished. Be off—I will not be a mile behind you."

Selina breathed her last in the arms of her husband, having received from his lips a pardon and benediction a hundred times repeated. With a sweet angelic smile she then gave one hand to Woodville, and the other to her brother, who both retained them until the chill of death informed them that all was over.

After having made the necessary arrangements respecting the care and education of his infant daughter, Flanders took an affectionate leave of his friends, and returned to Montreal, where he continued to be respected in his profession, and beloved by his acquaintance for about four years; when, on the eve of the late war between this country and Great Britain, he removed to Boston, entered the U. S. army as a captain, signalized himself on many brilliant occasions, was severely wounded at the battle of Niagara, and now resides at Worcester, superintending the education of the lovely little Selina, who has just entered the twelfth year of her age.

Woodville, also, served with honour, during the same contest. At the negotiation of peace he returned to Sandville, and in the following winter was united to the object of his first and genuine flame, the amiable Sophia. He removed to Boston in the ensuing spring, and there are few merchants in that metropolis more wealthy, respected, and happy, than himself.

Captain Percival commanded a Private

teer, which was captured on her first cruise, and for several months he was incarcerated in a British prison. After he was exchanged, he was appointed sailing-master of a frigate, and lost his life in a duel the day before she sailed.

It is but justice to add, that Flanders thinks he can trace all his misfortunes to the zeal with which he was wont to inculcate the doctrine of infidelity; and has wisely resolved to place his own child on the safe side of the question, by permitting her to receive a religious education; and if he does not himself enjoy all that pure felicity which flows from that thrice blessed hope which Religion alone can give, he at least enjoys all that can proceed from the exalted virtue of MAGNANIMITY.

From the London Ladies' Magazine.

JOSEPHINE.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

[Concluded from page 100.]

THE LETTER.

"Why seek to disguise the truth, Lascelles? Am I not still the same Josephine you once pretended to love? Pretended I must say, for in no respect am I changed. You talk to me of decorum, of retired habits, of regard to established opinions, and such formal nonsense, while I know that it was my disregard of these, in a certain degree, which first attracted your admiration. But I can trace your scruples to another source. Had I rank, fortune, or any degree of consequence in the world, my foibles would not shock your morality, nor the nice feelings of your relations. Forgive me, Lascelles; I mean not to be severe; neither shall I condescend to solicit where I ought now to command. This may be deemed high language for one in my station of life; but I write according to the dictates of my feelings. Your preference has exalted me; and while I am conscious that I have not degraded myself, I still dare to assert, that I am as deserving of your regard as when I first listened to your professions. That I then thought them sincere, was my error; it will be my fault, also, if I suffer myself to be drawn into concessions, which you have as yet no right to exact.

Since you are resolved to go, it is not for me to offer any remonstrances. Farewell. May happiness be yours, with or without Josephine!"

"A singular letter, indeed," said I, returning it to him, "I think a woman who could write in that manner, must, at any rate, have possessed a mind above the common stamp."

"Her mind was, indeed, as superior as her person," returned Lascelles. "Her father, who had once been in better circumstances, had spared no expense in her education. She was intelligent and accomplished; but unhappily, of an eccentric turn, and eagerly desirous of attracting admiration. The illness, and subsequent death of my mother, detained me longer at home than I expected; yet I flattered myself with the hope, that during my absence, Josephine would so far comply with my known wish, as to conduct herself in a manner that must oblige me to seek a reconciliation; in this, however, I was mistaken. Piqued at my supposed indifference, and irritated by my protracted stay, she yielded to the suggestions of vanity, and encouraged the attentions of a libertine, who sought her only to betray. Josephine became the victim alike of his villany, and her own vanity. When I returned to D—, I waited on Miss Bentick, and my anxious inquiries for Josephine were answered only by tears. At length I drew from her the heart-rending avowal that Josephine had eloped with her seducer. My feelings at first amounted almost to phrenzy. I execrated myself, and vowed vengeance on the villain whose arts had been so successful, and who had now the power to triumph in my misery. Miss Bentick consoled me with the language of reason and friendship. Her friend, though lost to virtue and to society, was still dear to her; for she knew that she was not intentionally vicious, and lamented the weakness, which the more uncharitable would have censured. "I tremble for her fate," said she, "for I am certain she does not love the wretch into whose power she has thrown herself; and I have so little confidence in his principles, that I anticipate the most dreadful consequence. We must not abandon her, Lascelles. Her father, in anguish of heart, has shut his door against her for ever. I have not the power to

protect or support her. Even the consolations of friendship must be bestowed in secret. You only can effectually serve, and you perhaps may yet be able to preserve her from wretchedness and infamy."—"Would to Heaven I could!" exclaimed I, with fervour, "but if you think that I would ever make her my wife after this imprudent step, permit me to undecieve you; for I even congratulate myself that she has thus put it out of my power to place my honour in the keeping of one, so volatile, so unprincipled."—"Call her not unprincipled," cried Louisa, with agitation, "greatly as she has erred, I, who know every secret movement of her heart, must undertake her vindication. In the conviction that you wished to recede from your engagements, she threw herself into the arms of the first who made her dazzling offers. Deluded by the false pride of triumphing over you, she was not aware of the vile scheme laid to ensnare her. She thought Courtal as honourable as yourself, and had not the smallest doubt of his intending to make her his wife."—"It may be so, my dear Miss Bentick," replied I, with a bitter smile of incredulity, "but it requires all your sophistry to persuade me that she could be so easily deceived, had she not been but too willing to rush into the snare. No matter; I forgive her. Assure her of this when you write to, or see her. For my own part, I shall very shortly exchange into a regiment destined for foreign service. All my hopes here are blasted, and life has now very little value for me. You shall know where I am to be found, in case of there being any necessity for your application to me. I will always be the friend of Josephine. More I can never be."

Miss Bentick appeared much affected by my determination, and I parted from her, with sentiments of the highest esteem and respect. My proposed exchange was soon effected; and I was preparing to quit England, when I received a hurried note from Miss Bentick, in which she informed me that Josephine entreated to see me once more. This was a request which I felt I could not comply with, and I apprised her friend of my resolution; adding, that if Josephine was inclined to quit a life of infamy, I would place her in a respectable asylum,

where a competence should be secured to her; but, that my own plans were unalterably fixed. On the following morning I received a note, written by Josephine herself, which contained only these words: "Delay your departure only two days. By your advice I have determined to quit a life of infamy. It is not for my own sake that I ask you to remain; but for that of her who has long loved you, and by whose counsel, had I been guided, I might now have been happy. Adieu—Pity, and remember,"

"JOSEPHINE."

The contents of this note perplexed me very much, yet I still attributed it to the wild eccentricity of the writer, and immediately sought Miss Bentick, though not with the intention of letting her know all the contents of the billet I had received. When I reached her residence, I was informed that she had gone to visit a sick friend. Again and again I called, and received the same answer. At last I was admitted, but never shall I forget the melancholy appearance she presented. Overcome by her emotion at sight of me, she threw herself into my arms, and insensibility for a few moments gave her relief. My ready apprehensions told me that something dreadful had happened. Dreadful indeed!—Josephine, in the dependency of shame and remorse, had terminated her existence by poison. Louisa had attended her in her last moments, and assured me, that even in that awful crisis, when her wishes hovered between earth and eternity, she asserted that she was not intentionally guilty. "I sacrificed myself," said she, "through motives of revenge; it is fit I should be the victim—yet I loved him, Louisa; but I now feel conscious that he could never have been happy with me. Accustomed to yield to the impulse of ungovernable passions, I know I was little calculated for domestic life. I now feel the truth of an observation I once ridiculed, 'that a woman, however lovely, engaging, or accomplished, cannot be amiable without propriety.'" "These," said Louisa, "were her last words, uttered during intervals of mental and bodily anguish. She lingered many hours, and then expired in my arms." I will not tire you with dwelling upon this mournful scene. The jury, in consideration of paternal and friendly feelings,

as is usually the case, brought in a verdict that admitted of her remains being properly interred. Louisa and I were sincere mourners, for her father was prevented, by grief and infirmity, from attending. We mingled our tears together over her cold remains, and, in the tender office of consoling each other, nourished an attachment as pure as permanent. During my stay in England, I was in the habit of passing most of my time with her, during which my esteem and admiration gradually augmented. When I went abroad, I continued to correspond with her, and her letters afforded me a melancholy pleasure, as they contained frequent allusions to our lamented Josephine. At my return I made an offer, which she did not affect to decline. We have been married six years, and though we still cherish a tender remembrance of our unfortunate erring friend, it is unimpaired by jealousy on the side of Louisa, or regret on mine; for in her I may be truly said to possess

"Something than beauty dearer—

"the mind, or mind-illumined face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven."

Lascelles thus concluded a recital, which explained to me what had before excited my astonishment, that he should have selected a woman possessed of so little personal attraction.

Transient, indeed, is the triumph of beauty, and dangerous is the gift, unless accompanied by a well-regulated mind. By virtue, prudence, and sweetness of disposition, the hitherto neglected Louisa was raised to the enviable rank of a beloved wife, and respected mother; while, by levity, self-will, and irritability of temper, the lovely Josephine forfeited her claim to the esteem of the virtuous, and rashly precipitated herself into an untimely grave.

IMAGES OF TIME AND ETERNITY.

There is something attractive in the contemplation of a river. It is not, indeed, so vast, so sublime, as that which we experience when gazing on the boundless expanse of the world of waters—the mighty ocean—but it is more analogous to the mind of man in its mortal state—the one is the image of life, the other of eternity.

KEDAR AND AMELA,

AN ARABIAN TALE;

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE FLORIAN.*

The good Yarab, the Imam of Sana, in Arabia Felix, governed his subjects wisely, and rendered them exceedingly happy. His most intimate friend was an old Dervise, named Malec, who resided on the summit of a mountain, at a short distance from Yarab's capital. The good Imam frequently went to ask his advice, for Malec was a model of wisdom.

Yarab had a son named Kedar, whose disposition was a cause of great anxiety to him. Flatterers corrupted this young man, who, in spite of his father's care, had been badly brought up. Yarab foresaw that he would commit great follies, and that he would, therefore, be exposed to great misfortunes. His fears on this head induced him to have a large cave formed under the hermitage of the Dervise, which he filled with an immense treasure. He then entrusted the key of the cave to the Dervise, and requested that he would preserve this treasure for his son as a last resource, and not discover it to him till misfortune had brought him to the use of his reason.

A short time after this the good Yarab died, repeating his request to the Dervise Malec, who received his last sigh. Kedar became Imam of Sana, and, led astray by the possession of power, and by the arts of his courtiers, he gave himself up to all kinds of excesses, dissipated all his riches, laid on heavy taxes, alienated the hearts of his subjects, and acted as other sovereigns have done and are still doing.

One day when Kedar was hunting, he met with a young and lovely shepherdess all alone, who was watching her sheep. Kedar thought her handsome, and he told her so. The shepherdess made a reply which was dictated by bashfulness and modesty. Kedar, little used to this sort of virtue, became still more charmed. He returned several times to this wood, to converse with the shepherdess, who was named Amela, and he proposed to her to come and live in his seraglio. The shepherdess declined this honour;

* This tale was intended by Florian merely as the sketch of a longer one, which was to consist of several chapters.

she was even frightened when she learned that the hunter was the Iman. She said a number of admirable things, which made an impression on Kedar, whose heart was good at bottom, and his love for her was rebounded.

When he returned to his palace, he spoke of Amela to his favourite Amrou, who laughed at the pretended virtue of the shepherdess, made Kedar blush at the respect which he had felt for her, and persuaded him to have her carried off and shut up in the seraglio, where she would not, he assured him, be more than two days before she would be thoroughly at ease in her new situation.

Kedar allowed himself to be persuaded; but he determined that he would try the effect of a last conversation with Amela, after which he would leave to Amrou the management of the affair. Kedar visited his shepherdess, and spoke to her in very different language from that which he had till then employed. The shepherdess heard him with indignation. Kedar quitted her with an assurance that she should be his on the morrow; and, when he reached his palace, he ordered Amrou to send and seize the beautiful shepherdess.

Amrou went himself to perform this commission; but he did not find the shepherdess. Amela had taken flight. All search after her was fruitless; in her cottage nothing was found but her crook, her flock, and a letter for Kedar, which was full of dignity and virtue. Amrou retraced his steps quite abashed, and was badly received by his master, who greatly regretted his shepherdess. But Amrou procured for him new pleasures, and Kedar was speedily consoled.

In the mean time, poor Amela pursued her flight with all possible expedition. To save her honour, she had quitted her father and mother, whom she tenderly loved. Amela loved Kedar also, but his rank of Iman, and the bad character which he bore, had given her resolution to triumph over her love. She thought of all this, and wept as she journeyed onward. At length she arrived at the high mountain where the Dervise Malec dwelt. She was kindly greeted by him; she told him her story, and the benevolent Malec praised her, and proposed to her to stay with him, where certainly no one would come to look for her, for,

since the death of Yarab, Kedar had never set his foot in the hermitage. The very advanced age of Malec left the chaste Amela nothing to fear from her acceptance of this offer. She took up her residence with him, and the Dervise promised that he would send some relief to her father and mother, a thing which it was easy for him to do, in consequence of the treasure under his care, which the good Yarab had also permitted him to employ in pious works. Amela, therefore, led with him a very happy and quiet life, always regretting, however, that Kedar should be an Iman and a man of bad character.

Kedar, who had ceased to think of her, gave himself up entirely to Amrou, who made him commit folly after folly. A neighbouring Sheik declared war against him; Kedar appointed as his general a friend of Amrou; this friend was defeated; Kedar lost provinces, he discontented his army, he overwhelmed his subjects with taxes, which he squandered among his courtiers; and at length, secretly prompted by Amrou, the people revolted against him. Kedar was besieged in his palace, Amrou pretended to make a sally with the guards to defend him; he gained over the guards, caused himself to be proclaimed Iman, and sent the mutes with the bowstring to Kedar, who now began to perceive that his dear friend was nothing but a traitor. He requested a few moments to repeat his prayers, and availing himself of a subterraneous passage which the good Yarab had caused to be formed, and of which Kedar alone had the key, he escaped from his palace, and fled trembling into the country, tormented by a thousand painful reflections.

While all this was taking place, Amela was still residing with the Dervise, who gave her many valuable lessons of wisdom. Her father and mother were now dead: she wept for their loss, and resolved never to quit the good Malec, whom she looked upon as a father. But Malec was very old, and his end was nigh; when it arrived, he advised Amela to conceal his decease, to take his dress and his long beard, and to remain in the hermitage, where great events would, he predicted, happen to her. He disclosed to Amela the secret of the treasure, and gave her instructions how to

behave, in case Kedar, with the commencement of whose misfortunes the Dervise was acquainted, should ever think proper to seek his father's friend. Having done this, the good Malec died. Amela wept over him and buried him; but she assumed his dress and beard, acted as the Dervise in his stead, and was so completely disguised that it would have been impossible to discover her.

Kedar, proscribed, without friends, without followers, without money, be thought him of the Dervise, the friend of his father; and that the wise Yarab, on his death bed, had advised him to seek the good Malec if ever he should be overtaken by heavy misfortunes. That moment was now arrived, and he hastened toward the great mountain. He was pursued by his own troops; he was obliged to change his dress with a beggar; he stopped at the cottage of a peasant, and heard all the family bless God that Kedar was no longer Iman; at length he reached the eminence, thoroughly out of countenance, and thoroughly humiliated.

The prudent Amela received him very kindly, and knew him, though he did not know her. Kedar told her his melancholy story, and spoke to her of his shepherdess, the remembrance of whom his heart still retained. Amela, who was overjoyed, conceived the design of reforming Kedar; but to do this would require some time. She gave him wise lessons, and advised him to begin by entering as a soldier in the army of a neighbouring Sheik, named Hatem, the same with whom he had been at war. "Endeavour," said she to him, "to raise yourself by your exploits; and when, by dint of valour, you have gained his friendship, you may then declare yourself, and he will restore you to your throne." After having said this, she gave him a small sum of money, and Kedar set off to become a soldier.

[To be concluded in our next.]

EXTRAORDINARY.

There are now (1818) living in the interior of Virginia, two sisters, the twin daughters of a respectable farmer, who possess the astonishing faculty of knowing each others' mind, or, in other words, are subject to the same feelings, and ex-

ertain the same opinion in regard to any and every object. They have been examined with the most scrutinising strictness, and persons visiting there for the purpose of detecting a *Rachel Baker*, a *Miss Caraboo*, or a *Miss d'Voy*, have been convinced that it is the mysterious work of Providence, and pronounce them free from every species of deception. A gentleman from Richmond placed them in different apartments, and at the same moment had the same questions put to both, and received the same answer; asked their opinion on different subjects, and received in substance the same reply. The answers were communicated in a whisper, and could not possibly have been heard by both of them. We extract the following incidents that occurred during the visit of the gentleman from Richmond.

"After some time had elapsed, and the conversation turned on other subjects, this young lady, just as in common conversation, speaking of a certain man, who was a widower, and had, it was said, come in from Kentucky a short time previous to that, for the purpose of getting a wife, this young lady observed, with considerable humour, that she was sorry that he had been disappointed. The one up stairs was asked what she was thinking about. She replied as humourously as the other had done, mentioning the name of the man who had just been alluded to, that she was very sorry that he had been disappointed, and if he would come again he should not go back as he came. There happened, at that time, to be a gentleman in the room who was a widower, who, to satisfy his own curiosity, and remove his particular doubts as to what he was witnessing, desired the lady down stairs to have the goodness to think something about him. She, fixing her eye on him for a moment, replied, his cravat was not tied on as a widower's should be. He asked the one above stairs, what she was thinking about—she replied, his cravat was not tied on with a widower's knot. This appeared quite to satisfy him as to the matter.

The young ladies are twenty-one years old, and remarkably healthy looking girls. There is about one pound difference in their weight. Their features, complexion, and manner, are so similar, it is almost impossible to distinguish them.

Their pleasures and their pains are the same—when one is indisposed, the other complains, and an injury done to one, is regarded in the same light by the other. Each have had three teeth extracted, and they both have one, and the same tooth, in a decayed state. These parents have had six children at three births; five are living. One of the first birth died when young; the other is living, about thirty years of age, and a dwarf, not weighing more than fifty pounds.—This, we think, is a touch of the extraordinary, and worthy the attention of wonder-mongers. The story, however, bears marks of authenticity from the respectability of its origin, which we are not warranted in questioning. However mysterious and intricate the works of Providence, we are more than half-inclined to place confidence in this history—*with God all things are possible.*—*Atb. Reg.*

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

In South America, it is not the men only who are conspicuous for the energetic assertion and defence of their liberties. The women are animated with a republican devotion to the cause of Independence, the sole guarantee of private happiness. The wife of General Padilla accompanies him to the field, and has been nominated a lieutenant colonel, for taking with her own hands a Spanish colour. The women of Cochabambo were stationed to defend a post, on the attack on that town, and all perished. In Upper Peru it is now customary to inquire at every roll-call, if the women of Cochabambo have presented themselves? And the answer regularly given to perpetuate the exploit is, "No; they have all perished in defence of their country."

Fashionable Extravagance of a Feathered Thief.

A singular circumstance lately occurred at Darley Abbey, near Derby. The laundry maid spread out in an open drying ground, amongst other things, five yards of narrow leno muslin, in two pieces. In a short time she missed them, and sought for them in vain. With many other articles, she laid out five yards of lace, in five separate pieces, which also soon disappeared; and every possible inquiry was made about them, but they could not be found. Within a week, a

labourer saw something white hanging out of a thricecock's nest, at the distance of eighty yards from the drying ground; and having heard of the loss of the lace, &c. he took down the nest, and the leno and lace were found within it, beautifully interwoven and twisted amongst the twigs, so as to form a complete lining. Unfortunately, the nest, which was a real curiosity, was pulled to pieces, and the whole ten yards were taken out uninjured and unsoiled. What a lesson this little circumstance teaches us, not to suspect too lightly those around us; and how forcibly it reminds us of the interesting drama of the "Maid and the Magpie."

ANECDOTES.

A gentleman being helped at dinner to a very tough piece of steak, began to scratch his plate with his knife. Being asked why he did so, he answered, "I am trying to set my teeth an edge."

In some parish churches, it was the custom to separate the men from the women. A clergyman, being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short; when a woman, eager for the honour of her sex, arose and said, "Your Reverence, it is not among us."—"So much the better," answered he, "it will be over the sooner."

A court buffoon having offended his sovereign, the monarch ordered him to be brought before him, and with a stern countenance, commanded him to prepare for death, adding, that he would show no mercy except permitting him to choose what kind of death he would die. The jester replied, "I adore your clemency, and choose to die of old age."

A man of wit being asked what pleasure he could have in the company of a pretty woman, who was a loquacious simpleton, said, "I love to see her talk."

An emigrant from Ireland, boasting to an American farmer the great superiority of his native country over this, by way of proof, asked him, (pointing to the new moon,) "what do you call that?" I call it the moon, said the farmer—"That a moon," rejoined the Irishman, "by J—s, the stars in Ireland are larger."

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE SMILE.

I love to see the sunny smile

Beams on the wither'd face of age,
That lives to say—that lives to look,
The soul defies its wintry rage.

I've seen the smile on beauty's face,
Reflected in a sparkling eye;
And seen it add a lovelier grace,
When followed by a bitter sigh.

And I have loved, ador'd the smile
That drove a suffering tear away;
And bade the child of grief, the while,
Look to a better, happier day.

I've seen the world's unjust disdain,
Wring from the soul a smile so fair;
A smile that spoke its scorn so vain,
That angels smil'd to see it there.

And I have bent me o'er the couch,
Where parting life had almost fled;
And, oh! the parting smile was such,
That heav'n itself can only shed.

And thine, Eliza, was the smile,
Thy friends around thee wept and pray'd,
That thou, their lov'd and darling child,
Might not so soon—so quickly fade.

Thine was a smile of heavenly love,
That said, my friends—those tears are vain;
And in thy flight to realms above,
Look'd down and said we meet again.

ADELAIDE.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO SARAH THE FAIR

Happy for fire-doomed Troy, had you,
Sweet girl, attain'd your birth,
Ere grim Discord her apple threw,
To bathe in blood the earth.

Then Helen had at home remain'd,
A wife, chaste, true and good;
Achilles' sword had not been stain'd
In Hector's gushing blood.

Nor had a thousand chiefs been hurl'd,
In agonizing pain,
Loud howling to that gloomy world,
Where Pluto holds his reign.

For Paris, by Love's goddess sent,
The fated maid to meet,
O'er ocean's vasty waste had bent
His way to Sarah's feast.

And had it been his happy lot,
To languish in those arms,
Poor Helen's smiles had been forgo't,
With all her boasted charms.

S. THE SINCERE.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO JULIA.

Even thus forever love,
Let me press that heart to mine;
Even though we sever love,
In fancy press my heart to thine.

Though the storms of life do shake me,
Still my thoughts shall cling to thee;
And when death shall overtake me,
Thou my soul's asylum be.

Ever, then, as now, my love,
Let me press that coral lip;
Though I part from you my love,
Still in fancy kisses sip.

Though around me tempests roaring,
My thoughts of other cares bereft;
Eagle like, heav'n-ward soaring,
Seek the angel I have left.

L.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO JUDITH.

Nay! but I saw thee kiss the babe,
I knew thy dear caressing;
I heard thy softly murmur'ing lips,
And coveted the blessing.

I saw the lovely infant smile,
Reposing on thy breast;
And heard the soul-dissolving strains,
That full'd the child to rest.

I gasp'd and trembled at a sight
Which so enhanced thy charms;
And, ah! I wish'd myself transform'd,
To revel in thy arms.

But say not 'tis an impious wish,
Nor check my ardent prayer;
We're taught to seek perpetual bliss,
And love directs me there.

October 6th, 1819.

X. PLUS Y.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

ODE TO THE NIGHTMARE.

Hail, thou visionary being!
You who on my couch attend,
Source of all my sleeping woe—
And, too oft, my waking foe!
One kind deed, at least, you owe me,
For the numerous wrongs you show me!
Think, how from the dizzy edge
Of a rocky cloud-capt ledge,
You have hurl'd me without thought
If 'twould break my bones or not!
Led me into robber bands,
Bade them strike—and held my hands!
Bore me to the steepc'st hall,
Lest me there—to cling or fall!
Hung me o'er a rocky way,
Iceicles my only stay!
Bound me hand and foot, and then
Shot me in a lion's den!
Left me in a leaden boat,
Far from shore, to sink or float!

Think how oft, in a balloon,
You have borne me tow'rd the moon,
Into clouds that black and high,
From'd along the stormy sky;
Till the lightnings, hail and thunder,
Tore my flying globe asunder.
Rigging, gas, and car, and ball,
Blaze at once to light my fall!

Now, for all these terrors, know,
You to me one favour owe!
Grant it, and I'll load you more
Than I've e'er d' your sway before!
Fly to yonder miser's bed,
Put it in his sordid head,
That you'll glare upon his rest,
Till he'll open his iron chest,
Fifty pounds on me bestow,
And prevent the threaten'd woe!
Tell him this, and then pursue it—
Hasten his slumbers till he do it!
E'er the tale to him will be
What the nightmare is to me.

M. Y. S.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

PASSAIC.

Written on visiting my native scenes after an absence of many years.

Passaic! all hail to the rush of thy waters—
Thou river eternal, sublime, and sun-bright:
The rose-colour'd cheeks of thy gullies, free daughters,

Are dear to my soul as affection and light!
The summer-blossom eyes that are glancing and glist'ning.

And smiling that purer ne'er shone on a stream,
The foot lightly falling, the heart fondly list'ning,
Illumine my path, and enliven my dream!

Oh! whether 'tis "home" which endears to my bosom
Those lonely retreats on thy wild-curving shore;
Or whether no fragrance abides in the blossom,
Save where thy white floods o'er its mountain-bed roam!

The oaks of thy borders seem mightier and greener
The sweep of thy valley more splendour discloses;
Than, in deeper waters, 'neath heavens serene,
E'er prompted my praise in the happiest of days!

Ah! why is not life like the swell of thy billows?
Bright, sportive, yet constant, o'erflowing, yet new!

And why cannot beauty resemble thy willows?
Which wear every spring-time a livelier hue!
The thistles that grow where thy maples are spreading,

Life's hopes and its fortunes too plainly declare:
They bade—till expanding, and glowing, and shedding,

In the witch-ry of ripeness—they wreck on the air!

Theme, theme of his heart's most ecstatic emotion!
Passaic! thy minstrel turns fondly to thee:
Implores (and 'tis all on this rich-freighted ocean)
A cottage—a glen—where thy ripple is free!

To cull nameless flowers, he'll roam thy gay meadows,
For legends of minstrelsy rife each glade;
Of charming old warriors, thine pale shadows,
He'll slumber, at last, 'neath his own native shade.

List! spirit of the waterfall! list these wild numbers:

(The only oblation the *nautilus* can make.)
Oh, guide me where trembles "the cave of thy slumbers,"

Unfold the dark depths whence the echoes awake!
Now, from this rude peak, while thy stream whirs before me,

The cottage of infancy blesses my sight:
There thou, my dear mother! oft smiling hung o'er me—

To marvel that eyes were so thoughtfully bright!
S. of New-Jersey.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications, received, shall be noticed in our next.

Ladies' Habits.—As habits are stubborn things, the ladies should be careful to adopt none but such as are good and approved. We therefore inform them, that *Habits and Polishes*, of the first style and fashion, and ornamented with *Braid*, in the most elegant manner, are kept constantly for sale by *M. JEFFREYS*, No. 257 Broadway, where orders are executed at the shortest notice, and in a style that never fails to give satisfaction.

LITERARY.

There is now in the press, in this city, a new *Poem*, the production of a native youthful bard, whose name is *Moses Y. Scott*, several of whose productions have already enriched the columns of the Cabinet. We do not wish to forestall public opinion, but we do feel it a duty to state, that a rich literary treat awaits the lovers of poetry. Having been indulged with a perusal of the work in MS. we do not hesitate to say, that public expectation must be elevated to an unusual pitch, not to be fully answered by the work in question. It will appear in a few days.

AURORA BOREALIS.

On Tuesday last, our citizens were gratified with the appearance of an *Aurora Borealis*, or northern light, of greater brilliancy than is usually witnessed in this latitude. A correspondent in the *Columbian* thus describes its appearance:

"The phenomenon, at half past seven, reflected its light more toward the west, on clouds which were magnificently illuminated by it, while those of the north remained dark and interspersed seemingly over a rising sun. At half after eight, splendid rays were projected divergently from the focus of light, and nearly reached our zenith; a field of pale red colour on the horizon from west to east, was distinctly formed at the extremity of those white rays. At ten o'clock, the rays had much vanished, and their projection could scarcely be perceived, but they were at their extremity replaced by a belt, encircling the whole sphere of heaven, that was lighted by the

Aurora Borealis; it surpassed the beauty of the galaxies, and was better projected from west to east; it was really like a night white rainbow. This appearance was not interrupted by clouds, but did not last longer than half an hour. At 11 o'clock the northern light continued very strong, without rays or colours; at one o'clock, the shades of the night were dispelled, arose from the recesses of dark rooms. I saw it once more at two o'clock in the morning, soon after the rise of the moon, it seemed, perhaps, somewhat stronger than before. The reflection of the solar rays on the polar regions of ice, are, by the learned, supposed to produce *Aurora Borealis*. Others prognosticate from it a severe winter, in the regions of the earth which it reaches."

THE BALLOON.

We are pleased to hear that the delay which has occurred in the intended ascension of Mr. Guille, will be productive of no disadvantage; as it has afforded him an opportunity of making such farther arrangements as will tend to give a more splendid and finished effect to that event. From the commencement, it has been his desire, that every thing connected with the undertaking should bear the stamp and character of the country, which is to be the scene of the enterprise. The balloon and parachute, together with the basket, (now the only memento of his former exploit,) were all constructed in this city. The balloon itself will be ornamented with appropriate designs, by two skilful artists, of whose gratuitous offer Mr. Guille has availed himself. The principal figures are to be two Eagles, supporting the armorial bearings of the Union, and holding in their beaks a motto adapted to the occasion. These decorations, it is true, will be discernible but a few moments after the balloon leaves the garden; yet, as it will previously be exhibited for some hours, they cannot be deemed altogether unworthy of consideration. The exertions, therefore, that have already been made, and the recollection of the daring manner in which this adventurous *Aëronaut* mounted from "the sure and firm-set earth," while he literally "rode on the whirlwind," should assure him the most liberal patronage that can be bestowed.

The Balloon.—Mr. Guille proposes to ascend in his balloon, from Vauxhall Garden, on Monday next, the 18th inst. between the hours of three and four in the afternoon.

WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS.

The City Inspector reports the deaths of 67 persons during the week, ending on Saturday, the 14th inst.—Of whom 21 were of the age of one year and under; between the age of 1 and 2, 6; 2 and 5, 3; 5 and 10, 4; 10 and 20, 4; 20 and 30, 12; 30 and 40, 7; 40 and 50, 3; 50 and 60, 3; 70 and 80, 5.—Diseases: Apoplexy 1, consumption 7, convulsions 3, diarrhoea 4, dropsy 3, dropsy in the chest 2, dropsy in the head 2, dysentery 6, fever 2, remittent bilious fever 1, remittent fever 2, typhus fever 3, malignant fever 2, infantile dux 4, jaundice 1, inflammation of the chest 1, inflammation of the liver 1, inflammation 1, and age 2, palsy 1, rupture 1, sore throat 1, spine 1, still born 3, suicide 1, syphilis 1, tabes mesenterica 6, teething 2, unknown 3.—Men 21, Women 10, Boys 10, Girls 26.

GEORGE CUMING, City Inspector.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Walter Titus, of this city, merchant, to Miss Charlotte Titus, daughter of Mr. Abel Titus, of Brooklyn.

Some evening, by the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. James H. Walter, merchant, of Savannah, to Miss Mary Cheatham, of this city.

By the Right Rev. Bishop Connolly, Mr. John Clarke, of Dublin, to Miss Maria Phelan, Godwin, of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bangs, Mr. John Beerman, to Miss Lucy Gillman, both of this city.

At Albany, Mr. Reuben Newcomb, of Savannah, to Mrs. Catharine M'Conkey.

At Philadelphia, in the Friends Meeting House, on the 30th ult. Richard Price, jun. merchant, of the firm of Cresson, Wistar & Co. to Lydia W. daughter of J. Longstrech, Esq. all of that city.—Captain Isaac Roach, of the U. S. corps of artillery, to Mary, daughter of Joseph Huddell, sen. Esq.

At New-Rochelle, Mr. Henry Edson, of Waterford, to Miss Ann Huntington.

At Bridgeport, (Conn.) Mr. Gilbert Fowler, of Flushing, L. I. to Miss Ann Parrott.

At Washington City, Mr. Isaac Clarke, aged 67 years, to Mrs. Ann Goddard, aged 65. This couple were betrothed to each other forty-five years ago, but their affections taking other directions, they both got married. They both had children, and his son was married to her daughter; both of whom were present at their parents' wedding, and testified their happiness and affection at the match.

DIED.

On Tuesday evening, the 8th inst. of malignant fever, Mr. Mary Vanderbilt, wife of John Vanderbilt, aged 36 years.

Same day, Mr. William Preston, jun. in the 56th year of his age.

Suddenly, on Wednesday afternoon, the 6th inst. Mr. Edward Hall, aged 40 years.

Same day, after a short illness, Mrs. Ann Hillard, wife of Capt. Oliver Hillard, aged 37 years.

On Thursday morning, the 7th inst. after a lingering illness, George Kennedy, aged 30 years.

On Friday evening, the 8th inst. of a lingering illness, Mr. Thomas Dury, aged 27 years.

Same day, at the Marine Hospital, Staten-Island, Captain Huddell, late commander of the schr. Carpenter's Son, from Washington, N. C.

Same day, at the residence of his father, in Poughkeepsie, the Hon. Matthias B. Tallmadge, of this city.

On Monday last, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Abigail Black, aged 79 years.

Same day, William Jordan, aged 28.

At Newark, (N. J.) Miss Laura Rice, aged 16; Samuel A. Mathias, aged 25; and widow Hetfield, aged 82 years.

At New-Orleans, of the yellow fever, Captain James Odell, of Boston, aged 51, and Joseph Balbueno, a Spanish Lieutenant-colonel, native of Toledo; Captain James Croninbill, of the ship Commerce, of Alexandria, Va.; and Mr. Barber, of the house of Sands, Spooner & Sands, of this city.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1819.

[No. 24.]

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;

AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 154 Broadway;

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable Quarterly in Advance.

FROM ACKERMAN'S REPOSITORY.

THE POWER

OF LOVE AND HONOUR.

Many years ago a gentleman of some property in the west of England abruptly discharged from his service a young man who lived with him in the capacity of gardener. It was whispered that his dismissal was occasioned by the gentleman's daughter and only child, a beautiful girl of eighteen, having cast a partial eye upon him; and this report was strengthened by her resolute refusal to marry a neighbouring squire, for whom her father had long intended her. Incensed at the obstinacy with which she persisted in her refusal, her father, Mr. T——, determined to carry her to France, and place her as a boarder in a convent, till time should render her more amenable to his wishes.

Accordingly, they set out for France: on the very day of their departure, Mr. B——, the gentleman whom the young lady had refused, was found murdered in a wood near his own home, and contiguous to the house of Mr. T——.

As Mr. B——'s watch and purse had not been taken, it was obvious that plunder was not the murderer's object. The unfortunate man was stabbed in several places, and near him lay a knife, with which it appeared that the dreadful deed had been perpetrated. The county was immediately upon the alert to discover the assassin; large rewards were offered for his apprehension, and several persons were taken up on suspicion. No, thing, however, appeared against any one,

except the young gardener, and the evidence against him, though only presumptive, was very strong.

In the first place, the knife which was found near the body was proved to have belonged to him; he himself did not deny this, but he declared that he had lost it some time before. Secondly, it appeared that he had often expressed the greatest dislike to the deceased; that, on the very morning before the body was found, he observed to a neighbour who was standing with him at his cottage-door, on seeing Mr. B—— ride by, "There goes one whom I hate in my heart. I dare say he is going to one of his jovial meetings. The stingy fellow seldom takes a servant with him, though he is so given to drink, that he has need of some one to take care of him. I should not wonder if something happened to him one of these days." Another witness, who had formerly been William's fellow servant, deposed, that a short time before, Mr. B—— had, on some occasion struck the young man, and that he had then expressed a determination to be revenged upon him. He said to his fellow servant, "Only for a reason I must not mention, I would have given B—— a good drubbing; but I comfort myself by thinking, that the time will come when he shall pay dear for the blows he gave me."

It was proved also, that William was seen, on the evening of the night when the murder was committed, on the road leading to the wood, and the next morning he was met in the wood at a little distance from the spot where the body was found, by two labourers who were going to work. They observed that his hand and his jacket were stained with blood, which he accounted for by saying that his nose had been bleeding. Both these men saw marks of trouble and distraction in his countenance, and one of them asked him whether any thing was the matter with him. He replied abruptly, "No: what should be the matter with me?"

When he quitted the service of Mr. T——, he hired a small cottage, in which

he had since lived by himself. On the officers entering it to take him prisoner, they found that he had not been in bed at all. He was sitting in a melancholy posture, but he had changed his dress and washed himself. They found the clothes, which he had taken off, stained with blood, and he accounted for it in the same way as he had done to the labourers.

A universal feeling of commiseration for the unfortunate prisoner pervaded the minds of all present in court. His appearance was in the highest degree mild and interesting, and a crowd of witnesses deposed to his general good character, and the humanity of his disposition; but nothing appeared in contradiction to the evidence against him. He was repeatedly interrogated as to where he had passed the night, and told, that on that circumstance alone his acquittal or condemnation might possibly depend; but to this question he invariably refused to reply, and notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, the evidence against him was so strong, that he was found guilty, and sentenced to suffer the punishment of the law. He met his fate with christian firmness and resignation, and to the last persisted in denying all knowledge of the crime for which he suffered.

How cruel was the situation of this unfortunate young man! A single word would have proved his innocence, and rescued him from an ignominious death; but that word would have blasted forever the reputation of her whom he loved more than life or honour; it would have exposed her to the utmost rage of a tyrannic father, whose passions were capable of carrying him any length, and whose violence might have endangered even her life.

These considerations induced the faithful and heroic young man to bury in his own bosom the secret of his having passed the fatal night, in which the murder was committed, with Miss T——. This unfortunate and misguided girl had, through the ill management and avaricious disposition of her father, been bred

up in ignorance. She was naturally susceptible; William was handsome, and of manners more refined than are usually met with in the class to which he belonged. B——, for whom the young lady knew she was intended, was plain in his person, of licentious character, and many years older than herself; her aversion to him strengthened her rising partiality for William, and she forgot herself so far as to enter into a solemn and sacred engagement never to become the wife of any other.

On the night when B—— met his fate, she had appointed to meet William in her father's garden, to which he had a key; a female servant, who attended her to France, was privy to this interview. It was true that nothing had passed between the lovers which could call a blush into the cheek of modesty itself, but the unfortunate William knew too well in what light the world, and especially the father of his mistress, would regard it. The lovers remained together till the last moment, and the violence of his emotion on bidding her what his foreboding heart told him was an eternal farewell, had caused the bleeding of the nose which stained his clothes in so suspicious a manner; nor is it wonderful that the anguish which their parting occasioned him, should be misinterpreted into the distraction of conscious guilt.

The feelings of the wretched Miss T—— when she learned, too late to avert it, the fate of her lover, cannot be described. A few days before the intelligence reached her, the sudden death of her father removed the only obstacle to her union with William. Her grief on hearing the dreadful news was so great, that it threw her into a dangerous fit of illness; but, though hovering on the confines of the grave, her first care was to clear his memory. She immediately made a declaration upon oath, which was properly witnessed and committed to writing, that William had remained with her from eleven at night till four in the morning, between which hours it was evident, from the state in which the body was found, the murder must have been committed. This declaration was immediately made public, and the memory of the unfortunate young man was cleared; though there were still some who affected to doubt of his innocence, because

time wore away without any discovery being made of the murderer.

More than five years had passed, when a gentleman belonging to the town near which B—— had been assassinated, was travelling in a different part of the country. The room in which he slept was separated only by a partition from one occupied by another traveller. The gentleman happened to be awake in the middle of the night, and he heard his neighbour mutter, with a dreadful oath, "Aye, aye, the wood's the place! the wood's the place!" and presently after, "Don't talk to me of Hell: B—— deserved to die, and it never can be found out."

These words impressed the gentleman strongly with a belief, that the traveller was the real murderer of the unfortunate B——. He stole softly down stairs, and awakened some of the domestics, whom he charged not to suffer the man to quit the house till he came back. He went immediately for officers of justice, with whom he soon returned, and taking the stranger into custody, charged him with the murder of Mr. B——. The man, unconscious how the fact had been discovered, confessed it in his first emotions of terror. He was, it seems, a rider to some houses of business in London; B—— was in the habit of visiting the capital; he saw and seduced this man's wife, who was remarkably pretty. The husband doted upon her to such excess that he would have taken her back after she had eloped from him, but she refused to return; and shortly afterwards she quitted London altogether; nor could he learn what had become of her.

As his love for his wife was excessive, his rage against B—— was proportionably great; and he had no means of gratifying his revenge, for though he was himself convinced that B—— had seduced his wife, he could not prove it.

Unfortunately, this injured husband happened to be at an inn where B—— was supping with a party of gentlemen on the night in which he met his fate. He heard one of the waiters observe, that if he were Mr. B——, he should not like to ride home through the wood. He protested that until then he never entertained a thought of taking the life of B——, but at that moment the diabolical idea occurred to him, that he might,

with ease, and without being suspected, revenge himself. He was so much stronger than B——, that he thought he could easily master him; he was also very well mounted, and, as he often travelled late, and had not announced any intention of staying for the night, his going on would excite no suspicion. He accordingly left the house, and waited for his victim in the wood. While he was upon the watch, he perceived on the ground the knife which poor William had a little before lost; he picked it up, and when he knocked the unfortunate B—— off his horse, he used it to finish the wretched man's existence.

His confession was, in all respects, so clear and satisfactory, that no doubt could be entertained of his guilt: he was accordingly convicted, and executed for the murder.

By this discovery the innocence of the unfortunate gardener was cleared even from the shadow of suspicion. It seemed as if his mistress had survived only to see it made manifest. Her health had been in a declining state from the time she heard of his fate, and in less than a week after the execution of the murderer, she breathed her last.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE UNION.

A SKETCH.

"Let Winter come! Let polar spirits sweep
The drizzling world, and tempest trouble deep!
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm;
Yet shall the smile of social love repay
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its short and silent noon is o'er,
The ice chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictur'd wall!"

A blest and familiar tenderness hovers around the word "home!" The breath of love fans our souls, and the joy of happiness sparkles in the laughing eye, when the mirror, memory, waves before the mind the green freshness of the plant bough that flourished from the vigour of its parent oak. The loved themes that dwell in the word "home," are ever vivid—the gayest delights of the young heart breathe and live at the sound—the magnificent splendour of coming existence, that was then nourish-

ed as a rich flower, for an instant bursts the bonds of matured reason, and, like the rush of mighty wind, sweeps through boundless expanse, and the soul is bewildered amid its vigorous conceptions. These are the recollections of childhood's home. But there is another home, dear to felicity, dear to each refined and generous bosom. It is the dwelling of love, of the husband's and the parent's happiness. It is the dear partner who lives within this "Home," that creates a second youth—that brightens the storm of winter, and illumines the sun of summer—that invites us to repose on her pillow softness; as the window of the Ark, welcomed the Dove when it could find no resting place. Yes! it is the wife who blesses life, and binds around her polished temple the olive-branch of peace. The courtier may hail the smile that plays about his sovereign's lip, as the bliss of his happiness. The heart of the hero may throb with the rush of glorious triumph, as the phrensied populace bear his name toward the heavens in the resplendent burst of enthusiasm; but their happiness is but an empty title, when compared with those virtues, smiles, and social delights, blending at the "Winter Fireside" of a "Happy Home."

Melville and Eliza were blooming from the nuptial altar; ten thousand summer beams of rich and dazzling tints sported around their path. No marriage ever was consummated under a more pleasing shade—the dew-gems glittered with unusual beauty, and the foliage was green as the first blade of grass, when, warmed by a spring sun, it blooms with unrivalled freshness.

The intimacy of a long friendship endeared the cement of their union; the love of tenderness glowed in their bosoms, undimmed as the fire-blaze consecrated to Peruvian piety. The golden deity spread riches in their path, and appeared to exult in advancing the felicity of the amiable couple. The loveliest flowerets, the purest delicacies, and the leaves of science, smoothed the rough road of life. The blessing of the poor, the love of friends, and the affection of their parents, greeted their presence and sorrowed at their absence. Well did they merit the prayer of the poor man, for the sick midnight hour had

been cheered by their goodness. Well did they deserve the love of their friends, for their comfort was as dear to them as their own. Well should their parents' affection ever kindle with new brightness at their approach, for the solicitude of the heart for their parents' perfect tranquillity, was the warmest tribute of sincere gratitude.

The dull eye of sorrow will burst its film, and look happy as it rests upon two young people fresh with hope and verdant in affection, meekly bow their heads in token of submission to the sacred precepts of the reverend pastor. It is natural joy. For, the frost of winter cannot thus freeze the benevolence of our nature, as to defy the warmest beams of the sun in dissolving its hard construction. Perhaps our young days were once thus serene. Perhaps we once led to the altar a chosen female; or numberless images of buried transport may rush across the brain and thaw the icy heart to softness. Whatever may be the cause, it is true, that every pulse beats quicker at the contact of bosoms, the valued deposit of sentiment, science, benevolence, and virtue.

What delightful emotions must have been those of the poor, the relatives, and all who were any way connected with Melville and Eliza, when they viewed the union of so virtuous a couple? How many satisfied faces crowded around the door, awaiting the appearance of the bridegroom and bride! What a sweet feeling it must have imparted to Melville and Eliza as they saw the looks, and heard the wishes of the honest poor.

The aged widow prayed for Heaven's best gifts to be strewn in the path of her who had so oft ministered to the saddest hours, with her smile, her presence, and her actions. The loves of Melville and Eliza had flowed smoothly on, unobstructed by nought, save that modest apprehension, the timid attendant on respectful love. Their fair and budding blossoms of conjugal felicity, were looked towards with a just confidence, founded on an accurate intimacy with each other's best principles and rules of action; from their mingling in mutual sports since the early dawn of lisping childhood. A union thus cemented is a gay and blissful omen of sweetest enjoyment so long as the impulse of life remains. Melville and Eliza

were happy in realizing the truth of this remark. They bounded o'er the field of existence, contented, pious, unrestrained. The rose, the sweet briar, the hyacinth, the violet, and clusters of wild flowers bedecked and perfumed their path with the richest fragrance—they enjoyed that ease of heart and content of mind so oft and so justly embittered in this larger cradle, liable to be rocked by the faintest breeze. Oh! yes, they revelled in the sun-shine of loveliness, and in the luxuriance of fancy imagined they dwelt in an earthly paradise.

May they ever live in that light of love which lit the torch of their union. May their dear babes twine about their hearts as tendrils climb around their leafy protector. May each passing moment contribute to the enjoyment of the hour, and each hour of their existence prove, that marriage is the happiest of all connections, when we esteem the understanding of her who is destined to participate in our joys and sorrows for life—whose temper is ever amiable—whose affections are ever lasting, and whose social and endearing qualities combine, and center in domestic happiness.

October 15th, 1819.

CORYDON.

KEDAR AND AMELA,

AN ARABIAN TALE;

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE FLORIAN.

[Concluded from our last.]

Kedar joined the army; he was brave, and he performed great actions. Rank was given to him, and he performed still greater; but the viziers, who were jealous of him, kept him at a distance from the sovereign; he was treated with injustice; reward was withheld from him; in a word, he suffered every thing which he had made nien of merit suffer; and at length, completely disgusted, he quitted the military service, and went to relate the whole to the Dervise, who reminded him that he had behaved exactly in the same manner when he was Iman. Kedar confessed that this was true, and was better able to see his own follies now that he was the victim of similar faults. The Dervise advised him to become a tradesman, and gave him money to begin with.

Kedar departed for the purpose of entering into trade at Bagdad. His fortune increased; he grew opulent. A very rich widow wished to marry him, but the remembrance of his shepherdess, with whom he did not despair of meeting once more, prevented him from accepting this offer. The Caliph was in need of his credit, and he lent it to him; his bankruptcy was the consequence. New laws, unfavourable to commerce, completed his ruin. He returned again to the Dervise, who consoled him, but reminded him that when he was an Iman, he was as little a friend to commerce. Touched with his having, on account of his old passion, refused to marry, she did not wish that he should again go to a great distance from her, and she advised him to become a husbandman. She purchased for him fields, a beautiful farm, and a flock, and, having settled him in his new situation, she promised that she would come to see him every other day.

Kedar was tolerably happy as a farmer. He saw his property increase in proportion with his toil. But taxes, statute labour, the visiers, and his powerful neighbours, deprived him of nearly all his income. He complained to his dear Dervise, who called to his recollection that the laws were those which he had himself made. Kedar, however, preferred his last occupation to all the others, and continually talked of his Shepherdess, whom the Dervise promised at length to restore to him.

The day was fixed for this delightful interview. The Dervise directed him to go to the same wood in which he first saw her, and assured him that he would find her there. Amela then hastened to take off her beard, resume her own dress, and wait for Kedar in the wood. The meeting of the two lovers was of the tenderest kind. Kedar entreated her to become his wife, but Amela answered that the proper time was not yet arrived. She, however, assured him that she would give him her hand. They then parted, promising each other to meet again at the same place.

As Amela was returning to the hermitage, to put on her Dervise's dress, she was unluckily met by the chief of the eunuchs of the Iman Amrou, who was seeking every where for handsome women for his master. He looked at her,

thought her beautiful, and ordered his followers to seize her. The poor Amela was shut up in the seraglio, and, to complete her misfortune, Amrou was smitten with her charms, and allowed her only eight days to submit to his will.

In the mean time Kedar sought for his friend the Dervise, and was dying with uneasiness at his not coming. The day came on which he was to see Amela, but no Amela was at the place of meeting. Poor Kedar, driven almost to despair, knew not what to do or to think. Amela, on her side, racked her brains to find out the means of making her situation known to him; but all communication was cut off, and she was unable to write to her lover.

At length she remembered, that at the door of Kedar's farm house two green ring-doves had built their nest. She told the enamoured Amrou, who loved her, and was desirous to please her, that there was nothing in the world she so much wished for as green ring-doves from the mountain of Zemzem: this mountain was the spot where Kedar lived. Amrou immediately sent a hundred slaves to seek every where green ring-doves. They came to the farm, and they seized upon the doves, in spite of the resistance of Kedar, who wished to protect them, because they were the favourites of the Dervise. They were carried to Amela, who tied under their wings a letter, by which she informed Kedar of her misadventure, and desired him to call upon a particular tradesman in the city, on a certain day, on which day she would send to the tradesman for some silks; and she begged that he would hide among the silks a dagger, which was her only and last means of saving herself from the tyrant's love. Kedar saw the doves return with the letter. Almost in despair, he collected all the money that he possessed, went to the tradesman on the appointed day, and, by dint of a large present, prevailed upon him to enclose him in the box of silks which was going to the sultana. All succeeded to his wish. The box with Kedar in it was safely carried to Amela. The joy of the two lovers was extreme, but it was dashed by many fears. Kedar proposed to send her back by the same conveyance, and to remain in her place. Amela would not agree to this proposal. Kedar had not forgotten

the subterraneous passage; but Amrou always carried the key about him. In the midst of their conversation, the eunuch came to inform Amela that the Iman, who was grown quite impatient, would come to her that evening, and he was determined to use violence if persuasion should fail. In this imminent danger, Amela consented to hide herself among the silks, and be carried to the tradesman's house. Kedar put on her dress, and her veil, and armed with the dagger, he remained in her stead.

Amrou came to gratify his guilty desires. He was alone in the room with the pretended Amela. On his proceeding to lift up the veil, Kedar stretched him at his feet with a blow of the dagger; a second blow deprived him of the power of speech. Kedar took from him the key of the subterraneous passage, waited till night-fall, and then, leaving the palace by the secret passage, made the best of his way to the hermitage, where Amela had already resumed her Dervise's dress. Kedar sought every where for Amela; the Dervise promised to find her for him, and in the mean time she enjoyed his tender anxiety.

In the meanwhile, the death of Amrou had been discovered, and every thing was in confusion. The people loudly called for another chief. The Dervise seized this opportunity to visit the city, and to propose to them a new, free, and wise government, which was readily adopted. Every body was made happy, not excepting Kedar, who in his good friend the Dervise found once more his beloved Amela.

TRUE NOBILITY.

Rank, titles, grandeur, are mere earthly baubles. The treasures of an upright heart are the only treasures that men may not corrupt, and thieves break through into and steal. The refinements of the mind are, indeed, what constitute nobility of demeanour, and cannot be dispensed with; they polish with higher lustre than any court etiquette; they give that native elegance which has superior claims to any that can be acquired.

It is a proof of good breeding, to be able to converse well.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

ON THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

"The sun goes forth, but Conrad's day is dim,
And the night cometh—ne'er to pass from him."

BYRON'S POEMA.

The above lines are from Lord Byron's *Corsair*, in which he paints the character of *Conrad*, as the chief of a band of pirates, marked for every vice which places a stigma upon the human character. Yet numerous as were his vices, still he possessed one virtue, on which the poet has with much energy dilated. This was the sincerity and the immutability of his love toward *Medora*, the sharer of his pleasures and his pains, the object of his affection, the partner of his life, and on whose death the above lines are introduced. Various as are the misfortunes to which mankind are exposed, there is none more poignant than the separation from beloved and valued friends. To man, this loss, though for a season severe and distressing, is in a great measure ameliorated by the different pursuits of life: before him is the world, the busy theatre of action; he can engage in its various occupations, and direct his mind from painful emotions; if not by this, he can visit distant countries, and joining in different societies, can forget his woes and his afflictions. But far different is the situation of woman; "the heart is her world, it is there her ambition strives for empire, it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures, she sends forth her sympathies on adventure, she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affections, and, if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart!"—But distressing as is at all times the loss of friends, more particularly so when the bonds of connubial felicity are torn asunder, when separated from the object we hold most dear. This has often been the theme on which the poet has employed his pen, and justly so, as from his own experience he could be fully sensible of its effects. Painful, indeed, then, must be the separation which divides us from those we truly love, on whom are placed all our hopes, who share with us in prosperity, and sympathize with us in adversity—who soothe and ameliorate the pangs and vicissitudes of life, and soften the pillow of expiring

nature. Such is the influence and power of woman, "Heaven's best gift to man!"—Long mayest thou continue in the possession of every virtue, which adorns and exalts thy character. Noble indeed are thy duties, and numerous thy virtues. Distress receives from thy hands consolation; want, relief; ignorance, knowledge; the wandering and destitute, protection; and vice is taught the road to happiness. A diadem of eternal glory awaits thy coming—and the consciousness of a well spent life, affords support in the last hour of existence.

"For female hearts with pity glow,
And woman holds affliction dear;
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear:
Tis her's to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear;
To woman's gentle kind we owe,
What comforts and delights us here;
They kiss our hopes on youth bestow,
And cure they soothe, and age they cheer."

CLARENCE.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"Nothing can enter into the affections, which stumbles at the threshold."—BLAIR.

According to the established law of nature, mothers are the first to give language to children; it therefore becomes their indispensable duty to secure the best and safest means of *rooting* in the young and tender minds of their offspring, the purest ideas of *orthography*, and most correct habits of *pronunciation*; it is but just to observe that good spelling and elegant pronunciation are often too little attended to by many parents and in many schools, while all acknowledge, that they form a material and very important part of a good education. On the subject of spelling, children imbibe habits, from a want of study and proper attention; for it requires in a language like ours, a careful application to some good spelling-book or dictionary, under the assistance of a radical and well-qualified teacher. But elegance in pronunciation is acquired with much more ease to the pupil.—Nothing is more common than to observe children pronounce as their mothers pronounce; if, therefore, mothers wish their children to *pronounce well*, they should

be extremely cautious of allowing them to hear words improperly pronounced.

"Youth set aright at first, with ease go on,
And each new task is with new pleasure done."

It is not only unpleasant, but extremely difficult to correct improper pronunciation, when once acquired by children.—"Prevention is always better than cure"—With a view to obviate in some measure this difficulty, I take the liberty of recommending not only to the female patrons of the Cabinet, but to teachers and our citizens in general, a work which has recently been published by Samuel Wood & Sons, under the title of "The North American Spelling Book," written by "R. Wiggins," a man of unexceptionable talents and character, and teacher of the "MATHEMATICAL AND MERCANTILE SCHOOL" in Rose-street.

Such a book has long been wanting, and from its being founded on the authority of Walker, and having every useful word in the language, so systematically classed, as to ensure a gradual and progressive improvement, with pleasure to the pupil and ease to the teacher, possesses, in my estimation, a superiority over every other of the kind extant. I wish soon to see it introduced into all our schools, and am decidedly of opinion, that if it is impartially and generally examined, I shall have the pleasure of finding my wishes gratified. The plan is so simple, and the arrangement so judicious, that it needs only to be known to be admired.

A. M. M.

Specimens of a new Dictionary of the English Language.

[From the London Courier.]

Poet.—A manufacturer of lines, consisting generally of eight syllables; sometimes ten. They are paid for by the gross; and should be used immediately, as they will not keep.

Author.—A good sort of intellectual spider, who eviscerates from his brain the means to live; a drudge of opulence, and of fools; a day dreamer; one who jumpers rich kuaves with flattery, and yet dies poor; a man who thinks loud, that others may do without thinking.

Gratitude.—I be art of forgetting favours.

Ingratitude.—A quality which we see in all men except ourselves.

Owl.—A species of bird; it is frequently called a common-council-man.

Duel.—An interview between two fools.

Adonis.—The reflection of a dandy in a looking-glass.

Abdication.—Surrendering what we cannot keep. Napoleon abdicated the throne of France, when he could not retain it.

Abstinence.—Getting rid of one surfeit, to make room for another.

Aburd.—Any thing done or said, different from what we ourselves would say or do.

Abundance.—An imaginary quantity, of which every man thinks his neighbour possessed, and himself deprived.

Abuse.—Unwelcome truths.

Accommodation.—Obliging a friend in order to serve ourselves.

Reason.—The faculty by which a man always justifies his own conduct. Some vain theorists have supposed that it was given to regulate our actions; but the uniform practice of mankind has proved that it is of no use but to vindicate what we do.

Honesty.—A commodity which every man has to dispose of, and which he is willing to sell till he is bankrupt.

Bully.—A coward who strives to frighten away fear.

Swindler.—A gentleman who lives by his wits; but often finds himself at his wits' ends how to live.

Woman—was made of a man's rib.

Many frivolous queries have been proposed concerning this circumstance in the creation of Woman; but it ought to satisfy us, that this mode of her formation was most agreeable to the Divine wisdom; and it may suggest some practical hints, of no small importance in domestic life: "The woman was taken, not from the head of man, to usurp authority over him; nor from his feet, to be trampled on by him; but from his side, to be regarded as next himself; under his arm, to be protected; and near his heart, to be beloved by him."

Marriage is, in some respects, like death. It is unknown to us till we have tried it, and then it is too late to repent.

The following incident relative to Leslie, the young American whose paintings have been so highly spoken of in London, is from the Baltimore Morning Chronicle:—

"But a few years ago, Charles R. Leslie was an indentured apprentice in the store of a bookseller at Philadelphia. He was known to possess, by his fellow acquaintances, a love for the pencil. Observing the tragedian Cook, in the character of Richard, the impression was so powerful, that he retired to his home, and from memory, with a black lead pencil, sketched an outline not only of his attitude, but of his person. This sketch was shown from one to another, until at last it came to the tragedian himself. He demanded to know why such a genius of the pencil was not immediately sent to London to make himself perfect in the art. The hint was immediately taken—Leslie's indentures were delivered up, he was sent to London, and put under the patronage of West. It is now found that the prophesy of Cook was not premature. Leslie is no longer an apprentice to a bookseller, but a successful hero of the pencil."

SCRUPLES OF CONSCIENCE.

An old German Knight, in the first half of the 17th century, when enormous goblets were among the chief ornaments of the rooms and tables of the nobles, sat once at table next to his young wife, in a numerous company, where the bottle went continually round, and a large goblet was to be emptied each time, on pain of being contemned as a false brother by the guests, who were used to be very strict in this point. The wife, who had received a more polished education, whispered to her husband, when it again came to his turn to empty an enormous glass, to pour the wine secretly under the table. "The others will see it," said he. His wife, therefore, just as he was raising the glass to his mouth, snuffed out the candle, and repeated her request. Instead of complying, he said, with a kind of solemnity, "God sees it," and emptied his goblet.

DR. GOLDSMITH.

Speaking of Dr. Johnson's force and perseverance in disputation, said "There is no arguing with him; for if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it."

ANECDOTES.

Mr. Curran was engaged in a legal argument—behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who was originally designed to take orders. The judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law. "Then," said Mr. Curran, "I can refer your lordship to an authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though (in a whisper to a friend beside him) in my opinion he was fitter for the steeple."

An officer of one of the courts, named Halfpenny, having frequently interrupted Mr. Curran, the judge peremptorily ordered him to be silent and sit down. "I thank your lordship," said the counsel, "for having at length nailed that rap to the counter."

The facetious Mr. Sheridan, on hearing his father speak of the antiquity of his family, stating at the same time, that the original name was O'Sheridan, humorously observed—"No doubt of that, father: No one has a better right to the O, for we owe every body."

Madame Geoffrin disagreeing once with a literary gentleman, the dispute became very warm, and many high words were exchanged with great acrimony. "How now," said M. de Holbach, a mutual friend of their's, stepping between them, "Can it be that you are clandestinely married?"

A HARD MASTER.

Old Asterly, one evening when his band was playing an overture, went up to the horn players, and asked why they were not playing. They said they had twenty bars rest. "Rest!" says he, "I'll have nobody rest in my company; I pay you for playing, not for resting!"

A young lawyer in the county of Hampshire, who was almost discouraged of getting a living by his profession, entered into the Tanning Business; a gentleman, one day, asked him, "Why he tanned for a living?" he answered, "I have skinned long enough, and now think it time to be tanning."

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO —

Thou bidst me hush the plaintive strain,
My Lyre must then neglected sleep;
For I have often tried in vain,
With sportive hand its strings to sweep.

The plaintive strain best suits a heart
Which various ills have taught to grieve;
Nor would I with its feelings part,
For all the pleasures mirth can give.

Ah! those who never woo'd the muse,
Can never guess her dangerous art;
She, the sad path with wild flowers strews,
Yet fosters griefs that break the heart.

She leads to mourn in pensive lay,
For friends departed—blessings go;
Yet leads a transient, glimmering ray,
To light the bosom—adieu, forlorn.

I cannot boast thy muse's fire,
Thy depth of thought, and perfect line;
Yet will I tune my simple lyre,
The only joy that now is mine.

HARRIET.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO MARY.

I would this pen were Cupid's dart,
That I might strike it to thy heart,
As thou hast done to mine;
Oh, I would write such language there,
So sweet and mild, so soft and fair,
'T would be as longer thine.

And in my bosom I would wear it,
The storm of life should never tear it
From thy Julia's faithful breast;
I'd guard it still with anxious care,
Sorrow should never enter there,
Nor aught disturb thy rest.

There shouldst thou slumber still secure,
Nor know the ills which I endure,
Those slumbers to maintain;
And only wake to know and feel
Thy Julia loves thee, loves thee still,
Then sink to rest again.

But since, alas! this pen is still
Nought but a common goose's quill,
I ne'er can hope to move thee;
So keep the treasure thou hast got,
To bless some happier lover's lot,
And teach him how to love thee.

JULIO.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THERE IS AN HOUR—BY ROLLA.

There is an hour—when fancy throws,
Her golden chain around the mind;
When every link with brightness glows,
And draws a glimmering light behind.

There is an hour—to friendship dear,
Bright as the sparkling tears of morn;
Or like some rill so sweetly clear,
That seems to laugh each ear to scorn.

There is an hour—when absent friends
In food and sweetest union meet,
When fancy all her rapture lends,
And smiles in transport at their feet.

There is an hour—that's given to wo,
When all the feelings warily run;
And pity o'er the soul will throw
Her mildest beam from friendship's sun.

There is an hour—when hope is bright,
And pleasure lights the tender eye;
When every shade of "sorrow's night"
Before her magic sun-beams fly.

There is an hour—when death's dark cloud
Throws itself o'er the troubled soul;
And when in accents trembling loud,
A voice proclaims—"mine is the whole!"

There is an hour—when hope is fled,
And feeling sleeps cold as the grave;
When every joy on earth seems dead,
And sorrow o'er the relics raves.

But, there's an hour—when oft we view,
Some future scene of perfect bliss,
And taste of joys so purely new,
That we exclaim—"a heav'n is this!"

And may that hour, of softest hue,
Round which is thrown a heavenly zest;
Each day thro' life, still shine anew,
And light us to a holy rest.

Brooklyn, September, 1819.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

ON THE DEATH OF

COMMODORE O. H. PERRY.

Weave, Columbia—weave the cypress wreath,
Thy Hero lies—cold, in the arms of death:
On a far distant shore

He lies, nor hears the roar,
Of the wild tempest, sweeping o'er his grave:
The tempest's voice no more awakes the brave.

He's fallen—and o'er his tomb, Columbia weeps,
And, with a nation's tears, the wild flow'r's steep
That mark the hallowed ground—

Where slumbering profound,
The Hero of thy wave, O Erie! rests—
Long be his mem'ry cherish'd in our breasts.

'Midst the wild fury of the battle's roar,
He stood, the guardian of his country's shore:
Undaunted, firm he stood,

'Midst carnage—death—and blood;
Nor shrunk from danger's most assailing form,
When duty bid him meet—and brave the storm.

But he's fall'n—in life's meridian hour
He sunk, the prey of death's unsparring pow'r—
Yet ever lives his name,

Bright as his country's fame,
And distant ages shall admire his deeds,
And to his mem'ry pay a hero's eulogy.

October 12th.

HORENTIUS.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO MISS ***** AGED FOURTEEN.

When glows thy cheek in soft confusion,
At wanton flattery's gilded strain;
O, cherish not the fair delusion!
Though brightly fair, 'tis falsely vain!

Lost not for some illusive vision,
A real, more substantial treasure!
Dream not, on earth, of realms elysian;
But know the bounds of human pleasure!

For home-born joys, if pure affection
Instruct thee Nature to obey,
How soft, how dear the retrospection!
At beauty's close, and life's decay.

M. Y. S.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

FAREWELL TO MY HOME.

Oh, home of my father! I bid thee, farewell!
Fate calls me, and I must depart;
Yet mem'ry shall last while my bosom shall swell,
For, oh! thou art dear to my heart.

Sweet cot of my father! I love thy rude walls,
Where the ivy and jessamine grow;
And near to thy side the hoarse cataract falls,
And runs to the valley below.

Blest home of my father! there plenty presides,
And pleasure unmingled with care;
And smiling content in the cottage resides,
Nor envy, nor hatred, is there.

Ah, home of my father! how oft have I stray'd
O'er thy mountains, thy woodland and lawn;
The beauties of sunset with rapture survey'd;
Or watch'd the first glim'ring of dawn.

When the shadows were lengthen'd o'er moun-
tain and dale,

And the pathway was lonesome and drear,
How oft have I wander'd alone in the vale,
While melody gladden'd my ear!

But adieu, much-lov'd spot, for perhaps never-
more

The scenes of my youth shall I view;
I must cross the wide sea to a far distant shore;
Oh! home of my father! adieu!

PHILEIDEMON, J. T. II.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

ADDRESSED TO A MISS LITTLE.

I know a Little—would know that little better—
I write—a little—pleas'd with every letter—
I sing a little, can but little sing—
My muse hath but a little on her wing.
I love a little—is that little vain?
Deserving little, Little if I gain!

M. Y. S.

AN ADIEU.

An adieu should in utterance die;
However, but faintly appear;
Should be heard in the burst of a sigh,
As soon in the fall of a tear.

From the *Long-Island Star*.

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir, I hope your goodness will excuse, This humble effort of a female pen; And trust you can't ungenerally refuse, To print it for those bipeds, call'd young men.

For surely, sir, this village oft presents, A strange anomaly as e'er was known; Ladies all lonely! while the dandy genls, Sit at the porter house, stroll the town.

Alas, the age! when ladies' sparkling eyes, No more can charm like sparkling ale and beer, "O tempora!" must lovers' fragrant sighs, Have lesser fragrance than the fam'd segars.

No more th' inviting circle they regard, Where wit and beauty spread a sweet repast: Oysters and terrapins usurp the board! Exalted pleasure!—most refined taste!

What are the rising prospects of the land, When female charms no more can "wake the soul;"

What are our hopes, when many a youthful band, Pay early court to pleasure's poisoning bowl?

JULIA.

EPICRAM,

By a Man on his Wife.

Two of my bones have taken a trip, My rib is departed and so is my hip.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The verses of N. on *Woman*, fall far below the subject.

Time shall have a place.

The verses of R. do not possess sufficient real merit to secure them a place in the Ladies' Literary Cabinet.

Evening shall appear.

Evening Amusements, in our next.

LITERARY AND MUSICAL.

Proposals have just been issued, by G. S. THORNTON, of this city, for publishing by Subscription, (in *Weekly Numbers*), a New Musical Work, entitled, "THE MELODIST," comprising a selection of the most favourite English, Scotch, and Irish SONGS, arranged for the Voice, Flute, or Violin.

We have examined a Specimen of this work, and cannot withhold our humble testimony in favour of the chasteness and elegance displayed in its execution, as well as the judicious taste evinced in the selection. Mr. Thornton is an amateur of no ordinary abilities, and we have no doubt that he will use every exertion to render the projected work deserving of public patronage.

This work is to appear in numbers of sixteen pages each, neatly stitched in coloured printed covers, and delivered to subscribers weekly, for the moderate price of *twelve and a half cents* each, payable on delivery. The size of the page is calculated for the pocket, or study's reticule,

being a small duodecimo. The type on which it is printed is new, the paper fine, and the Music remarkably neat and legible.

We warmly recommend this elegant little work to the fair readers of the Ladies' Literary Cabinet, particularly to such of them as are in the habit of charming their friends with the melody of their voices. The terms are certainly such as are strictly compatible with the most rigid economy; and they have the privilege of withdrawing their names whenever they please. Sixteen numbers will complete a volume, for which a neat title page and Index will be furnished gratis.

In his *Prospectus*, the Publisher thus expresses himself:—"A new and auspicious era in the musical history of our country, has been opened to the lovers of sweet sounds; by the late visits of Messrs. Inledon and Philipps. The unrivalled performances of these celebrated vocalists, awakened sensations in American bosoms of which they were almost ignorant of being susceptible, and which have continued to expand and extend, until an entire revolution has taken place in public taste, which has transferred the sceptre from vulgar prejudice to chaste refinement. The Songs of Inledon, Philipps, Braham, Sinclair, &c. are now called for by all classes, sexes, and ages; and it is to answer this call, and facilitate the progress of this delectable art, that the publisher has undertaken a work which unites economy with beauty—convenience with elegance—*utile cum dulci*."

[?] Subscriptions received at this office.

Volcanic Water.—We learn from Naples, that the fountain which Mr. Gimbernat has contrived in the interior of the crater of Mount Vesuvius, by means of a certain process which condenses the volcanic vapours, attracts still more and more the attention of the curious. During the last fest of Pentecost, the peasants who were making their accustomed pilgrimage to the hermitage of Vesuvius, were not a little astonished at finding, just in the neighbourhood of fire, a source of the most delicious and salutary refreshment, where they could quench the thirst of those who were fatigued by the painful journey to the summit of the mountain.

The pilgrims took a liking to this volcanic water, and as several amongst them had experienced its salutary effects on the stomach and bowels, its medicinal fame rapidly spread. Curiosity, and the hopes of being relieved from slight indispositions, have ever since daily attracted crowds of pilgrims, who traverse the beds of lava in repairing to the fountain of Vesuvius.

[COMMEMORATION.]

As illustrious examples are the most winning incitements to a laudable emulation; there have never been wanting, in any age, poets and historians to wait the fame of accomplished worthies along the current of time, and exhibit the portraits of superior merit, as noble patterns of imitation; but while the deeds of heroes are immortalized in lofty strains, shall the more modest virtues of friendship and philanthropy, virtues that ennoble and refine the human soul, lie unnoticed and forgotten? It is no less a melancholy, than a just observation, that the most useful and promising persons who bid fair to become blessings

to mankind, and the boast of human nature, are frequently cut off in the prime of life, and flower of age; they shine with superior lustre till they have attracted the admiration of multitudes, and then suddenly expire in their meridian brightness, leaving nothing behind but blasted expectation, and the recollection of their once splendid but now extinguished worth. To the truth of this, the early death of Samuel A. Mathison, affords a mournful confirmation. Amiable in his character, and unblemished in his reputation, he was possessed of every qualification that could attract the esteem and command the respect of his fellow creatures; in domestic life his character shone with peculiar lustre—as a son, he was kind, filial, and tender—as a brother, generous, affectionate, and ardent; and, as a companion, remarkable for the constancy and sincerity of his friendship. He has left a widely extended circle of bereaved friends to lament his loss, and to follow his example.

WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS.

The City Inspector reports the deaths of 72 persons during the week, ending on Saturday, the 10th inst.—Of whom 13 were of the age of one year and under; between the age of 1 and 2, 7; 2 and 5, 5; 5 and 10, 6; 10 and 20, 7; 20 and 30, 13; 30 and 40, 6; 40 and 50, 6; 50 and 60, 4; 60 and 70, 3; 70 and 80, 1; 80 and 100, 1.—Diseases: Burned or scalded 1, cancer 1, casualty 2, catarrh 1, consumption 11, convulsions 6, diarrhoea 4, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 2, dysentery 10, fever 3, typhus fever 4, malignant fever 2, hemorrhage 1, hives or crop 2, interment 1, old age 1, sore throat 1, still born 4, suicide 2, syphilis 1, tales menteris 5, unknown 1, whooping cough 3, worms 1.—Men 13, Women 32, Boys 23, Girls 14.

GEORGE CUMING, City Inspector.

* Jane Welsh, born in England, died October 11, aged 19 years: Anna Stephenson, born in England, died October 16, aged 23 years.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday morning, the 13th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. Charles Squire, merchant, to Miss Mary Chrystie Todd, both of this city.

On Thursday, the 14th inst. by the Rev. John Reed, Walter Cunningham, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth Davis, both of Foughkeepsie.

On Friday evening, the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, Captain Lewis Cawell, to Miss Eliza Genesee, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mallon, Mr. Charles Langlois, to Miss Margaret Dubois, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Capt. Noah S. Kempton, of New Bedford, to Miss Caroline Jane Keso, of this city.

At Woodbridge, (N. J.) on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mills, to James M. Thorpy, to Miss Susan Moore, all of that place.

DIED,

On the 14th inst. William M. Ardie, aged 16. Same day, Mrs. Mary Corvill, wife of George Corvill, Jun.

On the 15th inst. of the consumption, Mr. John Borbank, aged 26 years.

Same day, at Kip's Bay, Mr. Alexander Zentz, of this city, aged 78 years.

On the 16th inst. of malignant fever, Miss Anna Stephenson, aged 23 years.

Same day, after a lingering illness, Mr. Charles Honore Lannuier, aged 40 years.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1819.

[No. 25.

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,
CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;
AND AT
L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S
BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
No. 154 Broadway;
AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
Payable Quarterly in Advance.

FROM THE LONDON POCKET MAGAZINE.

THE HAPPY PAIR;

AN IDYLL.

And, Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this. MOORE.

But they who saw him, did not see in vain,
And once beheld would ask of him again:
And those to whom he spake remember'd well,
And on the words, however light, would dwell.
BYRON.

"How very charming it is this evening!
—An air refreshing, yet warm, meets
me, so gentle, that it is not like air, for it
does not stir a leaf of this orange tree
under which we are sitting."

"No, not a leaf moves, but the fragrance
of the blossoms seem to come on
the breeze to us; if we were the only
beings in creation, and every thing had
been formed to render us happy, it could
not have been otherwise than it is at this
moment."

"Ah! Glyceria, I can explain to thee
why nature's aspect is so lovely to me
now; perhaps, too, it may account for
the happy calm that pervades thy mind."

"Do, my dearest Alexis!—I always
hear with particular pleasure whatever
comes from thy lips—thy reasons are always
convincing to me: yet, if thou art
silent, I think it happiness to look at thee,
and I am convinced there is nothing I
love so much in the world as thyself."

"About four months ago I came and
sat alone just where I do now. All nature
wore as fair an aspect, the birds
were singing, and at intervals the coo of
the turtle doves made a sweet contrast—
I heard at a distance the bleating of the

sheep and lambs, and the little rill above
murmured among the white pebbles; it
was fuller than usual, and the water was
clear as glass, giving a delightful coolness
for the eye and ear to rest upon—I felt
a melancholy in all these; a restless impatience
pervaded my mind. I listened
for a footstep, which I could not hear;
mine eyes sought what they could not
find; I sighed, and shut them to reflect
upon her whose image filled my heart.
She was a little simple country girl, whom
nobody else would have thought so much
about, I dare say; but one cannot account
for those sort of inclinations—Canst
thou guess who she was?"

"I have a strong suspicion who that
simple girl was, and I was going to say
thou wert very simple for letting her
dwell so much in thy mind; but a woman's
tongue thou knowest is apt to out-run
her wit, for, upon second thoughts, it
was what I do most heartily commend
thee for."

"Well!—that little girl is now mine,
I sit by her side, I clasp her hand, I see
the sweet smile of affection beaming from
her eyes, I no longer seek in vain for
the dear object centered in my heart;
and all the charms of nature seem to
glow doubly in her presence."

Glyceria was about to reply, when her
eyes were attracted by a stranger, who
was coming toward them; she pointed
him out to her husband; they observed
that he walked with a slight degree of
lameness, and both arose to meet him
with that native grace of politeness,
arising from a desire to succour a stranger,
which foreigners are so remarkable
for showing.

The stranger took off his hat, bowed,
and seemed, by his courtly manner, not
used to solicit; for there was a degree
of pride, and a commanding air about
him; he was of middle stature, pale, and
his high forehead shaded by his dark
hair on one side, which hung in loose
curls; his eyes were large, of a light
hazel, expressive in an uncommon degree;
his mouth was finely formed, and he had
that peculiar air and countenance
which showed his superiority over the

generality of people they were accustomed
to see and converse with.

"Presuming, sir," said he, addressing
Alexis, "upon the universal hospitality
that is invariably met me in this country,
I take the liberty of a stranger, and
a traveller, to request accommodation for
this evening, as I am informed you are
the owner of the cottage below; that
garden, which really seems to rival that
of Eden, attracted me first to your habitation."

"I feel happy that its attractions have
given me an opportunity of receiving
thee as my guest; thou might have been
put to inconvenience hadst thou gone
farther, for there is not any other house
within several miles." The stranger
bent his head gracefully, in token of acknowledgment,
and seemed taller for having done so; his manner was not such
as to excite familiarity, and Alexis and
Glyceria walked on in silence down a
gently sloping green hill, till they reached
their habitation; it was covered with
vines which hung in luxuriant bunches of
purple and green. Nature and art seemed
to have vied with each other in forming
this spot, where fruit-trees of different
kinds, and the most beautiful shrubs
and flowers, were conveniently and tastefully
arranged. Glyceria retired to make
preparations for their guest, while her
husband invited him to rest upon a couch,
which he drew to the lattice. The lattice
opened down to the ground, and from
it you had a view of rich woods, and of
docks and herds feeding on the adjacent
hills and dales, whilst at a distance you
discerned the sea, and here and there a
sail passing. "The serenity of the
evening," said the stranger, "seems to
diffuse a gentle calm even over the mind
of man. I feel a tranquillity I have long
been unused to; and you, sir, who seem
to possess so many comforts in this happy
climate, and charming retirement, cannot
comprehend the feelings they excite in
me; as whatever we are in the habit of
experiencing we are apt to look upon as
things in course, without properly reflecting
upon, and appreciating, what to
others seems so enviable."

"In thy country men may be so ungrateful; here, we desire little, and enjoy much."

"May I ask, without being deemed impertinent, if you have long been in possession of this sweet spot?"

"I have had the management of this farm for several years; the garden is of my own forming, the house itself nearly so, for it was but a very poor cottage, and I knew not till within these last few months, that I had been labouring for myself. It is a little Romance, of which I am the happy hero."

Here Glyceria entered, followed by a servant, bringing fruits, eggs, milk, &c. for supper. Seating herself at the table, with a timid air she requested the stranger would take some refreshment. He drew near, and helping himself to fruit and milk, had now leisure to observe his hostess. She was quite a brunette; her dark eyes had, when she was grave, a sort of pensive expression, but a smile lit them up in so much brilliancy, it was very evident that happiness and joy resided in her heart, for their image was reflected there; her white teeth were frequently shown, for her mouth was not small, though her lips were so prettily shaped that you could not have wished it otherwise; she was slim, and her limbs were delicately formed. She said little, but seemed interested in the conversation that passed between her husband and the stranger, which was chiefly relative to the country they inhabited. They retired early to rest. The stranger also went into his chamber, but not to rest. He ruminated on the past, and the present—sleep fled—his eye-lids would not close—he traversed his little apartment: "And here," said he, "is happiness for all but me—but I will have a home here—perhaps she may visit me; even a transient glimpse of her would cool my fevered head: I am as the wandering Jew! like the dove from the ark! O, that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest!" His countenance was perturbed; his lip quivered with agitation; he leaned his forehead on his hand; by degrees, however, he grew more composed; he threw himself on the bed, and seemed to lose himself in thought, which gently subsided into slumber.

He was awakened in the morning by

the soft notes of two melodious voices, joining in the following song:—

Morning zephyrs sporting round,
Gently wave the shrubs and flowers;
All the joys of life abound,
Pomona's blessings now are ours.

Cupid with his dowy wings,
Fans us in the noontide heat;
The nightingale above us sings,
Limpid waters lave our feet.

When the placid evening star
Peeps above the palm-tree grove,
Arm in arm we ramble far,
Our hearts in unison and love.

He arose and went to the lattice, and saw there, seated like the first happy pair in Eden, Alexis and Glyceria, under the shade of a large myrtle. They smiled and rose, when they saw him, to walk toward the house; he joined them, and they sat down to breakfast. Afterward Glyceria retired to her household concerns, leaving Alexis with the stranger, who thus addressed him. "I hope thou wilt not think of departing to-day. I will be thy guide, and show thee such lovely spots that thou wilt almost swear thy country for ours; thine does not seem to have conferred much happiness upon thee, for who would run the risk of finding it in foreign countries if he possessed it in his own? What is there that could tempt me to quit this spot?"

"And have you been thus happy and contented all your life? What you said last night respecting yourself, has, I own, excited my curiosity. I should like much to be informed of your romantic history, but I cannot remain here longer than this morning, as my attendants will be uneasy at my unusual absence."

"If it will give thee any satisfaction, thou shalt hear how I became the happy man I am. Let us go and sit in the myrtle bower. I once felt uneasy for a short time; I could scarcely be called unhappy—it was about a woman."

"Woman! ah! even here, I see woman can torment. Woman is the bane of my life; 'tis woman that forces me to wander; 'tis woman that robs me of peace." His upper lip had a peculiar curl as he ceased, and his countenance evinced, for a time, the emotions he strove to quell.

"Tis woman forms the happiness of

my life," rejoined Alexis, "and as to the torment, I tormented myself; for as soon as I told her I loved her—but you shall hear all.

[To be concluded in our next.]

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

One of the loveliest and brightest of the evenings of last August, with numbers of my fellow-citizens, I was attracted, either by novelty, or swayed by curiosity, to stroll up and down our charming promenade, or, as it is more familiarly termed—Broadway. When I arrived at the accustomed resort of pleasure, fashion, and gayety, my sight was greeted with so immense a concourse of beings, that I was alarmingly startled, whether or not I could elbow my way through the various crowd. However, as I had walked some distance to enjoy the stroll, I was resolved, at every hazard, to attempt what I saw so many young girls succeed in accomplishing with apparent slight difficulty. Animated with this resolve, I speedily made my way in the midst, and soon found myself joggled this way, and pushed that way, without the least ceremony, amid people of all colours, languages, and nations. At first, I was so completely confounded, that I hesitated what course to pursue. I had not strolled long before my attention was interested in the variety of faces that presented themselves. The faces were seen but for an instant, for they rushed by as if business of the utmost moment depended on their expedition, and vied in the rapidity of talking, and loudness of accent, with such ardour, entered into discourse, was so, that I was utterly unable to discover whether they were Greeks, Cherokees, or Australasians, or any other nation on the globe. The moon shone with such pure splendour, that I could easily distinguish the countenance as it flitted by me.

With a mind at ease and contented, I would sympathize in the happy sweetness and animation of thought and action that appeared to blend their enlivening principles in a party of young and mirthful girls, animated by the attendance of youths on whom their hearts most de-

lighted. The next moment my former pleasing sensations would become cold and chill, as age tottered along, painfully contrasting his day, worn out and ebbing to its last tide, with the youth and health that appeared on every side. Meditating numberless other events, and completely absorbed with a transition of scenes, I found myself at the corner of Franklin-street and Broadway. The crowd scarce ever reached the spot where I was stationed. The buzz of the multitude still rang in my ears, but I heeded it not. I was thinking of the scenes of the evening—I experienced a lone sensation, and the moon's melancholy added to my loneliness of soul. I had soon forgotten all passing things in a reverie of the imagination. As I was standing thus alone and absorbed, a slight touch on the arm caused me to raise my head; I was not slightly astonished as a young female met my gaze, whose bloom of past innocence was supplied by *rouge*, and whose once easy and handsome form was contracted to almost nothing by modern refinement. For a moment I was silent. She addressed to me the compliments of the evening, in a tone and voice so engaging, so full of feminine softness, that I was involuntarily charmed and saddened, and turned around to conceal that I had a heart. I continued engaged in conversation with her for some time, and among other inquiries, asked her, "whether she were bred in town." The question appeared to agitate her, and that agitation (it was so natural) evinced she could feel her degradation—could remember with sorrow the kind home she had deserted, or rather, was forced to abandon. She spoke of this home as the dearest mansion of sportive infancy, of her most cheerful hours; and the greater enthusiasm breathed throughout her discourse, as the contrast to that home and the one she now inhabited, presented itself to her sad recollection. Her present situation had resulted from the same causes as most others; on the discovery of which she had been refused the covering of her parents' roof. The way of life she now followed was her detestation—her time was one continued hour of pain and anguish. I gave the poor unfortunate girl all I had. It was but a night's relief from imprecation—such tearful gratitude glistened in her eyes, and ran

over her countenance, that I am confident she was no deceiver. This occurrence brought on a long train of thought concerning the dreadful situation of those miserable girls, most of whom have been betrayed and abandoned by some specious and artful villain, unworthy the name of man. Such a being should be branded with the mark of seducer, avoided as pestilence, and driven from honourable association. As my thoughts were wandering amid the thousand various ills that meet them whithersoever they go, I suddenly recollected an instance in the *British Annals*, anno 1758, displaying such true humanity toward this forlorn class, that the example appeared to me worthy of imitation throughout the world. In the year above mentioned, a few private individuals determined to provide an asylum for the penitent female, where she might once more renew her industry, and again become a friend to herself, and a friend to society. Their names, though not recorded in history, well deserve more distinguished lustre than any of the warlike heroes who ever trod o'er fields of blood. In the month of August, anno 1758, a house was opened under the name of the Magdalen Hospital, and, on the first day, fifty penitents solicited admission.

Could not such an institution be founded in New-York? Yes! And such unprejudiced humanity would hallow its streets, and act as a blessing upon the city and its inhabitants. Each state in the union must, and would, follow so humane a precedent. Then would New-York, my native place, glory in the high, the inestimable honour of having proceeded in so novel, but at the same time, so noble, so honourable, so laudable, an institution.

CORYDON.

FORBEARANCE.

As I would not throw away my watch for varying a few minutes from the exact point of time, so neither would I disclaim a regenerate person, for his not in every thing exactly thinking with me. Christians are no more infallible than watches.

There are people who would rather that their best friends should miss a piece of good fortune, than that they should obtain it without their intervention.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

VANITY AND PRIDE.

We are all apt to deceive ourselves with fond delusions, and are ever ready to believe what we wish for. We are the dupes to our own desires, and the prey to our own follies. We attach ourselves with a firmness we believe unparalleled, and a constancy we believe perpetual. The gay delusion flatters our senses. We view it with transport. We love it with ecstasy. We resolve never to abandon so lovely an object. We wonder all mankind see not with our eyes. We look on them as jaundiced persons; pity them for their disorder, that renders them incapable of partaking our pleasure; yet, at the same time, we congratulate ourselves on our penetration, and glory in our felicity in having no rivals.

From whence should these things arise? From what source is it that the human mind draws her blessings, and what is the cause that she tastes so much bliss? It is vanity and pride in conjunction, that animates and assists each other in these laudable performances. Far from being the foes to mankind, they are their friends and their monitors. They both teach them how to act, they lead them to what affords them pleasure, and they give them appetite to enjoy what they thus generously bestow. But as an excess of any virtue becomes a vice; as excess of courage alters its name, and is termed rashness; as excess of generosity becomes extravagance; excess of parsimony, avarice; and excess of reservedness, hypocrisy; so, an excess of pride and vanity, becomes our unhappiness, and we cannot enjoy a moment's pleasure, because we lift ourselves up so high that we see not, nor enjoy those deliciousnesses beneath us.

Pride is not that disgrace to human nature, nor that useless thing which the generality of the world seem to imagine; neither is vanity so pernicious a quality as to taint its possessors with any contagious disorder. Pride, preserved within due bounds, and applied on its proper objects, becomes the greatest felicity imaginable. It is pride that is the great cement of society. It is pride that is the great friend of individuals. It is pride that teaches mankind to be content-

ed with their various lots, and not to repine at those of their neighbours. Vanity is pride's sister, and co-operates with her in all her works. Nay, I know not whether I may not term her twin-sister, since they mutually act, and mutually cease from their labours at the same time.

If to teach mankind to be contented with their condition, is the most useful service that can be performed, and its performer worthy our most grateful acknowledgments; we surely ought to look on pride in this amiable light, and to pay her the thanks due to her. To pride and vanity it is owing, that

"The Learn'd is happy Nature to explore;
The Foul is happy that he knows no more;
The Rich is happy in the plenty giv'n;
The Poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind Beggar dance, the Cripple sing;
The Sot a Hero; Lascivious, a King.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And Pride bestow'd on all, a common friend."

Pope.

COMPARISON OF BLANK VERSE AND RHYME.

There are few persons of a literary life and conversation of whom the inquiry has not been made, Do you prefer rhyme to blank verse in English poetry? The true answer, the species of versification to which our preference is due, may be easily decided.

Wherein do rhyme and blank verse differ? Only in the circumstance of the last syllable of each line resembling, in sound, that which is next to it.

As to numbers, there is but one kind of verse, the ten syllabled, iambic, heroic verse, which usage allows to be blank. Rhyme may consist of any number of syllables in any kind of succession. Of kinds of rhyming verse there are examples to be found, perhaps, of a score. In this number, the iambic, or heroic, or decasyllabic is included, and is only one out of twenty. Now, that surely deserves the preference which is susceptible of twenty variations, when that with which it is compared is susceptible of none at all. No one will be permitted to write blank verse of eight, or six, or four syllables, or to adopt the anapestic or trochaic measure without rhyming ends.

But let us consider, separately, the heroic measure, and compare the unrhyming iambs of Milton with the rhyming ones of Dryden. Which of these ought to give us most pleasure?

There is but one circumstance in which they absolutely differ: the similarity of endings in the rhyme, and the dissimilarity in the other. In number of syllables or feet, in the distribution of cadences and pauses, they are alike. Even in the continuation of the sense or sentence beyond the couplet, they do not differ. Rhyme admits of it as well as blank verse. A fastidious scruple may make us shun this connection between couplets, as harsh and ungraceful; and Pope has pretty generally done it; but other poets have been less scrupulous; and the scruple is far from having taken the shape of an inviolable rule. Is, then, the recurrence of similar sounds, at the end of lines, pleasurable or not?

To talk, as Milton did, of the Gothic barbarism of rhyme, to quote the examples of Romans and Greeks, is quite silly. It is the nature of man to be delighted with harmony and concord. When this passion is thwarted and controlled, the power that domineers is custom or habit. Ideas of what is classical and pure grow out of temporary and arbitrary circumstances. Example made the Romans abhor two lines that ended alike. Example among ourselves has made current, has legitimated these endings; and, in English verse, usage and authority has set just as valid a seal on rhyme as on blank verse.

It is worth observing, that the Romans were, in a strict sense, the most rhyming people in the world. In consequence of conjugation and inflection, of varying the meaning of a word by varying its last syllables, words that rhyme together are perpetually occurring. What we do by employing distinct words, they accomplish by the use of different words, which agree or rhyme together in their last syllable. Mark, for instance, the occurrence of the same sound in the verses of the Latin poets!

If the Romans could endure their eternal repetition of *orum* and *basque*, in the same line or sentence, and yet were startled at lines or sentences that ended with agreeing sounds, how evident it is

that their taste in this respect was the creature of mere fashion.

Since the usage, however, of the best writers fully sanctions the employment of rhymes in English verse; since all the variety of pauses and cadences incident to blank verse is likewise incident to rhyme; and since, *superadded* to all these excellencies, is the concord of terminating sounds in rhyming verse, I am obliged to conclude in favour of the latter.—*Monthly Mag.*

MORAVIANS.

The following, which is from the pen of *Paul Allen*, Esq. Editor of the *Baltimore Morning Chronicle*, is a just tribute to the character of this exemplary sect.

ENTHUSIASM.—Looking over a late paper, we were very forcibly struck by a report of the success of the Moravians in the propagation of the gospel. Many very affecting instances of heroism are there recorded, which would appear perfectly incredible to those who judge by the common feelings and motives by which mankind are usually stimulated to action. What shall we say, for instance, to an example of such self devotion to the cause of Christianity, as this: two Moravian missionaries who contemplated the erection of the standard of the Redeemer on the burning sands of Africa, were given to understand, that the tribe of natives to whom they proposed to dispense the light of salvation, would endure the residence of no white man amongst them, unless in the character of a slave. He who measures human actions and human motives by the ordinary standard, would be led to believe, from this formidable obstacle, that the enterprise itself was abandoned. No! quite the reverse: these two missionaries, with a zeal and devotion little short of apostolic, embarked in this expedition with a firm determination to sell themselves for slaves, if their object could be accomplished by no other means. This severe trial, by the mercy of Divine Providence, however, did not await these faithful servants of the gospel; they were received by the natives with open arms, and abundant success crowned their labours of love. What is to be said to all this? The common cant of the day is, that this is to be attributed to enthusiasm,

and that only. Yes! it is enthusiasm: that enthusiasm which renders the concerns of this life subordinate to a better; that enthusiasm that would dispense life, and hilarity, and personal joy, as wide as the dimensions of the world that we inhabit—that enthusiasm that, in the accomplishment of this noble object, sacrifices ease, all the allurements of pleasure and grandeur, and devotes itself to persecution, to suffering, to privations of every kind, to calumny, more cruel than the sword, to dungeons and to death. Examples of this kind of self devotion are by no means rare amongst Christians; but the infidel, startled by the fact, astonished by such evidence that he cannot explain, account for, or deny, flies to the word enthusiasm for shelter; a word, which in his sense of the phrase, is absolutely a word without any meaning whatever. But we will now suppose that this strong principle of enthusiasm, as it is courteously termed, had been turned not to the salvation, but to the destruction of the human race; that its effects were seen in the tears of the widow and orphan, in the conflagration of their dwellings, in church yards prematurely filled with their silent and butchered inhabitants. All this is termed the warriors' pride, and the million shout with rapture at the approach of this sanguinary hero. This principle, so destructive in its application, is no longer called by the name of enthusiasm; now it changes its character, and the word glory is regarded by the infidel as more than an equivalent for all these enormities. Let a plan be suggested for assuaging the miseries of our unhappy race, whatever hazard may be incurred in the attempt, is sufficient to dishearten any one engaged in the enterprise; he is laughed to scorn, and denounced to the world as an enthusiast. If this enthusiasm once turns to the destruction of our species—to invent engines of death of more speedy and certain execution; to devise any plan to hasten the approach of the king of terrors, and he is hailed at once as a public character. The Christian, however, looks with other eyes on the world, which he considers only as his place of temporary residence; anxious only to obtain the applause of his Maker, he devotes his life to his service, unawed by the frowns, unseduced by the

smiles of the world—he casts his eyes toward the starry firmament, and awaits the arrival of the hour, when his existence shall surpass in duration those glittering spheres. Death comes at last, not robed in darkness and in tempest—he appears an angel of light—bright with celestial beauty, he stands beside the couch of the Christian, and whispers in his ear these consoling tidings—"Well dost thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy master's joy."

Housewife's Manual.

The following excellent Recipes are offered to the fair readers of the Literary Cabinet, with the hope that they will be found useful and economical.

Real Beef Alamode.

Though what are called alamode beef shops swarm in London, there is not, perhaps, one place under that denomination in the city, where the real beef alamode is sold. What passes under this name, in England, is nothing more than the coarsest pieces of beef stewed into a sort of seasoned soup, not at all superior to those of ox-cheek or leg of beef, and often by no means so good. The real alamode beef is well known to be thus made. Take some of the veiny piece, or a part of the thick flank, or rather a small round, commonly called the mouse-buttock, of the finest ox-beef, but let it be at least five inches thick. Cut some thick slices of fat bacon, into proper lengths, for lardings of about three quarters of an inch thick; dip them first into vinegar, and then into a mixed powder of finely beaten mace, long pepper, nutmeg, a clove or two, and double the united weight of salt. With a small knife or larding pin, cut holes in the beef, to receive the bacon thus prepared; place the lardings tolerably thick and even; rub the beef over with the remainder of the seasoning; put it into a pot or deep pan, just sufficiently large to contain it; and add a gill of vinegar, a couple of large onions, some sweet herbs, a few chives, a little lemon peel, some truffles and morels, and half a pint of white wine. It should be very closely covered up, and have a wet cloth round the

edge, to prevent the steam from evaporating. It must be dressed over a stove, or very slow fire; and will require full six hours to do it properly. When half done, it should be taken off, turned, and again closed up as before. If thick flank, or the veiny piece be used, it may be necessary to tie up the beef with tape, on putting it into the pan or pot; which, of course, must be taken off when the meat is dressed.

Pancake Pudding.

Take a quart of milk, four eggs, and two large spoons full of flour, with a little salt, and grated ginger. Beat them up into a good smooth batter, and put it into a buttered baking dish. When it comes out of the oven, pour over it some melted butter. This is a very cheap and acceptable pudding, being less offensive to the stomach than even the best fried pancakes.

Carrot Pudding.

Grate well scraped raw carrots with a circular grater; and, to half a pound of carrot, take a pound of grated bread, a nutmeg, a little cinnamon, half a pound of sugar, a very small quantity of salt, half a pint of mountain wine, eight eggs, a pound of melted or clarified butter, and as much cream as will mix the whole well together. Having sufficiently stirred and beaten it up, put it in a baking dish with puff paste at the bottom, and serve it up hot.

A delicious Orange Pudding.

Grate the rind of two Seville oranges, and beat it, in a marble mortar, with half a pound of fine fresh butter, the same quantity of loaf sugar, and the yolks of sixteen eggs, till the whole mass become of an even colour. Then pour it into a baking dish, lined with puff paste.

Fredonian Pudding.

Grate the soft part of a stale sixpenny loaf, and put to it about the same weight of finely shred beef suet, a grated nutmeg, a little salt, and two ounces of nicely picked currants; then beat up a few eggs in a little mountain wine and sugar; mix all together; knead it into a stiff paste; and, after letting it stand a quarter of an hour, make it up in the form and

size of turkey's eggs, but somewhat flatter. Over a clear fire, in a chafing dish; rub it about the dish till melted, then put in the puddings, and cover them up. They must, however, be frequently turned, till all appear brown alike; and, when quite enough, are to be served up hot, for a side dish, with grated sugar over them.

Rice Pancakes.

Put three spoons full of the flour of rice, with a grated nutmeg, into a pint of milk, and a pint of cream, and let them boil till the whole be as thick as pap; stirring in, while boiling, half a pound of butter. Then pour it out into an earthen pan; and when cold, put in three or four spoons full more of rice flour, a little salt, some sugar, and nine well beaten eggs. Mix all together, and fry them, with very little butter, in a small pan. They are to be served up four or five in a dish, and are very delicate.

Fine Boston Cakes.

Mix two pounds of flour with a quarter of a pound of butter melted in a pint of milk, a couple of beaten eggs, and three spoons full of good yeast. Mingle the whole well together; set it to rise, then knead it, and make it into cakes of about six inches diameter. They are to be baked in a slow oven, but let them first stand on tins to rise. They are lighter when made without the butter, but eat shorter with it. They are either buttered hot out of the oven, or cut in two when cold, toasted brown, and buttered, for breakfast, or after-noon tea.

A NOBLE ACT.

Some ten or fifteen years ago Mr. Perry set out from one of the eastern states, to visit his friends living in the western part of this state. By the time he had reached Schenectady he found his purse exhausted. He was old, infirm, destitute, and among strangers; but to strangers he was compelled to relate his short and pathetic story, and appeal to their charity for assistance to prosecute his journey. The landlord of the stage-tavern and a neighbour, who happened to be present, were not deaf to the claims of a poor soldier, and between them gave him a five dollar bill, never

expecting to hear from him again. A few days since Mr. Perry put up at the same tavern, on his way to his friends. In a neat dress of homespun, the venerable soldier presented himself to the landlord, and said: "Sir, some years ago in a time of need you gave me five dollars—I am now a pensioner, and am able to pay you—here is your money, with my renewed thanks for your kindness." The landlord at length recognized his long-forgotten guest, and was compelled by the honest pride of the soldier to take back the boon of charity.

A lady has presented a petition to the legislature of Massachusetts, praying for leave to change her name. If there are as many unmarried gentlemen in that legislature as there lately were in congress, the lady can urge good reasons why her prayer should be granted. The hint may be taken, and the presentation prove opportune. This is rather a novelty in legislation; quite a new fashion. Who will deny that it is a very modest and genteel method of signifying the wishes and expressing the prayers of ladies?

ANECDOTES.

Original.—Two Milk-men, some few days since, finding cents very scarce, were much troubled in making change when they sold their milk. They accordingly agreed to go to the United States Branch in this city and get twenty dollars in cents. After the cents were delivered to them, on their way to the ferry, they stopped at a Porter-House to get some punch, when they deposited the bag containing the money on the table. "Ah!" said an old man who sat in the room, "if all that was in the bag was half joes, it would be something handsome." To which remark, one of the Milk-men said, "they are half Joe's;" upon which the old man offered a bet of ten dollars. The stake-money was put in a third person's hands, when the Milk-man, making the bet, called to the other Milk-man, whose name was Joseph—"Joe," says he, "are not those in the bag half your's?" "Yes," says Joe. "There," says he, "I told you they were half Joe's;" and accordingly took the bet.

Original.—A Doctor visiting his patient, a lady, requested to look at her

tongue. She opened her mouth and put the end of her tongue out; the Doctor said, put it out a little farther, madam; and was under the necessity of repeating it several times, the lady only putting her tongue out a trifling distance each time. At length, the Doctor remarked, put it out as far as possible, Madam. "Lord, Doctor," says she, "you must think there is no end to a woman's tongue."

In former times a miller was indicted for felony, at a county court in Ireland, on a charge of having taken unlawful toll from his customer's bag. The Judge who tried this cause, was a man of deep learning; but a man hardened in sin, and callous to the claims of humanity. After the testimony was heard, and the lawyers for the plaintiff and defendant had done their parts, the one labouring to spread a fog over the cause, the other labouring to dissipate that fog: the one pelting the defendant with scurrilities, the other retorting those scurrilities on the plaintiff, each in his turn, delving the antagonist lawyer with sneers, jeers and sarcasms, the judge rose, and addressed the jury.

In the course of his charge, he turned to the miller, saying, put a tailor, a weaver, and a miller, in a bag; shake them, and shake them: and the first that comes out is a rogue." "Well your honour," rejoined the miller, "put an attorney, counsellor, and a judge in a bag, shake 'um, and shake 'um!"—"And what then, rascal!" cried the judge very angrily. "Why, your honour," continued the miller very coolly, (not daring to speak the truth,) "he that wont come out, may it please your honour, may stay in." The bystanders laughed very heartily at the allusion; and the judge affected to laugh very heartily too, the better to disguise the pain which this hint indicted.

A lady whose charms were weighty, but not personal, which consisted in the golden ore rather than in a "set of features or complexion," was very much praised for her beauty by a gentleman who was desirous of being well received by her. "Why don't you at once lay claim to so perfect a beauty?" said a quip. "What right have I to her?" replied the first. "A right founded on the law of nations, as the first discoverer."

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

YOUTH.

Oh, Youth! *thine* is a bounteous morn,
 All sparkling in whose wayward beam,
 The shapes of Love, Truth, Hope, adorn
 The fairy-land that fills life's dream.
 Bright o'er each scene those splendours glow,
 Fair in whose blaze thy streamers fly;
 Thy hoarded tears for misery flow,
 Yet mirth, with pity, shares thine eye:

The wreath which holds thy glossy hair,
 By Spring, thy smiling sister, wore,
 (Still, still she adds a blossom fair,
 And steals from one thy heart may love")
 Parchance some faded leaves appear,
 She starts—she plucks the blight away;
 Drops on each stem her genial tear,
 Lo! all renew'd the embracing spray!

Still wakes thy lyre with careless art,
 Melodious o'er the gather'd storm;
 The tendrils of thy gen'rous heart,
 Still fondly clasp some dearer form!
 Thou giv'st the world, ingenuous Youth!
 Not frown, nor cold suspicious fear;
 But lov'st to think thine own pure truth
 Warms ev'ry breast that's heaving here!

Ah, that the vision bright should fade!
 That e'er experience knows a tale;
 That, envious of the heav'n thou'st made,
 Her boding hand should rend the veil!
 Yes! luring thy unconscious ear,
 She tells of hopes untimely erst;
 How faithless man delights to lead
 And round the heart already lost.

That ere few years have past away,
 The thunder-clouds of woe shall lower,
 And all the tiny cives that play
 And revel round thy summer bower,
 Shall start! and trim their little wings,
 Affrighted raise the plaint of grief,
 And seek their native groves and springs,
 Nor leave thee e'en one blooming leaf!

Lo, Health! with arch and lightsome mien,
 In jocund measure trips along:
 Now, near thee, Youth! she's laughing seen,
 She dances to thy merry song.
 She pats thy cheek, while warbling sweet,
 She leads thee o'er some flow'ry len;
 Oft, oft she stays her frolic feet,
 And twines the social band with thee!

Ah! social band sweetly she shows,
 With wasted brow and beamless eyes,
 Sickened, by weeping friends upborne,
 Breathes weakly o'er—its beauty dies!
 Best, tottering, and, and fraught with care,
 Age folds thee in his nerveless arms;
 Shuddering, freezing, fainting there,
 Think, Youth! how baseless are life's charms!

But, spend thee worlds of fair array,
 With projects wild and guileless loves,
 Be greatly kind and sweetly gay,
 Pursue the path which Heaven approves.

Be blest'd, while dashing waters roll,
 While breezes blow from spicy shores,
 In blissful ignorance of soul,
 Sport, while the sullen torrent roars!

Yes! Cabin-boy of Life's proud bark,
 Go, fling abroad the fairy sails;
 Explore the stormless deeps, and mark
 The bowers, the gems, the peaceful vales!
 Oh! dream that all those stores are thine—
 Be happy while such dreams endure;
 For when thy sun shall cease to shine,
 Youth! youth, thou'rt homeless, friendless,
 poor!

S. OF NEW-JERSEY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EVENING—NIGHT—DAWN.

I love thee, melancholy hour!
 Evening verging on to night,
 When a single star appears
 Faintly twinkling to the sight.
 When the insects' various notes
 Strike upon the listening ear,
 When the lily display a smile,
 When the eye lets fall a tear.

'Tis when the hollow breezes sigh,
 And the mock-bird chants her lay,
 When the sky is faintly ting'd
 By a lingering solar ray.

When the distant prospect fades
 Slowly on the pensive sight,
 And when evening's darkest shades
 Have yielded to the dusky night.

Now, from behind the mountain tops,
 Cynthia's placid face appears,
 And shines upon the gloom of night
 Like smiles which follow tears.
 The white sails flutter with the breeze,
 Spread for a distant shore,
 While fastly falls the glittering drops
 Rais'd by a sweeping oar.

.....
 But hark! a distant watch-tow'r bell
 Speaks the near approaching dawn,
 And the dews that thickly fall,
 Clothe in grey the verdant lawn.
 But soon these dusky clouds shall fly,
 For day is creeping on the east;
 Now let a sleeping world awake,
 Behold—be humble—and be blest.

ADELAIDE.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

ON SEEING AMANDA AT CHURCH.

On thee, Amanda, while I gaze'd,
 So graceful and so fair,
 Each charm enticed my trembling heart,
 And stole from Heaven's a prayer.

Then wisely I indeed resolved,
 To gaze on thee no more;
 But soon, alas! I found myself
 The fool I was before.

D. F.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO HARRIET.

I own I chide the plaintive strain,
 Nor wish'd the muse to weep;
 But I recall a thought so vain,
 If *Harriet's* lyre must sleep.
 What, though its tones are Sorrow's sighs,
 'Tis bliss those tones to hear;
 And should they drown the listener's eyes,
 They still would charm his ear.

Then, Harriet, "tune thy simple lyre,"
 And sing of blessings fled;
 While such extatic joys thy wire
 On other hearts can shed.
 Yes—still with Sorrow's lay alarm,
 Be *Penelope* still—
 For if thy tones of grief thou charm,
 Thy notes of joy would kill.

SELIM.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE MOON.

Hail, lovely orb! whose placid light
 Illumes the lonely winter's night,
 And shines on cot or dome;
 Which makes the dazzling snow more white,
 And lends a faithful, steady light,
 To guide the traveller home.

Hail, lovely orb! whose beams serene
 Illumes the summer evening's scene,
 When friends together meet;
 Conversing by thy silver light,
 Each smiling face appears more bright,
 Each friendly word more sweet.

Fair orb, I love thy beams to see;
 "Look on the moon and think of me,"
 A friend has often said;
 And now that friend is far away,
 When e'er I see thy placid ray,
 The mandate is obey'd.

HARRIET.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO A FRIEND.—AT MIDNIGHT.

Perhaps at this moment thou art pensively gazing
 On the soft silent moon, with contemplative
 eye;
 Or watching some star that all lonely is blazing,
 Like a wandering soul—in a far distant sky.

And, perhaps, thou art also—Ah! never to—no,
 never!
 Such tho'ts must not be—tho' as life, they are
 dear.

A hope had sprung up—but 'tis banish'd forever;
 Yet it clung to my heart till it wreathe'd a tear!

No more!—It is folly from fancy to borrow
 A scene, which but darkens in contrast our
 own;
 And why should we yield to the moment of
 sorrow,
 Which, with true resignation, need never be
 known?

A LOVER'S PRAYER.

Dear little Cupid—God of Love!
If sighs or tears thy pity move!
If lovers' prayers—thine lovers' tears,
From souls as chaste as Zembla's snows,
Ere rose to greet thy godship's ear,
Oh, deign my humble prayer to hear.
Give her, to whom my fate I bind,
A humble, pure, and heavenly mind;
Adorn her form with every grace,
Let modest blushes tinge her face,
And on her forehead, smooth and fair,
Be worth and genius written there.

Endow her with those heavenly charms
Adonis found in Venus' arms;
O, give her lips, like rubies red—
Let raven tresses deck her head,
And let her eyes of azure blue,
Be mildly bright and piercing too;
Give, give her all that I have sung,
But, prythee, do not add—*A tongue!*

EPIGRAM.

"What's fashionable, I'll maintain
Is always right," cries sprightly Jane.
"Ah! would to Heaven," says graver Sue,
"What's right were fashionable too."

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1819.

ANOTHER QUARTERLY PAYMENT

For the Ladies' Literary Cabinet,

Becomes due from its patrons on their receiving
our next number, viz. No. 26, to be published on
Saturday next, November 6.

We cheerfully embrace this opportunity of re-
turning our most grateful acknowledgments to the
patrons of this paper, for the generous punctu-
ality with which they have generally discharged
their engagements, and assure them that it has
given us an additional stimulus to be faithful in
the performance of ours. Our success has been
beyond our hopes—probably far beyond our de-
serts—our gratitude is proportionably augmented.

The *New Series of the LADIES' LITERARY CABINET*,
will be commenced on Saturday, the 13th
of November. We promised to commence it
last Saturday, but circumstances, over which we
had no control, have compelled us to delay it
until the day above mentioned.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications, which were prom-
ised last Saturday and this day, must be deferred
until the 13th and 20th of November. Among
them are favours from our highly valued cor-
respondents, *Vester, R. A., Anselman, The Feeling Heart, G. of New-Jersey, Henry, Veritas, X plus Y, and the Trifler.*

The lines of *S. de la Sincere*, on seeing a *Pliny*-
bill fall from the hands of a lady in the boxes into
the pit, partake too much of the *hyperbole*. He
compares this trifling incident to the fall of Mil-
ton's apostate angel, from heaven to the bottom-
less pit!!!

*Reflections on a favourite Haunt, shall have a
place.*

LITERARY.

Just published, and for sale at this Office, and
at L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S, No. 154 Broadway,
an elegant quarto edition of *Calvin's Institutes of
the Christian Religion*, translated from the origi-
nal Latin edition, and collated with the author's
last edition in French, by John Allen, preceded
by a *Memoir of the Life of Calvin*, by John Mac-
kenzie; price eight dollars in boards.

THE BALLOON.

Our readers need not be informed, that after two
repeated attempts to inflate his balloon, (on Mon-
day, the 18th, and Wednesday, the 20th inst.) Mr.
G. partially succeeded on Thursday; but owing to
some defect in the apparatus, its specific levity
was not sufficient to raise the aeronaut into the
air. Finding he could not ascend, Mr. Guille ad-
vised with his friends, and the balloon was sent
off empty, with the parachute and car attached.
The Mayor kindly took Mr. and Mrs. Guille under
his protection, and retired amid the applause
of the people.

Mr. Guille had once ascended and descended
in the presence of the same people, to their per-
fect satisfaction, and they were predisposed to
look favourably on his subsequent attempts. On
this account there was little or no dissatisfaction
expressed, and the multitude peaceably retired.

The balloon ascended in the most elegant man-
ner, its ornaments shining in the sun, and was
visible for about half an hour, when it disap-
peared in a light field of clouds which hung in the east.

The balloon landed at Bozrah, Connecticut,
about 22 miles from New-England, at a quarter
past 6, travelling a distance of 150 miles in two
hours and a quarter. Many letters are received
in town announcing the fact, and describing the
astonishment of the inhabitants on the first de-
scent of this extraordinary visiter. We find the
following in the Daily Advertiser:

*Extract of a letter, dated Norwich, (Con.) October
22, 1819.*

"I have just returned from witnessing one of
the wonders of the age. Last evening, about 6
o'clock, the good people of Norwich were thrown
into the greatest consternation by the appearance
of Mr. Guille's balloon. They first discovered it
about 5 o'clock, hovering over them for an hour,
when it descended into an orchard owned by
Col. Johnson, in perfect order, with no rent or
damage whatever. It caused great terror and
alarm; some thought it was an angel, and looked
upon it as a prophetic omen; while the guilty,
trembling sinner, with looks of terror at so strange
a sight, concluded that the last trumpet
was about to sound and summon them to appear
to judgment. They could plainly discover the
clerical foot, and other unpropitious features. Cur-
iosity has now taken the place of fear, and the
lame, lame, and almost blind, are looking from
all quarters to see it.

"The parachute, basket, and all the appurte-
nances were attached to it. Many conjectures are
on foot relative to the fate of Mr. Guille. The
prevailing opinion is, that he must have fallen
from the basket and is dead."

WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS.

The City Inspector reports the deaths of 62
persons during the week, ending on Saturday, the
23d inst.—Of whom 15 were of the age of one
year and under; between the age of 1 and 2, 7;
2 and 3, 4; 3 and 4, 5; 4 and 5, 2; 5 and 6, 3;
6 and 7, 3; 7 and 8, 4; 8 and 9, 6; 9 and
10, 2; 10 and 11, 2; 11 and 12, 2; 12 and 13, 2;
13 and 14, 2; 14 and 15, 2; 15 and 16, 2;
16 and 17, 2; 17 and 18, 2; 18 and 19, 2;
19 and 20, 2; 20 and 21, 2; 21 and 22, 2;
22 and 23, 2; 23 and 24, 2; 24 and 25, 2;
25 and 26, 2; 26 and 27, 2; 27 and 28, 2;
28 and 29, 2; 29 and 30, 2; 30 and 31, 2;
31 and 32, 2; 32 and 33, 2; 33 and 34, 2;
34 and 35, 2; 35 and 36, 2; 36 and 37, 2;
37 and 38, 2; 38 and 39, 2; 39 and 40, 2;
40 and 41, 2; 41 and 42, 2; 42 and 43, 2;
43 and 44, 2; 44 and 45, 2; 45 and 46, 2;
46 and 47, 2; 47 and 48, 2; 48 and 49, 2;
49 and 50, 2; 50 and 51, 2; 51 and 52, 2;
52 and 53, 2; 53 and 54, 2; 54 and 55, 2;
55 and 56, 2; 56 and 57, 2; 57 and 58, 2;
58 and 59, 2; 59 and 60, 2; 60 and 61, 2;
61 and 62, 2.

GEORGE CUMING, City Inspector.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, the 17th inst. by the Rev.
Mr. Macley, Jasper F. Vanderveer, Esq. of New-
Jersey, to Miss Violetta Baxter, daughter of
Schuyler Baxter, Esq. of this city.

Same evening, at Patterson, (N. J.) by the Rev.
Dr. Fisher, Mr. Joseph Inel, to Miss Jane Spend-
love, both of this city.

On Monday evening, the 18th inst. by the Rev.
Mr. Macley, Mr. William Crawford, to Miss Susan
Palmer, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Stevenson, Mr.
Elias B. Messervo, to Miss Ann Van Buskirk, both
of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 19th inst. by the Rev.
John Al. Berris, Captain Thomas Cooper, to Miss
S. A. Graham, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 21st inst. by the Rev.
Mr. Mitchell, Mr. John I. Monell, to Miss Catharine
Morrell, all of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 23d inst. by the Rev.
Dr. Cowel, Mr. Abraham F. Rush, to Miss Ann
Blauvelt, both of Greenwich village.

On Monday evening, the 25th inst. by the Rev.
Mr. Phillips, Mr. James Ballagh, to Miss Henrietta
C. Denmore, all of this city.

At Norfolk, (Va.) Lieut. William Jameison, of
the U. S. navy, to Miss Catharine Ross.

DIED.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Mary Christian, aged 56.
Same day, after a short illness, Mrs. Phoebe
Wallace, in the 63d year of her age.

Same day, of a lingering illness, Jasper D.
Blagge, aged 45, son of the late John Blagge.

On the 23d inst. Captain Thomas Parsen, late
commander of the ship Robert Burns.

Same day, of a paralytic attack, Israel Havi-
land, in the 54th year of his age.

Same day, Mr. James Knapp, aged 31.

Same day, Mr. William Denny, aged 31 years.

On the 24th inst. Mr. John P. Blumers.

On the 25th inst. at about 8 o'clock, of a short
but painful illness, Mr. J. Johnson, of the The-
atre, in the 64th year of his age.

Same day, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Sibyl
Gillet, a widow 30 years.

On the 26th inst. in the 30th year of his age,
Mr. Wakeman Holberton, of Fairfield, Conn.

Same day, at the Quarantine Ground, Mr. John
Burchan, aged 29 years.

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. 1.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1819.

[No. 26.

PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY
WOODWORTH & HUESTIS,

CORNER OF CHATHAM AND DUANE STREETS;

AND AT

L. & F. LOCKWOOD'S

BOOK-STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 154 Broadway;

AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable Quarterly in Advance.

FROM THE LONDON POCKET MAGAZINE.

THE HAPPY PAIR;

AN IDYLL.

[Concluded from our last.]

My mother died a few days after I was born, and my father, when I was so young that I scarcely remember any other than the one to whom I now give the appellation, and who took me to his house as soon as my father was buried. I remember weeping very much at leaving my old home; but my tears were soon dried when I arrived at the cottage of Eubulus, where every thing was done to please me, and a little girl, their only child, who was younger than myself, was a nice playfellow for me. Eubulus instructed me himself in reading and writing. As I grew older I had my part allotted me in the farm, and be used to say to me, 'when thou hast had a little more experience, Alexis, I shall intrust thee with a large farm.' This made me anxious to improve myself in general and useful knowledge. I could not have had a more able counsellor or better adviser than Eubulus.

"Years rolled away. My little playfellow, his daughter, was now a young woman; she had the sweetest temper in the world, and my love for her grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. I was in the constant habit of accompanying her father to this place, which he told me he took care of for a friend, who would claim it in a few years; and that he was anxious to make it a desirable residence for him. Under his

superintendence at first I began the cultivation of it, but by degrees, as he saw me capable, he left me the sole guidance of it, and used to overlook the whole at stated intervals. I then always observed a peculiar satisfaction in his countenance; he would say, 'Alexis, thy labours are unremitting; thou wilt have thy reward when the master arrives. Thou must now build him a better house, and I trust to thee to look after his comfort in every thing; make it such as would satisfy thyself if the property were thine.' I must not omit telling thee, that Glyceria was frequently the companion of my labours; she used to work with me in the garden; and her judgment and taste were frequently consulted, and adopted before my own. We planned the house together, though frequently her mother would suggest little alterations, which we always found were improvements. Our evenings were spent in forming plans for this farm, to make it, to the best of our ideas, all that was desirable for its future possessor; and the good Eubulus and his wife Zara encouraged us with smiles of approbation. Glyceria would frequently say to me, 'how very sorry I shall be when this rich man comes! My father gives him a good character, to be sure, but thou wilt want employment, Alexis; our small farm will, I fear, seem quite a confinement to thee. It is not so much my sorrow for this person's coming, but that thou wilt lose the place, which is now so much like thine own, that I can scarcely believe it is not so.'

"When Glyceria was not with me, I was always having something done ready against she did come, and when I expected her in vain, it made me so melancholy and fretful to myself, that I neglected the beauties around me, and used to return in the evening, spiritless and dull, to the cottage, and question her, with a sort of jealousy, how she had been employed; but I was soon brought into good humour by her presence. At last the demon Jealousy took complete possession of me, and my uneasiness grew greater every day, for my idea was, that as soon as the owner arrived to claim his

property, he would inevitably fall in love with Glyceria, and Eubulus would be too happy to see her so well married to refuse the offer. One day I took an opportunity of saying to him—'Who knows but Glyceria may be the future mistress of this place? Every one who sees her, and knows her, must love her; wouldst thou, my father, be glad if the friend whom thou expectest to arrive, should make her his wife?'—'I confess to thee, Alexis, it would make me very happy; if she were to be his wife, I should have lived to see my utmost wishes accomplished.'

'But, father, if she should not love him? If a man who had not this charm of riches should love her better than his life, and she were to return that love?'—'Why then, Alexis, dost thou think me so tyrannical as to oppose it? It is her future happiness, and not her aggrandizement I seek. She is my only child; what I have will be hers at my death, and I hope God will bless her with content, let her lot be what it may; her good mother's precepts will have been strangely thrown away, if she is not grateful for the blessings she does enjoy, without repining after those out of her reach.'

"I felt rather easier after this discourse; but I could not take the same pleasure as formerly in the place, and did not like to hear Glyceria admire it, and seem happy when she was there.

"One evening, Eubulus had been here with me the greatest part of the day; his heart appeared full, for I frequently observed the tears ready to start from his eyes; and at length he said, 'Alexis! let us go and sit down under those trees; I have much to say to thee.' I felt a tremor seize my whole frame, his manner was so different from what it usually was. 'Alexis,' said he, 'I have loved thee as a son, canst thou recal any single instance of my omitting toward thee the conduct of an affectionate father?' He paused. 'Not one, my kind friend, my father, the only one I have ever known.' 'But not the only one who was anxious for thy welfare,' rejoined he, 'when thy excellent parent was on his death-bed he sent for me, and thus addressed me: "My old

friend, I feel I am dying! To whom can I commit my son with perfect confidence but to thyself? He is very young, and I have a good property to bequeath to him; the knowledge of it may make him idle, and spoil him; and indolence, once become habitual, is not to be eradicated. Take him as thine own; let him not know his possessions till he is worthy of them; and if, contrary to my hopes, and thy cares, he should be unworthy, give him sufficient to keep him above want, and bestow the remainder on virtue and industry wherever thou mayst meet with it. I have known thy integrity for many years, and I rest assured that the confidence I put in thee is not misplaced.' In a short time afterwards he breathed his last. Thou knowest the rest. Thou art all he could wish thee, and all my cares are repaid—this farm is thine, and the profits of it have for many years accumulated; we can settle the accounts at leisure.'

"I threw myself into the arms of Eubulus, which were open to receive me; the tears ran down his cheeks. I wept for gratitude, and both of us for joy. You may guess Glyceria was in my thoughts more than once, but utterance was denied me. As soon as my agitation subsided, I said, 'Ah, my father! Dost thou think Glyceria will love me? What are riches to me without she shares them?' He smiled—'I cannot tell how much she loves thee; but surely, Alexis, thou canst have no reason to doubt that she does love thee?'—'No; she is very attentive to my little comforts, and she is all that is kind and affectionate in her manners; but then she is good to every body, and every thing.'—'Well, we will soon see; let us return, or they will think us late. I have a plan in my head; do not betray me.'

"We walked home, and I cannot tell thee my feelings when I observed Glyceria coming to meet us. 'Glyceria, my young friend is arrived, and is now in possession of his property,' began her father. She stopped and looked grave and anxiously at me. He put his arm affectionately round her, and leaning on her shoulder, walked on. 'Well, Alexis,' said she, 'how dost thou like him? I hope he has made proper acknowledgments to thee, and is really pleased with all thou hast been doing for him.' I was

going to reply, when Eubulus interrupted me by saying, 'He is as grateful as thou couldst wish; and to show it, Glyceria, he wishes to make thee mistress of his heart and fortune, and requests me to offer thee his hand in marriage.'—'Me, father! marry me! Indeed I do not approve of that part of his gratitude. I beg you will tell him as speedily as possible, that I have no inclination to marry.'

"'Well, but Glyceria, see him, and let him plead his own cause.'—'I have no inclination to either see or hear him. I have lost all interest in the place too, now Alexis has done with it, and this is the last time I shall walk this way.'—

"But he is very rich,'—'I am rich enough, father. I have every thing I want. Besides, what would thyself and my mother do without me, and Alexis would be so dull! Shouldst thou not, Alexis? I declare, father, thou art smiling; I believe thou wishest me to marry this man!'—'I do, if thou couldst love him.'—'But I cannot! here she turned pale, and burst into tears. I could not bear to see her so distressed. I went round and took her hand; she trembled through agitation. 'Thou tremblest, my dear Glyceria—but I have done it more during this discourse.'—'Thou, Alexis,' she sobbed out, 'and why?'—'Lest thou shouldst love any body better than myself.' The paleness of her face was succeeded by a deep crimson.—'Thou hast long been the sole possessor of my heart, but I never had courage till this moment to tell thee so—I now do it in the presence of thy father. Tell me if it displeases thee?' She made no reply, but, weeping still, with the hand that I had left at liberty she hung round her father's neck. 'Thou wert voluble enough just now, my daughter,' said he, 'wilt thou not speak to poor Alexis? We shall never get home to night if thou holdest me so fast. I perceive I must answer for thee;' he pressed us both in his arms, and we all felt too happy for utterance.

"After some minutes, 'let us proceed home to make thy mother as happy as we are, Glyceria. At the same time I must tell thee that thy happy Alexis is the owner of the riches thou hast been so resolutely refusing.' She was all astonishment. I explained to her as we walked along; and thy imagination cannot

picture a happier group than were assembled at the cottage that evening.

"In a few days I brought her here as my bride. Our father and mother are coming to inhabit a cottage, which I am building for them near my own, and they wish to dispose of their property." "Whereabouts is it?"—"Scarcely three miles off, near to the sea side."—"I shall be glad to see it, and may probably become the purchaser. To sojourn at times on this favoured spot, will lend a calm to my perturbed spirits that I stand much in need of. I must now say farewell! In a short time I will return and settle with you concerning the purchase of your father's property. Present my respectful adieu to your amiable wife, and accept my best thanks for your hospitality, and most interesting history. May you long live to enjoy the blessings around you."

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE ADVANTAGES OF FORTITUDE TO MAN.

A DREAM.

Happening to be conversing one evening on the vicissitudes of life, my mind was so much impressed with the sentiments that were advanced, that when I retired to rest for the night, I dreamed a dream:

It seemed as if I was riding in the country, on a summer's day; it being very warm, I alighted from my horse, and entered into a cave by the road side. While there, I observed an ant come over a heap of stones, which lay at the bottom of the cave, and endeavour to climb up its rocky side; it proceeded but a short way before it fell back to its former situation. It again travelled over the stones, and proceeded a short way up the side of the cave as before, when it fell back again. It prepared anew to commence the journey, but with the same success. After several attempts to travel up the sides, and as often falling, it at last made one bold effort, exerted all its strength, and finally arrived safely at the top of the rock.

Afterwards came another ant, who travelled over the stones with some difficulty, and began to ascend the sides of the cave, but it soon slipped down; it how-

ever again tried to remount, with the same ill success; but it tried to mount no more, it gave itself up to despair, and remained at the bottom of the cave, when I awoke.

To apply this dream, we shall consider,

First In the contemplation of the first ant, we see the resemblance of the man who rises from obscurity to an elevated station of life. In the first outset he has many stones, or difficulties, to encounter, but by patience and industry he clears them all: what though in his progress he frequently has to encounter numerous difficulties, which are in his way, yet by preserving patience, and not despairing, he surmounts every obstacle, and arrives safely at the top of the rock.

With the man who has once been fortunate, but is reduced to poverty, by a succession of accidents, which he could not prevent, if he preserve the same degree of patience and industry, we finally see him arrive at the top of the rock, or former situation in life, in defiance of all the difficulties that surround him.

In the contemplation of the second ant, we see the man in the lowest station of life endeavouring to gain a higher rank, but in his progress over the difficulties in his way, after he had overcome many of them, is, by some accident, reduced to his original station; perhaps he makes one or two slight efforts more, but failing, he is contented to remain in poverty and despair. The conduct of such a man cannot surely be applauded.

We likewise see, in the contemplation of the second ant, the man who has once been fortunate, but who, by some mismanagement, is reduced to poverty, after making one or two efforts to regain his former state, but failing, gives himself up to despair, perhaps frequents "grog-shops," in order to "drown dull care;" perhaps spends all that he ought to lay up for future difficulties, and in the end dies a beggar. Such a person neglects the duties which he owes as an individual to society. But if he is a parent his crime is ten fold the greater; by his conduct he dooms his children to beggary, they having been brought up in idleness, while he was in affluent circumstances, when they come to be men, become beggars, and perhaps are led on to commit crimes, and in the end reach the gallows.

Secondly. As the things of the world

relate to eternity. In the contemplation of the first ant, we see the firm and true Christian struggling against the difficulties that surround him, with patience and fortitude. And though he is often cast back on this world to his former state of sin, yet by constantly persevering in his efforts, he arrives at last to the scene of death, and finally through that to a glorious seat in heaven, and gains the bright reward that is decreed by the Almighty to true believers.

In the contemplation of the second ant, we see the young man who sets out by being a Christian; soon the difficulties and temptations that surround him, make him waver in his faith, he begins to think that religion is not fit for young persons; he says, when I am old it is time enough to be religious; with this excuse he flatters himself, and in consequence neglects the care of his immortal soul. But in the midst of his days God sees fit to afflict him with sickness, perhaps with death. Follow him to his death-bed, when all the vanities of this world have faded away; we see him alive to eternity, he then regrets of having neglected his Saviour, and dies in the horrors of despair, which are only a prelude to greater horrors which are to come.

WHPNQ.

AN ESSAY

On the Advantages of Periodical Works.

Man is the only animal we know that possesses the power of aggregate existence. All other animals may be said to exist individually; that is to say, each individual, after it comes into the world, is directed only by its own instincts, observation, and experience, to pursue the mode of conduct that is suited to its nature, and the circumstances in which it finds itself placed. Hence, it happens, that the aggregate powers of any one class of animals remain without any change. Their numbers may increase or diminish; but their faculties are, upon the whole, for ever the same. The distinctive properties of the horse, the ass, the elephant, the bee, and all other classes of animals we know, are precisely the same at the present moment as in the days of Moses and of Homer, and will continue unchanged till the end of time.

But of Man the same thing cannot be said. Each individual of his species, like those of other animals, comes into the world endowed with certain instincts and perceptive faculties, which enable him to make observations and derive knowledge from experience as they do, and from reasoning. This experience, and the knowledge resulting from it, is not, however, in him confined to the individual alone; he is endowed with the faculty of communicating the knowledge he has individually acquired to others of his own species, and to derive from them in return the knowledge that other individuals who fall in his way have in the same manner acquired. The young derive information from the old; and thus are enabled, at their first entry into life, to set out with a greater share of acquired knowledge than any one individual of the human species ever could have attained during the course of the longest life, had he been left entirely to himself, like other animals. He does more: The experience of ages thus furnishes an accumulated stock of knowledge for every single person; and the individual who died a thousand years ago may become the instructor of those who are born in the present time. It is this faculty of accumulating knowledge in the human species, when compared with every other class of animals, and which has conferred upon man that distinguished rank which he holds in the universe. It is this circumstance which gives to man, even of the lowest intellectual powers, that marked superiority which he holds above the most intelligent individuals of the most sagacious class of animals in the world: for there is scarcely room to doubt, that if the most sagacious animal in the order of the elephant, and the lowest individual, as to intellectual powers among the human species, had been left entirely to themselves, as individuals, the elephant would have appeared the wisest animal of the two.

This progressive knowledge of man, considered as an aggregate body, though it has never, that I know of, been hitherto contrasted with that of other animals, has long been an object of human attention; and this state of advancement of man in civilization—the progress from rudeness to civilization, &c.—and to man, considered in this aggregate capacity,

must be referred the words, manners, habit, custom, fashion, and innumerable others of a similar nature, which is not necessary here to enumerate.

Man has been distinguished as a social animal; but this is by no means a distinctive peculiarity. Many other animals feel the influence of the social principle in an equal, or, perhaps, superior degree to man. All these gregarious animals seek society, and shun solitude, with an equal solicitude as man; and most of these in cases of danger, unite with equal alacrity and firmness in their common defence, so as to derive, in this way, an aggregate power which they could not individually have possessed. The ox, the horse, the ass, do so; the sheep even, though unjustly characterised as the most stupid of animals, when in a state of nature, unite in a firm phalanx for common defence, and present an armed front to the enemy, so closely compacted, as to be impenetrable to the fox or wolf, who dare not attempt a direct attack, but must watch an opportunity of stealing upon them, when unprepared, to obtain their prey. And the economy of the bee, whose joint labours discover an aggregate effort of an immense number of individuals, conducted with the most unceasing assiduity, persevering industry, and exact order, toward one common end, has long furnished a subject of wonder and admiration to man, and discovers a much closer system of association for mutual defence and preservation, than ever yet has been found among the human species. It is not, therefore, by the social principle that man is essentially distinguished from other animals; nor by his sagacity in following in the aid of multitudes to add to his individual strength: it is to the faculty of communicating ideas from one to another, and the accumulation of knowledge that in a course of ages this necessarily produces, that he solely owes the superiority he now so conspicuously holds over all other animals on this globe; and from this circumstance alone he derives that irresistible power by which all the animate objects in nature are subjected to his sway, and by which the elements themselves are made to minister to his will.

It follows from these premises, that whatever tends to facilitate the commu-

nication of ideas between man and man, must have a direct tendency to exalt the human species to a higher degree of eminence than it could otherwise have attained. This the art of printing has done in a very conspicuous manner. Men are thus brought, as it were, to converse together, who could never otherwise have known that such persons existed on the globe. The knowledge that has been acquired in one country is thus communicated to another, and the accumulated experience of former ages is preserved for the benefit of those that are to come. But the effects of this art would be greatly circumscribed, were not methods contrived for diffusing that knowledge very generally among mankind; and among all the modes that have been devised for that purpose, no one has been so effectual as periodical performances. Periodical performances, therefore, though apparently a humble kind of writings, are in effect the most proper means that have ever yet been contrived for raising human nature to its highest state of exaltation, and for conferring upon man a more conspicuous degree of dignity above all other animals, and a more extended power over the elements, and other objects of nature, than he could otherwise hope to obtain.

Men of all ranks, and of all nations, however widely disjoined from each other, may be said to be brought together here to converse at their ease, without ceremony or restraint, as at a masquerade, where, if propriety of dress and expression be observed, nothing else is required. A man, after the fatigues of the day are over, may thus sit down in his elbow chair, and, together with his wife and family, may be introduced, as it were, into a spacious coffee house, which is frequented by men of all nations, who meet together for their mutual entertainment and improvement. The dead are even called back to their friends, and mix once more in social converse with those who have regretted their departure.

Could a Pliny or a Cicero have formed an idea of such a high degree of mental indulgence, what would have been the raptures they would have experienced! To them this most exalted of all entertainments was forbid by fate: but what they could never enjoy, and what Cicero

would have gladly purchased at the price of his beloved Tasculum itself, is now offered to every one at a very small expense. Let us, then, enjoy with thankfulness the blessings that Heaven has bestowed, and make a proper use of those distinguished privileges that the progress of improvement in society has conferred upon us; nor let us fail to add our mite, as we pass, to the general store, that posterity may not have reason to reproach us for having hidden our talent in the earth, and allowed it there to remain without improvement or benefit to any one.

From the London Ladies' Magazine.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED BY WIVES.

1. When a young gentleman makes you an offer, hold yourself flattered by his preference, and be proportionably grateful.
2. If you accept him, (which we will suppose of course,) study his temper and inclinations, that you may better accommodate your own to them.
3. After marriage, obey him cheerfully, even though you think him in error: it is better that he should do wrong in what he commands, than that you should do wrong in objecting to it.
4. If he flatters you, do not forget that it is but flattery; think lowly of yourself and highly of him, or at least make him believe so.
5. If you see any imperfections in your husband, (which there may be,) do not pride yourself on your penetration in discovering them, but on your forbearance in not pointing them out; strive to show no superiority, but in good temper.
6. Bear in mind continually, that you are weak and dependent; and even if you are beautiful, that it adds to your weakness and dependence.
7. If you displease him, be the first to conciliate and to mend: there is no degradation in seeking peace, or in showing that you love your husband better than your triumph.
8. If misfortunes assail you, remember that you ought to sustain your share of the burden; imitate your husband's fortitude, or show your own for his imitation.
9. When you rise in the morning, re-

solve to be cheerful for the day; let your smiles dispel his frowns.

10. Take pride in concealing your husband's infirmities from others, rather than in proclaiming them: you will only be laughed at by all your acquaintances if you tell his faults to one.

11. Endeavour rather to save than to spend your husband's money: if his fortune be large, strive to preserve it; if small, to increase it.

12. Be not importunate or obtrusive in your fondness, and choose proper occasions for your caresses, lest they prove wearisome.

13. Do not hope for perfect happiness; there is no such thing in this sublunary state.

14. Your sex is more exposed to suffer, because it is always in dependence; be neither angry nor ashamed of this dependence on a husband, nor of any of those which are in the order of Providence.

15. Let your husband be your best friend, and your only confidant. Do not hope that your union will procure you perfect peace; the best marriages are those, where, with softness and patience, they bear by turns with each other; there are none without some contradiction and disagreement.

16. Do not expect the same degree of friendship that you feel; men are in general less tender than women, and you will be unhappy if you are too delicate in friendship.

17. Beg of God to guard you from jealousy—do not hope to bring back a husband by complaints, ill humor and reproaches. The only means which promise success are patience and softness; impatience sours and alienates hearts; softness leads them back to their duty.

18. Finally, recollect always that God has made you subject to him, and that he is your natural guardian and protector: that you owe your husband not less honour than love, and not less love than obedience.

A miniature painter, upon his cross-examination, by Mr. Curran, was made to confess that he carried his improper freedoms with a particular lady so far as to attempt to put his arm round her waist. "Then, Sir," said the Counsel, "I suppose you took that waste for a common."

Housewife's Manual.

Baked Rump of Beef.

Bone a rump of beef; beat it well with a rolling-pin; cut off the sinews; and lard it with large pieces of bacon, rolled in a seasoning of beaten white or black pepper, salt, and cloves. Lard athwart the meat, that it may cut handsomely. Then plentifully season the meat, all over, with pepper and salt; tie it tightly with packthread, cross and cross, breaking all the bones, and putting the top under the bottom. Place it in a deep earthen pan, fastened so as not to stir; and add half a pound of butter, and a few bay-leaves, with some whole pepper, shallots, and sweet herbs. Lastly, cover the top of the pan with a coarse paste, set it in the oven, and let it remain there eight hours. When done, serve it up with its own liquor, and some slightly toasted sippets.

Haricot Mutton.

Cut a loin of mutton into thick chops; dredge a little flour over them, and fry them, till they are half done, and of a nice brown colour, in a little butter; then put them into a stewpan, and cover them with gravy. Add an onion, and a turnip, in slices, and stew them till the meat be quite tender. Take out the chops, strain the liquor through a sieve, and skim off all the fat. Put a little butter into the stewpan, and thicken it well with flour; keeping it carefully stirred while the liquor previously strained, is added, to prevent its getting into lumps. Then put in the chops, with a glass of white wine, and let them stew gently for a quarter of an hour. Take the chops out separately, pour the sauce over them, and serve them up hot. A pleasing garnish may be made for this dish, with some boiled carrot or turnip cut in a scoop, and laid alternately round the dish.

New-England Puddings.

Take a quarter of a pound each of grated stale bread, picked currants, finely shred suet, and moist sugar; mix them together, and grate in a good quantity of nutmeg and lemon-peel; then break two eggs into the mass, and stir the whole well together. Divide it into

five parts, tie each in a separate cloth, and let them boil half an hour.

Harlaem baked Puddings.

Take two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, melted in half a pint of milk, and a pound of picked currants, eight eggs, and a little grated loaf sugar. Mix the whole together, with two spoonfuls of yeast, and let it stand an hour to rise. An hour will bake it, in a hot oven.

Delicate Rice Cheesecakes.

Boil a quarter of a pound of rice in about three pints of milk, till it becomes quite tender; then put in four eggs well beaten, half a pound of butter, half a pint of cream, six ounces of sugar, and a little rose water, with some grated nutmeg, and a small quantity of powdered cinnamon. Beat the whole well together, put it into proper raised crusts for cheesecakes, and bake them on tin. A few cleanly picked currants may be blended with the other ingredients, and some also put in a glass of brandy, but neither of these additions is at all necessary.

ANECDOTES.

Power of Orthography and Punctuation.

The husband of a pious woman having occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to the parson of the parish; which, instead of spelling and pointing properly, viz. "A person having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation;" she spelt and pointed as follows: "A person having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

"Who is that very red faced lady, pray?" said one gentleman to another, at a rout—"Why," answered the other, with whom the lady in question was no favourite, "I take her to be the *Scarlet Fever* that goes about."

Mr. Curran, cross-examining a horse jockey's servant, asked his master's age. "I never put my hand in his mouth to try," answered the witness. The laugh was against the Counsel, till he retorted "You did perfectly right, friend, for your master is said to be a great bite."

"Believe not sweet Maiden."

ADAPTED TO THE FAVOURITE AIR OF COPENHAGEN WALTZ.

ANDANTINO.

Be - lieve not sweet Mai - den that all love is fleet - ing, And fades from the

bo - som at morn's blush - ing light, That the young heart grows cold as the night is re -

treat - ing, And on - ly glows warm when the sun takes his flight;

And only glows warm when the sun takes his flight;

'Tis false as the dream Of Hope's golden beam, For I've lov'd thee as true when the morn saw our

meet - ing As when the full moon beam'd up - on us at night.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

SONG—BY HENRY.

Sir—Copenhagen Walfs.

Believe not, sweet maiden, that all love is fleeting,
And fades from the bosom at morn's blushing light;

That the young heart grows cold as the night is retreating,
And only glows warm as the sun takes his flight;

'Tis false as the dream
Of Hope's golden beam,
For I've lov'd thee as true when the morn saw our meeting,

As when the full moon beam'd upon us at night
Remember the rose-bud that bloom'd near the bower,

Where first my fond bosom was press'd to thine own,
You exclaim'd, "Oh! how lovely!" yet pluck'd the sweet flower,

And sigh'd in the morn that its beauty had flown;
You said 'twas like love,
False, glittering love,

And I chid thee, but press'd thee more close to my bosom,
When the tear of regret in thy azure eye shone.

Remember the grove and the fount that was playing,
Remember how brightly it sparkled at day,
And how sweetly it shone when the moon-beams were straying,

To lighten each gem with a silvery ray;
You said 'twas like love,
Enchanting, sweet love,

Did I chide thee, ah! no! for this fond heaving bosom,
Return'd the pure love that could never decay.

Then think not, sweet maiden, that all love is fleeting,
And fades from the bosom at morn's blushing light,

That the young heart grows cold as the night is retreating,
And only glows warm as the sun takes his flight;

'Tis false as the dream
Of Hope's golden beam,
For I've lov'd thee as true when the morn saw our meeting,

As when the full moon beam'd upon us at night.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE KILL-DEER—TO JULIA ANN.

There's a wild little bird—in the meadow 'tis seen,
And soon as the shadows of evening appear,
By the flag-marg'd brook, 'mid the bull-rushes green,

It running, cries loudly—"Kill-deer! Kill-deer!"

I often have tripp'd in a soft summer night,
O'er the dew-splangled meadow, to see and to hear
This sweet little creature, as wild with effright,

It run from me, crying—"Kill-deer! Kill-deer!"

And oft as I pass'd by the smooth flowing stream,
To gaze on the moon in its blue mirror clear;

Upstart beside me, it wildly would scream,
As tho' it were wounded—"Kill-deer! Kill-deer!"

And frequently while the sweet vigil I've kept,
In the silence of night, and no foot-step was near;

E'en the sound of the sedge that the light zephyr sweeps,
Would awaken the cry of—"Kill-deer! Kill-deer!"

For the wild little thing is as timid as Love,
And like that it will fly from a shadow with fear;

Yet as innocent, harmless, and kind as the dove,
Is the bird that cries lonely—"Kill-deer! Kill-deer!"

O! I often have tho't, and I often have said,
While its piteous notes have haunted my ear;

That this sweet little bird, and my sweet little maid,
Were alike in their cry, and alike in their fear.

For she, like the bird, is so timid and shy,
That when to her cottage I anxiously steer,
With a fluttering heart from my presence she'll fly,

And cry as she's flying—"O dear! O dear!"

Sept. 6th, 1819. G. OF NEW-JERSEY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

TO E—.

I love the silent hour of night,
When the moon shining bright

Prevents the soul from dreaming;
On such a night and hour as this,
I love to steal the nectar kiss

With which thy lips are teeming.

On such a night, and such an hour,
I love to sit beneath the bower

Where fairest flowers entwine;
While silver Cynthia, from above,
Smiles to see how much I love

To press those lips of thine.

I love those playful curls of hair,
I love that bosom soft and fair,

(To love thee's not to sin;) But oh, Eliza, in my eyes
Much more lovely is that prize,
The heart that lies within.

'Twas form'd in Nature's kindest mood,
'Tis all that's lovely, all that's good;

But thou hast charms beside it,
Then give it me, Eliza dear,
Safe from harm I'll keep it here,
Here in this bosom hide it.

JULIO.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

The events which compose the following narrative are supposed to have occurred in one of the wonderful expeditions which disgraced the conduct of the last war between the United States and Great Britain.

The bird of the desert scream'd dreadful and shrill,
And dark were the clouds in the sky;

Wo, wo, to the cottage that stands on the hill,
For the moment of ruin is nigh.

All lonely and silent it frowns on the bench,
Its lord and its mistress away;

And have they then left, to destruction and death,
The child of their bosom a prey?

See, bursting from thicket and glenwood around,
The torches shed terrible light;

Oh! the arm of the savage is deadly to wound,
And his brand is destructive as bright.

Who rushes thus swift from the scene of alarm;
When the flames of the mansion arise;

He heareth an infant with care in his arm,
Clasp'd close to his breast as he flies.

Fast, fast let him fly, for the foemen are near,
They press him, his path they surround;

Thou'st the scream of his comrades fall sad on his ear,
Oh! let it not turn him around.

There is blood on his track, but he heedeth it not,
Thou'st he scarcely maintaineth the strife;

For the chase of the savage is furious and hot,
And the prize of the course is his life.

Exhausted and weary, soon, soon must he drop,
Yet he yields not to faintness or fear;

For though weary and fainting, oh! how can he stop,
When the war-whoop rings loud in his ear.

Yet louder and louder it bursts from behind,
The herald of torture and pain;

But at every fell shout that is borne on the wind,
More swiftly he darts o'er the plain.

"Oh! God! let me 'scape from these hell-hounds," he cried,

"To give this sweet babe to my friend,
Could I place thee, dear infant, once more at his side,

How gladly my life would I end."

Now the desert is past, still he heareth the child
To its parents, faint, weary, and tired;

"I have sav'd him," he cried, exhausted and wild,
Then sunk at their feet and expired.

PHILEDEMON, J. D.

To a young lady with an exposed bosom, who wore a key as a bracelet.

Quoth a wild wag, "it seems to me
Quite odd!—do stop and mind it!"

To lock the door, and hang the key
Where every fool may find it."

"Hush," was the answer, "tis a joke,
You know it by this token—

No soul can want the key—for look!
The door is left quite open."

MATRIMONIAL EPIGRAM.

The mild Pastor Fido, to death drawing near,
His wife, then herself mild, address thus—" My
dear :

A duty remains for you to fulfill,
As your senses are bright, you should now make
your Will."

" My will !" he replied—" I must smile though
I'm sad,

How propose to me that which I never had ?"

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1819.

The present sheet, being No. 26, completes a semi-annual volume of the LADIES' LITERARY CABINET, for which a *Tablepage* and copious *index* will accompany our next number. We would advise our patrons, however, not to put their numbers in the binder's hands, until another volume is completed, as the external appearance of the work will be much improved by binding two volumes in one.

We once more beg leave to express our grateful acknowledgments to those generous citizens on whose patronage we subsist—particularly to that sex who cheer us with smiles more substantial if not more sweet than ever floated in a poet's fancy. Their liberality and punctuality merit our warmest thanks. While many similar establishments are sinking under the pressure of uncollected bills, we have the satisfaction of seeing the work *credit* attached to almost every name on a subscription list of sixteen hundred. We need not add, that our exertions shall be unremitting to render the Cabinet worthy of its patrons.

Another *Novel* (by the author of *MACRABASTRY*) will shortly be commenced in the Cabinet, and much valuable matter is now prepared to enrich its columns.

SUBSCRIBERS

Are requested to bear in mind, that a verbal notice, given to the carrier, of removing, or discontinuing the paper, is not considered as official by any publisher in this city. They will, therefore, please either to reduce such notices to writing, or call themselves at the office.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We would advise E. C. H. in his own language, with the alteration of one word, to "cease to write no more."

Horatius, and several other correspondents, shall be remembered in a week or two.

GEOGRAPHY.

Accident alone has heretofore prevented our noticing *Darby's Lectures*, at Washington-Hall, and we embrace the present moment to express our unqualified approbation of them. It is well known, (or it ought to be well known,) that information on any art or science, can be imparted and received with much greater facility in this mode than in any other. A lecture on any subject, if it include something like *practical illustration*, cannot fail of striking home upon the mind, even of the most ordinary capacity. Mr. Darby

understands his business—he has travelled for his information, and he now offers it to the ladies and gentlemen of this city at a very moderate rate. The young, of both sexes, will neglect a high duty, and a great privilege, if they fail to attend these lectures. More Geographical knowledge can thus be acquired in one evening, than in a month's schooling.

NATIVE POETRY.

Mr. MOSES Y. SCOTT, a name not entirely new to our readers, may truly be called the *American Scott*; for we consider that his Poems (which are just published) will lose nothing by a comparison with his transatlantic namesake. To prove this is not intended as an empty puff, our next number shall contain some extracts from this his maiden publication, which is comprised in an elegant little volume of 140 pages.

MUSIC, DANCING, AND PAINTING.

That the arts and sciences are an ornament to the Female sex, and add a brilliant lustre to polite life, is a fact universally acknowledged. Our fair readers are therefore reminded, that Mrs. ANGELICA MARTIN, art continues to instruct and finish ladies in the arts of *Music, Dancing, and Painting*, at No. 19 Warren-street. She instructs Music, after the style of Cramer, Clementi, Dussek, and Steibelt; Dancing, after that of Didelet, D'Égville, De Hays, and Vestris; and under which eminent masters she has acquired her profession.

A German moralist, in this age of chemistry, has published an analysis of the character of the German women, and assigns the several proportions of 32 parts, as under:

Vanity,	-	-	-	6 parts.
Love of Rule,	-	-	-	4 parts.
Sexual Passion,	-	-	-	4 parts.
Artifice,	-	-	-	4 parts.
Fickleness,	-	-	-	4 parts.
Tidiness,	-	-	-	2 parts.
Innocency,	-	-	-	2 parts.
Superstition,	-	-	-	4 parts.

32 parts.

A middle-aged woman wishes a situation as HOUSE-KEEPER—Satisfactory recommendations can be given. Inquire at this Office.

N. B. A preference would be given to a situation in the house of some elderly single gentleman.

WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS.

The City Inspector reports the deaths of 71 persons during the week, ending on Saturday, the 30th inst.—Of whom 16 were of the age of one year and under; of between the age of 1 and 2, 9; 3 and 5, 4; 5 and 10, 7; 10 and 20, 2; 20 and 30, 8; 30 and 40, 11; 40 and 50, 1; 50 and 60, 5; 60 and 70, 5; 70 and 80, 2; 80 and 90, 1. Diseases: Apoplexy 2, insanity 2, colic 1, consumption 7, convulsions 5, diarrhoea 3, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 2, drowned 2, dysentery 5, epilepsy 1, erysipelas 1, fever 2, typhus fever 4, infantile flux 3, gout 1, hæmorrhage 1, liver or croup 3, inflammation of the bowels 2, inflammation of the brain 1, inflammation of the chest 1, inflammation of the liver 1, insanity 1, intemperance 1, menorrhagia 1, old age 1, palsy 1, pneumonia typhoides 1, still born 2, tabes mesenterica 4, tetanus 2, unknown 3, whooping cough 1, worms 1.—Men 21, Women 13, Boys 19, Girls 18.

GEORGE CUMING, City Inspector.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, the 30th ult. by the Right Rev. Bishop Connolly, James Hays, Esq. to Miss Mary Leary, eldest daughter of the late Daniel Leary, of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Montgomery, Daniel Remsen, Esq. to Miss Susan Agassiz Rogers, daughter of Henry Rogers, Esq.

On Wednesday evening, the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Macley, Mr. M. C. Morton, to Miss Harriet Wallace, daughter of the late Major Wallace, of Mount Pleasant, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Mathews, Mr. John P. Andrews, to Miss Temperance H. Hand, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Spring, Mr. Andrew Seymour, to Miss Mary Patterson, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whelpley, Mr. Nathan T. Arnold, to Miss Mary Dunn, daughter of Mr. Enoch Dunn, of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. James Gibb, jun. of Bloomfield, (N. J.) to Miss Ann Marden, of this city.

On Monday evening, the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bork, Mr. Charles W. Warner, to Miss Caroline Vanderbelt.

On the 24th of August last, by the Rev. Dr. Spring, Mr. Abraham Polsom, printer, to Miss Eliza Sutphen, all of this city.

At Amboy, on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. David Moore, Mr. Henry Hoffman, to Miss Eliza Livingston, daughter of the late Alfred Livingston, Esq. all of this city.

At New-London, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Austin, Mr. John Ledyard, of this city, to Miss Mary Ledyard, daughter of the late Mr. Nathaniel Ledyard, of that place.

DIED,

On the 23d ult. Mr. William Wright, a native of Lynn, Norfolk, England, aged 28 years.

On the 26th ult. after a short illness, Mrs. Sarah Rooks, in the 76th year of her age.

On the 29th ult. Amelia Keese, eldest daughter of the late John Keese, Esq.

Same day, of a lingering illness, Mr. Edward John Bull, for many years clerk of exports of the customs in the port of New-York.

On the 30th ult. William Denning, Esq. in the 80th year of his age.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. Mary Armstrong, aged 74.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. Jane Ireland, aged 29 years, wife of Dr. W. M. Ireland.

Same day, in the 44th year of his age, Mr. Robert Dr. Grush.

Same day, Mrs. Mingham, aged 67 years.

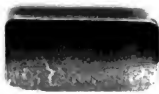
Same day, Mr. William Wilson, carpenter.

At Newburgh, on the 26th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Wright, wife of John Wright, jun. merchant, of this city, and daughter of Mrs. L. Corwin.

At Schoharie, Herkules county, (N. Y.) of the typhus fever, James Smith, of this city, aged 20.

At Albany, Mr. Christopher Lansing; Mrs. Elizabeth Herring, aged 72; and Mr. David Stevie, aged 60 years.

At Boston, Mr. Elijah Billings, printer, aged 35 years.





3 2000 000 692 030